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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Brakeman's Daughter a short story by **Da**

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JULY 8, 1933

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55 Internationals serve the Nash-Finch Company

The Nash-Finch Company is one of the country's largest wholesale distributors of groceries, coffees, fresh fruits and vegetables. Since the first of their International Trucks was purchased, 13 years ago, their fleet has been called on for every conceivable type of urban and cross-country service. Their preference for Internationals is high tribute to the stamina of these trucks and the vast servicing organization which maintains them.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

ARE SERVICED BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST COMPANY-OWNED TRUCK SERVICE ORGANIZATION

International reputation is built on Performance, Appearance, and *Service*

Wherever motor trucks may travel they are never outside the endless circle of International's company-owned servicing facilities—never far from factory-trained mechanics, standard maintenance practice, or authentic factory parts.

Internationals are never away from the careful, responsible scrutiny of those who know them best—their own makers.

Lower than ever in first cost, today, International Trucks are equally low in their operating costs per ton-mile, due not only to the essential soundness of their construction, but to the far-flung servicing organization that safeguards them long after their purchase has been forgotten.

Whatever your business may be, or wherever your trucks may be called upon to travel—this most complete line of trucks will render you the most economical kind of all-around service.

There are now International models for every conceivable requirement in any line of business, ranging from the new ½-ton delivery truck on up to the powerful, heavy-duty models of 7½-ton capacity. Visit the International branch or dealer near you and see the justly-famous International economy demonstrated.

NASH-FINCH COMPANY
WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS
430 OAK GROVE
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

March 23, 1933

International Harvester Company
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Gentlemen:

The Nash-Finch Company operates wholesale houses in eight states and we have 55 Internationals in our fleet of trucks.

Because of our wide territory we do not operate our own service stations but use International Service for such maintenance as is required.

We are pleased with the low operating costs of all our International Trucks. As an example, we have just received a letter from one of our Branch Managers stating that one of his Internationals has been operated over 20,000 miles at exceptionally low cost and with less than $7.00 spent for repairs.

International Trucks and International treatment appeal to us.

Yours truly,
NASH-FINCH COMPANY

L. S. K. Secretary.

LSK:H

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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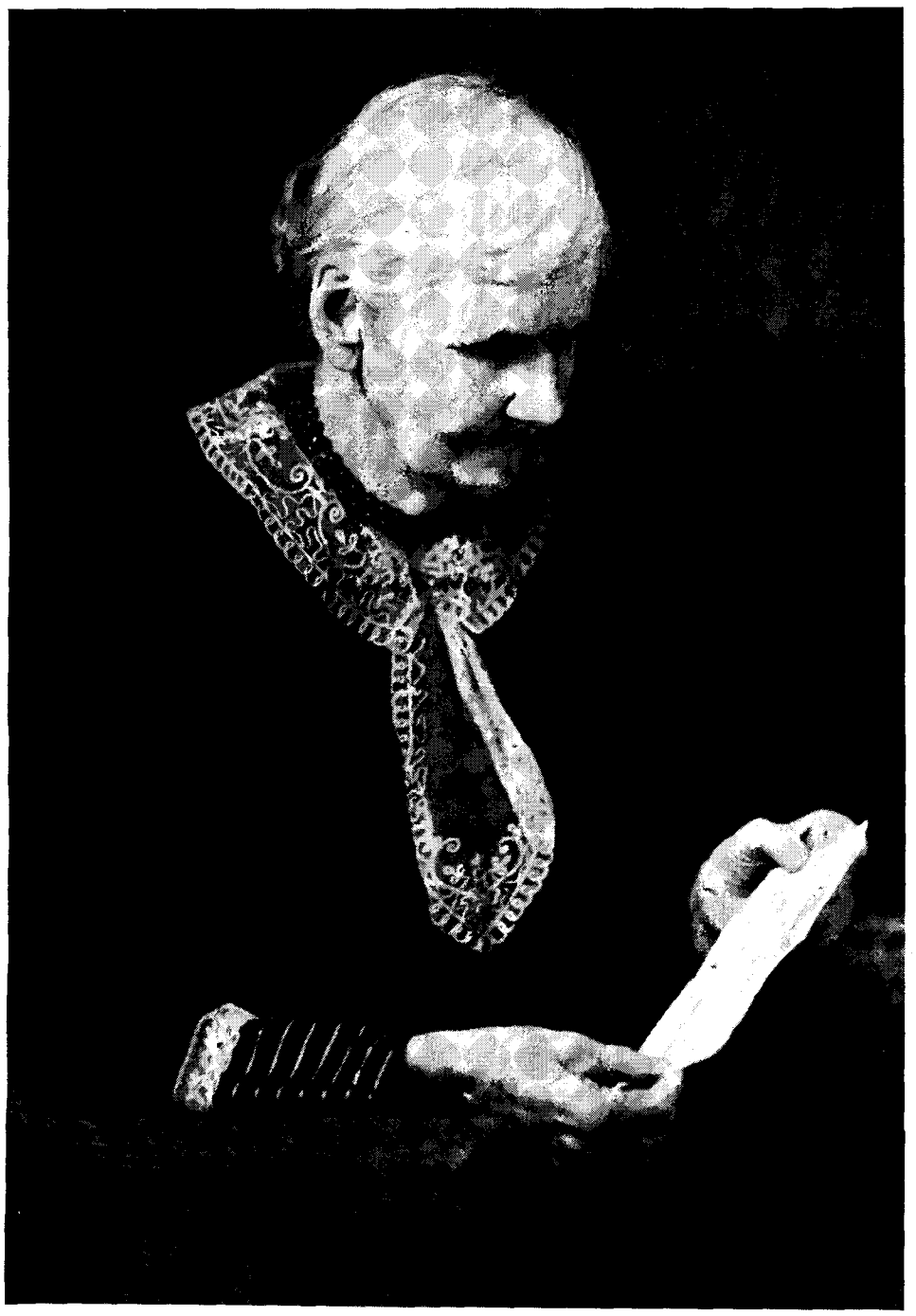
Will You Be Independent at Her Age?



An actual photograph of Mrs. Martha E. Dodele of Albany, Oregon, looking at her Investors Syndicate Maturity Check and realizing that she has money enough to take care of herself for the rest of her life.

"It was a fortunate day for me when I started to lay aside money with Investors Syndicate," says this dear old lady. "Now I have nothing to worry about, and I have the means to live my own life and pay my own way."

Are you sure that at her age, you will be as well off? Will you have money to take care of yourself and enjoy the rest of your life . . . or are you running the risk of being worried, pinched, dependent?

It is not hard to protect yourself if you are willing to start now and lay aside a little something each month. Even Mrs. Dodele, who did not start until she was past fifty, has succeeded in providing for the rest of her life.

Investors Syndicate Thrift Plans take the uncertainty out of the future. For 39 years, in good times and bad, Investors Syndicate has maintained a perfect record of prompt payment.

No matter what your age or how much your income may be, you will find a Thrift Plan surprisingly easy to carry. The coupon below will bring full information on how to get started.

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

Founded 1894

Offices in 51 Principal Cities . . . Representatives Throughout United States and Canada

AFFILIATED COMPANIES: INVESTORS SYNDICATE TITLE & GUARANTY CO., NEW YORK • INVESTORS SYNDICATE, LTD., MONTREAL

Investors Syndicate offers Thrift Plans whereby an individual, or company, can adopt a systematic plan for accumulating money over a period of years.

More than 210,000 individuals and businesses now use Investors Syndicate Thrift Plans. The most common purposes for which Investors Syndicate Thrift Plans are used are: Carefree Retirement; Comfort and Leisure in Later Years; Independence at 50, 55, or 60; Means and Leisure for Travel; Business Expansion or Reserve; Creating a Second Income; Acquiring a Home; Education of Children.

The resources of Investors Syndicate now exceed $50,000,000. During the last three years Investors Syndicate has paid out more than $10,000,000 in maturities. For 39 years, in good times and bad, Investors Syndicate has maintained a perfect record of prompt payment of its maturities, loans, cash surrenders, and all obligations.

Upon request (use coupon) Investors Syndicate will be pleased to send complete information to any person interested in a plan embodying the advantages of continuous and *self-selected* obligatory thrift.

Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C37, Minneapolis, Minn., or consult phone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in a plan whereby I may lay aside a small part of my income for a specific purpose.

Name _____

Address _____

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WITH the weather the way it is, we are naturally reluctant to do anything to increase the blood pressure of the nation or to whip it into a state of excitement that might prove dangerous. Our duty, however, is plain. We have to pronounce the words that will do just that—Kathleen Norris.

Next week Mrs. Norris begins a magnificent new serial in which she shares with you her profound understanding of the problems that face young men and women of today. You will meet four of them—two of each—fresh from college in California—and accompany them in their assault upon fame and fortune in New York.

Millions have read Mrs. Norris in the past. We predict that millions more will be fascinated by "Manhattan Love Song."

DO YOU remember Mr. J. F. Shields of Denison, Iowa? He made the front pages of all the papers in the country last May because of the uncomfortable distinction of having his livestock auctioned off under a special guard of state troops. His farm was an armed camp on the day of the auction, with three hundred soldiers equipped with rifles and machine guns keeping order.

Recently William G. Shepherd called on Mr. Shields. He was looking for *one* unhappy farmer in a country that had suddenly begun to grin. But he didn't find even one. Mr. Shields is back on his farm—whistling. So are all the rest.

The big guns of government have been leveled against the farmer's enemies and "The Farmer Is Whistling Again!" It's a cheerful picture that Mr. Shepherd shows you.

"LET me tell you something," Jack said. "Every time I was married it was busted up by the relatives." This chastening reflection, the result of wide and varied experience, was part of the advice he administered to a young friend on the point of matrimony. But the best of counsel can be carried out too rigorously. The young man took his fiancée's relatives to his heart with so much enthusiasm that a promising romance withered and very nearly died. In a rollicking short story Paul Jones invites you to "Meet the Family."

ROARK BRADFORD, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Talbert Josselyn, John B. Kennedy, Don Marquis, Freling Foster and others bring you stories and articles of approved brilliance and precision. With increasing thunder of hooves Ernest Haycox moves forward amid the romance and villainy of Powder desert. It leaves us gasping.

This Week

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July 8, 1933

Cover by Alan Foster

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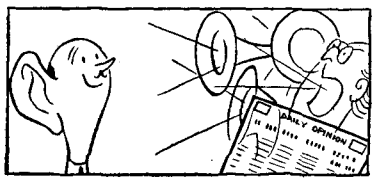
●

Any Week

IN LA JUNTA, Colorado, Mr. E. Austin assures us, there is a Negro preacher who, in addition to expounding the gospel, conducts a barbecue stand where beer is to be had. When one of his elders hinted that it was less than becoming for a clergyman to deal in an alcoholic beverage, the preacher explained that "everybody else turn' from the Lawd to Roosevelt so I just naturally fell in step."



MRS. JOHN L. McNALLY of Boston, Massachusetts, hastens to join the growing multitude that knows what's the matter with the world. She finds that "most of us think with our ears."

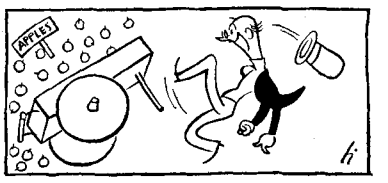
IF A BIT of prosperity decides to make our pocket its temporary resting place we shall probably see that Century of Progress exhibition in Chicago. If we do we shall look into what Mr. Joe Edwardson of Evanston, Illinois, reports as the burning question of the week. A small girl from New York was taken on a much too speedy sightseeing tour of the fair and then on a general inspection of the city. When it was all over, says Mr. Edwardson, she was asked how she liked it. "Fine," she said after due deliberation. "Which was Chicago?"

"AND please," pleads Mr. Charles Prager of Indianapolis, Indiana, "pay a little attention to the Hon. Arthur Robinson, one of our senators in Washington. There's a consistent statesman for you. He would have refused to sign the Declaration of Independence unless they tacked a veterans' bonus clause to it."

MR. LOUIS C. HALPERN of Kansas City, Missouri, begins to fear that he can't take it. Not much longer nor much more anyway. Frankly, Mr. Halpern longs for the calm, serene war days "when a guy could go out and get shot a couple dozen times and forget it." But today, says the beset Mr. Halpern, "Lindbergh could fly across the ocean backward in a brown derby or the Kaiser could start selling apples on the post office steps and it wouldn't get more than a couple of inches of space in the newspapers. What we used to call nine-day wonders happen every nine minutes now and nine minutes later nobody remembers what it was."

WE HAVE always contended that being consistently wrong is not without certain value. Mr. T. P. Lessing of New York City agrees. He wants to know whether he, who has "guessed wrong nine out of ten times all my life, wouldn't be a very valuable man for the Brain Trust at the White House. The gentlemen who are now being paid to help the President think are all trying very hard to be right," says Mr. Lessing. "Without trying at all I could be always wrong. Therefore, as there are only two ways to do a thing—the right way and the wrong way—all they would have to do is to ask me and do the other way."

MR. EARL THADD BROWN of Memphis, Tennessee, hopes that everything is going to turn out all right. But Mr. Brown isn't altogether comfortable. "First," says he, "President Roosevelt enlists a couple of hundred thousand young fellows to plant trees and sort of clear things up and now Mrs. Roosevelt is planning sewing, crocheting and cooking camps for the unemployed girls. Maybe it's all right but somebody had better get busy right away figuring how to get those boys and girls back home when prosperity returns. In my time I have run a number of big picnics and maybe a dozen outings and some of the boys I took with me haven't been seen since. It is very embarrassing when you have to face their families."



AND Mr. Owen Grant of Miami, Florida, asks us to recall the days when "wise men" wore themselves out warning all and sundry to take care lest we "upset the apple cart." Things, Mr. Grant contends, have changed. It is a heartening proof of our national vigor, says he, that scarcely a day passes that we don't overturn yesterday's apple cart merely for the fun of finding a new apple cart to upset."

A LETTER, ruddy with indignation, from Mrs. Joseph F. Martucci of Troy, New York, informs us that we are crooks and "should be in jail this minute." Unfortunately, we don't know whether to surrender or sit tight because Mrs. Martucci was so angry when writing that she forgot to tell us why. But Mrs. C. N. McLean of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, differs. She thinks we ought to be in the President's Cabinet. Or is that differing?

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THE MULTIPLICATION OF YOU

A NEIGHBOR, passing by, glances through your window and sees you in the living-room. But you are around the corner on Main Street, ordering from the druggist. You are in a nearby town chatting with a friend. You are in a distant city, delivering a message of cheer and assurance. You are across a continent, or an ocean, talking clearly and easily, as if distance had ceased to be. . . . Your neighbor, returning, glances in again. You are still in your living-room.

Your telephone is you. In a moment it multiplies and projects your personality to many different places and many different people, near or far. Part of your very self is in every telephone message—your thoughts, your voice, your smile, your words of welcome, the manner that is you. You use the telephone as you use the power of speech itself, to play your full part in a world of people. With it in your grasp, you are master of space and time. You are equal to emergency, ready for opportunity, receptive to ideas, equipped for action. The extraordinary fact is that the more you use your telephone, the more it extends your power and personality.

All you see is the familiar telephone instrument in your office or home. Back of it are hundreds of thousands of trained employees, attending almost endless stretches of wire—so that you may call, easily and quickly, any one of more than sixteen million telephones in this country and an additional thirteen million in other lands.

You are cordially invited to visit the Bell System Exhibit in the Communication Building, Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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. . . Try this delicious cereal for tomorrow morning's breakfast . . . it does you good!

Delicious? . . . Yes! One good reason for serving Post's Bran Flakes every day. But there is a far more important reason, too!

And that is, the protection it gives you against constipation that comes from lack of bulk in the diet. An often unsuspected condition which may result in headaches, listlessness and "run-down" health long before innocent sufferers realize their cause!

Post's Bran Flakes helps to guard you against this trouble by providing the bulk your system needs . . . the bulk that so many diets lack. Thus it helps to insure normal elimination of food wastes. It is rich in phosphorus, iron and Vitamin B—a builder of appetite.

For Children and Adults, Too!

So, naturally, adults and children alike are urged to include Post's Bran Flakes regularly in this proven program: Outdoor exercise . . . plenty of water to drink between meals . . . fresh fruits and vegetables in the diet. And, of course, a generous helping of crisp, delicious Post's Bran Flakes every day of the week!

You'll know just how delicious it is once you taste it . . . whether you have it plain, or topped off with your favorite fruits or berries. So start to serve Post's Bran Flakes to your family at once—*today*—and see how easily it helps to keep all of you regular and feeling fit . . . all the time! Post's Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods. Your grocer has it.

* * *

Visit the General Foods Exhibit, a Century of Progress, Chicago (through October) and see the Post's Bran Flakes display.

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

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Collier's

The National Weekly for July 8, 1933

IOLA, KANSAS

The Brakeman's Daughter

By Damon Runyon

A romance of the springtime in the city of Newark, New Jersey

IT IS coming on spring in Newark, New Jersey, and one nice afternoon I am standing on Broad Street with a guy from Cleveland, Ohio, by the name of The Humming Bird, speaking of this and that, and one thing and another, when along comes a very tasty-looking young doll.

In fact, she is a doll with black hair, and personally I claim there is nothing more restful to the eye than a doll with black hair, because it is even money, or anyway 9 to 10, that it is the natural color of the hair, as it seems that dolls will change the color of their hair to any color but black, and why this is nobody knows, except that it is just the way dolls are.

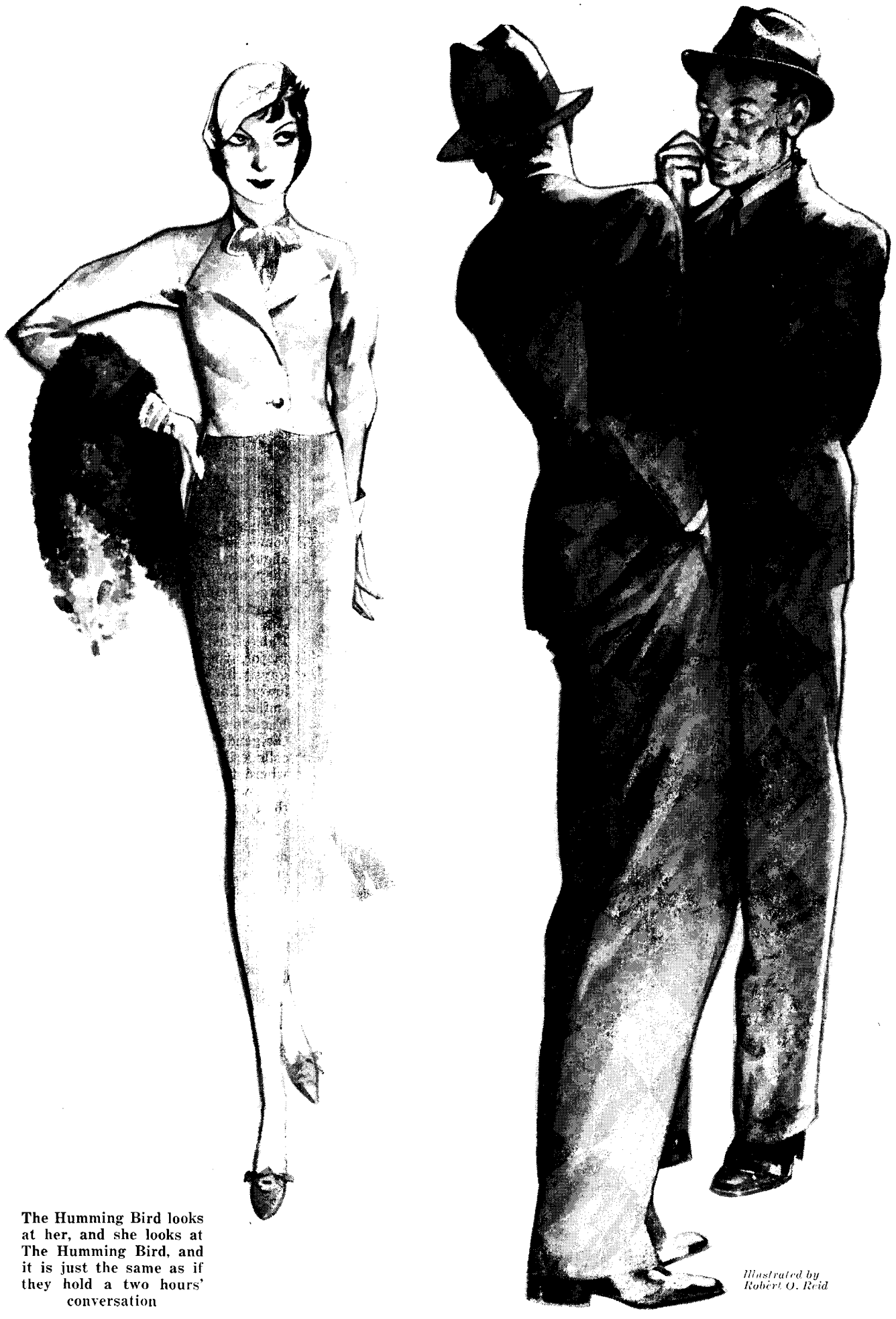
Well, besides black hair, this doll has a complexion like I do not know what, and little feet and ankles, and a way of walking that is very pleasant to behold. Personally, I always take a gander at a doll's feet and ankles before I start handicapping her, because the way I look at it, the feet and ankles are the big tell in the matter of class, although I wish to state that I see some dolls in my time who have large feet and big ankles, but who are by no means bad.

But this doll I am speaking of is one hundred per cent in every respect, and as she passes, The Humming Bird looks at her, and she looks at The Humming Bird, and it is just the same as if they hold a two hours' conversation on the telephone, for they are both young, and it is spring, and the way language can pass between young guys and young dolls in the spring without them saying a word is really most surprising, and in fact it is practically uncanny.

Well, I can see that The Humming Bird is somewhat confused for a minute, while the young doll seems to go right off into a trance, and she starts crossing the street against the lights, which is not only unlawful in Newark, New Jersey, but most indiscreet, and she is about to be run down and mashed like a turnip by one of Big False Face's beer trucks when The Humming Bird hops out into the street and yanks her out of danger, while the beer truck goes on down the street with the jockey looking back and yelling words you will scarcely believe are known to anybody in Newark, New Jersey.

THEN The Humming Bird and the young doll stand on the sidewalk chewing the fat for a minute or two, and it is plain to be seen that the doll is very much obliged to The Humming Bird, and it is also plain to be seen that The Humming Bird will give anyway four bobs to have the jockey of the beer truck where he can talk to him quietly.

Finally the doll goes on across the street, but this time she keeps her head up and watches where she is going, and The Humming Bird comes back to me, and I ask him if he finds out who she is, and does he date her up, or what? But in answer to my questions, The Humming Bird states to me as follows:



The Humming Bird looks at her, and she looks at The Humming Bird, and it is just the same as if they hold a two hours' conversation

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

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"To tell the truth," The Humming Bird says, "I neglect these details, because," he says, "I am already dated up to go out with Big False Face tonight to call on a doll who is daffy to meet me. Otherwise," he says, "I will undoubtedly make arrangements to see more of this pancake I just save from wrack and ruin.

"But," The Humming Bird says, "Big Falsy tells me I am going to meet the most wonderful doll in the world, and one that is very difficult to meet, so I cannot be picking up any excess at this time. In fact," he says, "Big Falsy tells me that every guy in this town will give his right leg for the privilege of meeting the doll in question, but she will have no part of them. But it seems that she sees me talking to Big Falsy on the street yesterday, and now nothing will do but she must meet up with me personally. Is it not remarkable," The Humming Bird says, "the way dolls go for me?"

Well, I say it is, for I can see that The Humming Bird is such a guy as thinks he has something on the dolls, and for all I know maybe he has, at that, for he has plenty of youth, and good looks, and good clothes, and a nice line of gab, and all these matters are given serious consideration by the dolls, especially the youth.

But I cannot figure any doll that Big False Face knows being such a doll as the one The Humming Bird just yanks out the way of the beer truck, and in fact I do not see how any doll whatever can have any truck with a guy as ugly as Big False Face. But then of course Big False Face is now an important guy in the business world, and has plenty of potatoes, and of course potatoes are also something that is taken into consideration by the dolls.

BIG FALSE FACE is in the brewery business, and he controls a number of breweries in different spots on the Atlantic seaboard, and especially in New Jersey, and the reason The Humming Bird is in Newark, New Jersey, at this time, is because Big False Face gets a very huge idea in connection with these breweries.

It seems that they are breweries that Big False Face takes over during the past ten years when the country is trying to get along without beer, and the plants are laying idle, and Big False Face opens up these plants, and puts many guys to work, and turns out plenty of beer, and thus becomes quite a philanthropist in his way, especially to citizens who like their beer, although up to the time he gets going good as a brewer, Big False Face is considered a very humble character, indeed.

He comes from the lower East Side of New York, and he is called Big False Face from the time he is very young, because he has a very large and a very homely kisser, and on this kisser there is always a castor-oil smile that looks as if it is painted on. But this smile is strictly a throw-off, and Big False Face is often smiling when he is by no means amused at anything, though I must say for him that he is generally a very light-hearted guy.

In his early youth, it is Big False Face's custom to stand chatting with strangers to the city around the railroad stations and ferryboat landings, and smiling very genially at them, and in this way Big False Face learns much about other parts of the country. But it seems that while he is chatting with these strangers, friends of Big False Face search the strangers' pockets, sometimes removing articles from these pockets such as watches, and lucky pieces, and keepsakes of one kind and another, including money.

OF COURSE it is all in fun, but it seems that some of the strangers become greatly annoyed when they find their pockets empty, and go out of their way to mention the matter to the gendarmes. Well, after the gendarmes hear some little mention from strangers about their pockets being searched while they are chatting with a guy with a large, smiling kisser, the gendarmes take to looking around for such a guy.

Naturally, they finally come upon Big False Face, for at the time I am speaking of, it is by no means common to find guys with smiles on their kissers on the lower East Side, and, especially, large smiles. So what happens but Big False Face is sent to college in his youth by the gendarmes, and the place where the college is located is Auburn, New York, where they teach him that it is very, very wrong to smile at strangers while their pockets are being searched.

After Big False Face is in college for several years, the warden sends for him one day and gives him a new suit of clothes, and a railroad ticket, and a few bobs, and plenty of sound advice, and tells him to go back home again, and afterwards Big False Face says he is only sorry he can never remember the advice, as he has no doubt it will be of great value to him in his subsequent career.

Well, later on Big False Face takes a post-graduate course at Ossining, and also at Dannemora, and by the time he is through with all this, he finds that conditions change throughout the country, and that his former occupation is old-fashioned, and by no means genteel, so Big False Face has to think up something else to do. And while he is thinking, he drives a taxicab and has his station in front of the Pekin restaurant on Broadway, which is a real hot spot at this time.

THEN one night a sailor off a U. S. battleship hires Big False Face to take him riding in Central Park, and it seems that somewhere on this ride the sailor loses his leather containing a month's salary, and he hops out of the taxicab and starts complaining to a gendarme, making quite a mountain out of nothing but a molehill, for anybody knows that if the sailor does not lose his leather in the taxicab, he is bound to spend it at ten cents a clip dancing with the dolls in the Flowerland dance hall, or maybe taking boat rides on the lagoon in the park.

Well, Big False Face can see an argument coming up, and rather than argue, he retires from the taxicab business at once, leaving his taxicab right there in the park, and going over into New Jersey, and Big False Face always says that one of the regrets of his life is he never collects the taxi fare off the sailor.

In New Jersey, Big False Face secures a position with the late Crowbars Connolly, riding loads down out of Canada, and then he is with the late Hands McGovern, and the late Dark Tony de More, and also the late Lanky-lank Watson, and all this time Big False Face is advancing step by step in the business world, for he has a great personality, and is well liked by one and all.

Naturally, many citizens are jealous of Big False Face, and sometimes when they are speaking of him they speak of the days of his youth when he is on the whizz, as if this is something against him, but I always say it is very creditable of Big False Face to rise from such a humble beginning to a position of affluence in the business world.

Personally, I consider Big False Face a remarkable character, especially when he takes over the idle breweries, because it is at a time when everybody is going around saying that if they can only have beer everything will be all right. So Big False Face starts turning out beer that tastes very good, indeed, and if

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everything is not all right, it is by no means his fault.

You must remember that at the time he starts turning out his beer, and for years afterwards, Big False Face is being most illegal and quite against the law, and I claim that the way he is able to hide several breweries, each covering maybe half a block of ground, from the gendarmes all these years is practically magical, and proves that what I say about Big False Face being a remarkable character is very true.

WELL, when Congress finally gets around to saying that beer is all right again, Big False Face is a well-established, going concern, and has a fair head-start on the old-fashioned brewers who come back into the business again, but Big False Face is smart enough to know that he will be able to keep ahead of them only by great enterprise and industry, because it seems that certain parties are bound and determined to make it tough on the brewers who supply this nation with beer when beer is illegal, such as Big False Face, forgetting all the hardships and dangers that these brewers face through the years to give the American people their beer, and all the bother they are put to in hiding breweries from the gendarmes.

In fact, these certain parties are making it so tough that Big False Face himself has to write twice before he can get permits for his breweries, and naturally this annoys Big False Face no little, as he hates to write letters.

Furthermore, he hears this condition prevails all over the country, so Big False Face gets to thinking things over, and he decides that the thing to do is to organize the independent brewers like himself into an association to protect their interests. So he calls a meeting in Newark, New Jersey, of all these brewers, and this is how it comes that The Humming Bird is present, for The Humming Bird represents certain interests around Cleveland, Ohio, and furthermore The Humming Bird is personally regarded as a very able young guy when it comes to breweries.

Well, the only reason I am in Newark, New Jersey, at this time is because a guy by the name of Abie Schumtzenheimer is a delegate representing a New York brewery, and this Abie is a friend of mine, and after the meeting lasts three days he sends for me to come over and play pinochle with him, because he cannot make heads or tails of what they are all talking about.

And anyway Abie does not care much, because the brewery he represents is going along for nearly twelve years, and is doing all the business it can handle, and any time it fails to do all the business it can handle, Abie will be around asking a lot of people why.

SO ABIE'S brewery does not care if it enters any association or not, but of course Abie cannot disregard an invitation from such a guy as Big False Face. So there he is, and by and by there I am, and in this way I meet up with The Humming Bird, and after watching the way he goes darting around and about, especially if a doll happens to pop up in his neighborhood, I can understand why they call him The Humming Bird.

But, personally, I do not mind seeing a young guy displaying an interest in dolls, and in fact if a young guy does not display such an interest in dolls, I am apt to figure there is something wrong with him. And anyway what is the use of being young if a guy does not display an interest in dolls?

Well, there are delegates to the meeting from as far west as Chicago, and most of them seem to be greatly interested in Big False Face's proposition, especially a delegate from South Chicago who keeps trying to introduce a resolution to sue the government for libel for speaking of brewers who supply the nation with beer after prohibition sets in, as racket guys and wildcatters.

Big False Face does not seem to notice anybody resenting him, and he is putting on entertainment for the delegates right and left

The reason the meeting lasts so long is partly because Big False Face keeps making motions for recesses so he can do a little entertaining, for if there is one thing Big False Face loves, it is to entertain, but another reason is that not all the delegates are willing to join Big False Face's association, especially certain delegates who are operating in Pennsylvania.

These delegates say it is nothing but a scheme on the part of Big False Face to nab the business on them, and in fact it seems that there is much resentment among these delegates against Big False Face, and especially on the part of a guy by the name of Cheeks Sheracki, who comes from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and I wish to state that if there is one guy in the United States I will not care to have around resenting me, it is Cheeks Sheracki, for nobody knows how many guys Cheeks cools off in his time, not even himself.

But Big False Face does not seem to notice anybody resenting him, and he is putting on entertainment for the delegates right and left, including a nice steak dinner on the evening of the day I am speaking of, and it is at this dinner that I state to Big False Face that I hear he is taking The Humming Bird out in society.

"Yes," Big False Face says, "I am going to take The Humming Bird to call on the brakeman's daughter."

WELL, when I hear this, I wish to say I am somewhat surprised, because the brakeman's daughter is nothing but a practical joke, and furthermore it is a practical joke that is only for rank suckers, and The Humming Bird does not look to be such a sucker to me.

In fact, when Big False Face speaks of the brakeman's daughter, I take a gander at The Humming Bird, figuring to see some expression on his kisser that will show he knows what the brakeman's daughter is, but instead The Humming Bird is only looking quite eager, and then I get to thinking about what he tells me in the afternoon about Big False Face taking him to see a doll who is daffy to meet him, and I can see that Big False Face is working on him with the brakeman's daughter for some time.

And I also get to thinking that a lot of smarter guys than The Humming Bird will ever be, no matter how smart he gets, fall for the brakeman's daughter joke, including Big False Face himself. In fact, Big False Face falls for it in the spring of 1928 at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and ever since it is his favorite joke, and it becomes part of his entertainment of all visitors to Newark, New Jersey, unless of course they happen to be visitors who are jerry to the brakeman's daughter. In fact, Big False Face builds up the brakeman's daughter into quite a well-known institution in Newark, New Jersey, and the way the brakeman's daughter joke goes is as follows:

The idea is Big False Face picks out some guy that he figures is a little doll-dizzy, and the way Big False Face can rap to a doll-dizzy guy is really quite remarkable. Then he starts telling this guy about the brakeman's daughter, who is the most beautiful doll that ever steps in shoe leather, to hear Big False Face tell it. In fact, I once hear Big False Face telling a sucker about how beautiful the brakeman's daughter is, and I find myself wishing to see her, although of course I know there is no such thing as the brakeman's daughter.

Furthermore, everybody around Big False Face starts putting in a boost for

(Continued on page 34)

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Lion Man

A romance of a city where beauty sometimes gets a break. But don't hock your jewels and go there, girls. It might not happen twice

By Corey Ford

IN HOLLYWOOD there is an ancient custom which decrees that studio restaurants shall be as bare as barracks and have about them the permanent odor of old vegetable soup. The commissary of the Majestic-Kessler Studios was no exception to the rule. As Agnes pushed open the door, the stale air rolled toward her in an overpowering wave of familiar smells and sounds: soup, and grease-paint, and steam, and the deafening noonday clatter. She lowered her head and hurried toward the rear of the crowded room.

"You're late, Miss Connolly," the head waitress greeted her sharply. Agnes hung up her hat contritely, and fastened a white apron over her dull black dress. "It's afternoon, and Mr. Boomer's here already," added the head waitress pointedly. Agnes nodded meekly, gave her reddish-brown hair a last pat in the mirror, and rammed a pencil into its soft waves. "After all, Miss Connolly," began the head waitress, "you've been assigned to the executives' table, and if you cannot arrange to be here on time—"

She snatched up a menu and rushed through the swinging doors into the noisy dining-room. A quick-lunch counter, at one side of the long rectangular hall, was already crowded with the nondescript clientele: extras still wearing their grease-paint, electricians still wearing their grease, prop men, carpenters, grips, South Sea maidens in grass skirts, cowboys in spurs, society matrons with paper napkins tucked into the bosoms of their silk evening gowns. At the individual tables in the center of the restaurant supers rubbed elbows with supervisors, bit players sat with stars, writers talked to directors, directors talked to executives, executives talked to themselves. A rigid Hindu caste system may prevail elsewhere in Hollywood; but in a studio lunch-room at noon a cat may look with equanimity at a king, an extra at a queen, forgetting the social distinctions of the set for an hour as they feed side by side at a common trough.

THE executives' table stood half empty in a farther corner of the crowded room, maintaining its traditional aloofness rather by a subtle air of importance than by any official sign. Agnes threaded her way toward it between the tables, nodding to famous faces among the patrons. "Good afternoon, Miss Renolds." "Good afternoon, Miss Carter." Magda Carter smiled back pleasantly through a thick make-up that concealed her freckles, her carefully waved hair protected from the irreverent breezes by a net of cheesecloth. Across the room young Teddy Baer, in football jersey, waved to her, "Hello, Agnes!" She hurried past a tableful of comic writers who were brooding over their salads in glum and dyspeptic silence, cast an envious glance at the glamorous Vera Nesbitt seated alone near the window, and took her post beside the corner table. Mr. Boomer looked up at her with an absent smile.

"Hello, ah . . . Agnes."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Boomer. Good afternoon, Mr. Ernst," she nodded to the slouched figure of Majestic's press agent. "Hello, Mr. Duffey," she added negligently over her shoulder, and she bent over Mr. Boomer attentively with the menu. "Eggs today, Mr. Boomer?"

"Hmmm?" said Merton Boomer, looking up at her again with precisely the same absent smile as though he had never seen her before. It was a little characteristic that Mr. Boomer had acquired since he became a supervisor. People usually explained in hushed tones that he was thinking. He was a stocky man with a broad, red face, a surly mouth, and a baldish pate surrounded by a fringe of fuzzy hair. He beamed at Agnes vaguely.

"Eggs?" she repeated, shoving the menu at him.

"Ah." Mr. Boomer took the menu and studied it upside down for a moment, then laid it carefully on the table before him. "What Ah mean, Dennis," he explained to Mr. Duffey, in his famous Southern drawl, "all the other studios are doing it. They're all making animal pictures. Liberty and Olympic and even United Players have started one. We got to think up some location for an animal picture of our own. Something different."

"How about Africa?" Lou Ernst suggested wearily across the table.

"That's it," said Mr. Boomer soberly. "Now, if we could just think of another character like, for instance, Trader Horn—"

Agnes sighed and shifted her weight patiently to the other foot, and allowed her mind's eye to contemplate blissfully for a moment the recent thrilling events of the morning. She sighed ecstatically as she recalled the scene: the white concrete bowl of the Olympic Stadium, the mounting tiers of white-shirted spectators perspiring stickily in the white glare of California's native sun, the flags of forty nations around the ramparts and the white Olympic flag above them all, hanging limp in the steamy air. From her seat in the topmost tier, perched precariously on the very rim of the huge bowl, she had leaned forward and stared down fixedly at the tiny field below her, distorted by the waves of heat. Several infinitesimal figures were crawling dutifully across the bottom of the Stadium, like ants in a sugar bowl, to their assigned places for the next event. The band ceased, the loud-speaker cleared its throat peremptorily. ". . . representing the United States in the javelin throw," it rasped to the echoing Stadium, "Jimmy Larson!"

AGNES clutched her program convulsively in trembling hands as she heard his name. Jimmy Larson! She shaded her eyes. There he was! There he was, little more than a foreshortened speck of pink and white, to be sure, moving a short distance back, then prancing forward and hurling something that glinted briefly in the air as it fell.

"Come on, Jimmy," she breathed half aloud as he fell back for a second try, "you can do it, Jimmy! You can break the record, Jimmy!"

She called him Jimmy. After all, this touch of intimacy was perhaps not to be wondered at. For three weeks, since she had first torn his photograph from a newspaper, he had been with her constantly. She knew by heart every freckle on his broad, homely face, the stray lock of tow hair that fell over one temple, his open, friendly grin.

For three weeks he had stood propped against her bedroom mirror every night, had rested in her pocket every day. At night in an abbreviated track suit, his stout legs planted firmly in spiked track shoes and his javelin grasped firmly in one hand, he grinned at her without embarrassment as she slipped off her dress, climbed out of her step-ins, and rested her bare elbows for a moment on the bureau in front of his picture, before she turned out the light. "Jimmy Larson, sensational track star from Midland University, who carries the hopes of the United States in the javelin event. . . ."

"My hero," she would murmur reverently.

"Aw, lay off that hero stuff, Aggie," he would seem to grin at her from the photograph. "With you and me it's different."

She would lean back her head and gaze at him seductively down the bridge of her nose, just as she had watched Vera Nesbitt rehearsing a love scene in "Heart's Desire." "Do you think so, Jimmy?" she would murmur the way Vera did; and then her eyes would wander from his picture to the mirrored reflection of her own face beside him, and her smile would fade. "Yeh, I bet he wouldn't even look at me twice," she would snarl, scowling at her snub nose, her pert little chin and plump, oval face, and looking back wistfully at his friendly freckled grin—

The sudden roar of the crowd in the Stadium had jerked her abruptly to her feet. Across the tumult cut the impersonal bark of the loud-speaker: ". . . has established a new world's record for the javelin throw of 242 feet, 10⅛ inches." The Olympic Stadium exploded in shouts, cheers, the distant thumping of the band. Hats, programs, newspapers soared into the air. She stood twisting her program to shreds, laughing and weeping hysterically. "Jimmy! Jimmy darling!" she shouted above the pandemonium, "I told you so—"

MR. BOOMER was still poring absently over the menu before him. ". . . something like Tarzan," he was saying meditatively. "Some white man who was brought up in the jungle, say, and wears a leopard skin and lives in the tops of trees. Maybe he could be the long-lost son of an English duke who was captured by the natives—"

"Say, Merton, I think you got something there," murmured Lou Ernst, gazing at Mr. Boomer in undisguised wonder.

"We could work in elephants and lions and other jungle killers," continued Mr. Boomer eagerly. "We got some good stock shots of lions. Maybe he might strangle lions with his bare hands."

"Sort of a Lion Man," suggested Dennis Duffey brightly.

"That's it." Mr. Boomer lifted his eyes from the menu for a moment and regarded his ace director with a faintly surprised look of pleasure. Dennis Duffey was a tall and very gangling young man with pale yellow hair, a yellow turtle-neck sweater, and a long, gentle, bewildered face with mild, dull eyes, rather like a llama; and he enjoyed the distinction, unique even among Hollywood directors, of never having made a successful picture. Consequently Mr. Boomer, putting two and two together, had concluded he was a genius, and had placed in Dennis the utmost confidence and several hundred thousands of Mr. Kessler's dollars. "A Lion Man."

"Where you going to find this actor

Jimmy Larson sat forward stiffly in the chair. Mr. Boomer leaned over protectingly and rested one hand on his shoulder

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Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

She stared at the lion. There was nothing else that she could do

that strangles lions?" inquired Lou Ernst.

"Ah suppose it should be somebody outside the studio," pondered Mr. Boomer—"somebody famous, an Olympic athlete or a swimmer or somebody—"

Agnes felt her heart do a somersault. "Mr. Boomer," she interrupted, trying to control her shaking voice, "I see where a young athlete named Jimmy Larson just broke a world's record this morning."

"Ah?" said Mr. Boomer, looking up vaguely.

"HE'S a javelin thrower," Agnes faltered. She took the newspaper photograph from her pocket and laid it beside him. "That's his picture."

"Really," said Mr. Boomer, without interest.

"A lot of studios are after him," she invented rapidly. "I seen it in Louella Parsons'."

"Yes, dear, no doubt," murmured Mr. Boomer, looking back at his menu. "But I don't quite see what a javelin thrower—"

Her heart sank, but she made a last effort. "He could throw spears at the lions," she suggested desperately.

"Yes, dear." Mr. Boomer smiled tolerantly and handed her the menu. "Eggs!"

She trudged disconsolately to the kitchen for his order. At least, she comforted herself, it had been a good try. It could never have happened, of course. To have Jimmy Larson working here in the same studio with her, eating in the same restaurant with her, even talking with her—that would have been too good to be true, even in Hollywood. As she returned with Mr. Boomer's eggs, she noticed across the room that Mr. Kessler, president of Majestic, had joined the group at the executives' table. Furthermore, he was gesturing excitedly.

"—but it's marvelous, Merton," he was shouting as she approached the table. "It's colossal. A great idea, don't you think so, Lou?" Lou Ernst nodded soberly at his chief. "Yes, Merton, I'm telling you it's sensational."

"And you can see the publicity tie-up, too, Mr. Kessler," Mr. Boomer was pointing out proudly. "Throwing javelins—throwing spears—you get it?"

Agnes halted behind him in amazement, staring at Mr. Boomer.

"By the way, what's his name?" asked Mr. Kessler. "This javelin thrower?"

"What?" Mr. Boomer's eye fell on the newspaper clipping at his elbow. "Larson. Jimmy Larson. He just broke a world's record this morning." He handed the clipping casually to Mr. Kessler. "That's his picture."

"Stupendous," breathed Mr. Kessler. "Good legs, too."

"We could have Dennis Duffey direct it," continued Mr. Boomer, "and I thought for this English girl who is rescued by the Lion Man we could cast Vera Nesbitt. She wouldn't have to act. That's what I thought we could call the picture: 'Lion Man.'"

"'Lion Man.'" Mr. Kessler shook his head reverently. "A great title! Merton, I hand it to you."

JIMMY LARSON, his tow hair slicked down and his new suit carefully buttoned, sat forward stiffly in Lou Ernst's chair. His left hand rested on the top of Lou Ernst's desk, his right hand grasped a quill pen, his eyes stared straight ahead. Beside him, Mr. Boomer leaned over protectingly and rested one hand on his shoulder, likewise staring fixedly ahead. Mr. Ernst squinted critically at them for a moment through the coiling smoke of his limp cigarette.

"O. K., Joe," he said finally. A flashlight bulb flared, a shutter clicked, the camera man lifted his head inquiringly from the curtain. "I guess that's all, Joe," nodded Mr. Ernst. "Bring 'em round as soon as they're finished. I want to make the afternoon editions."

(Continued on page 37)

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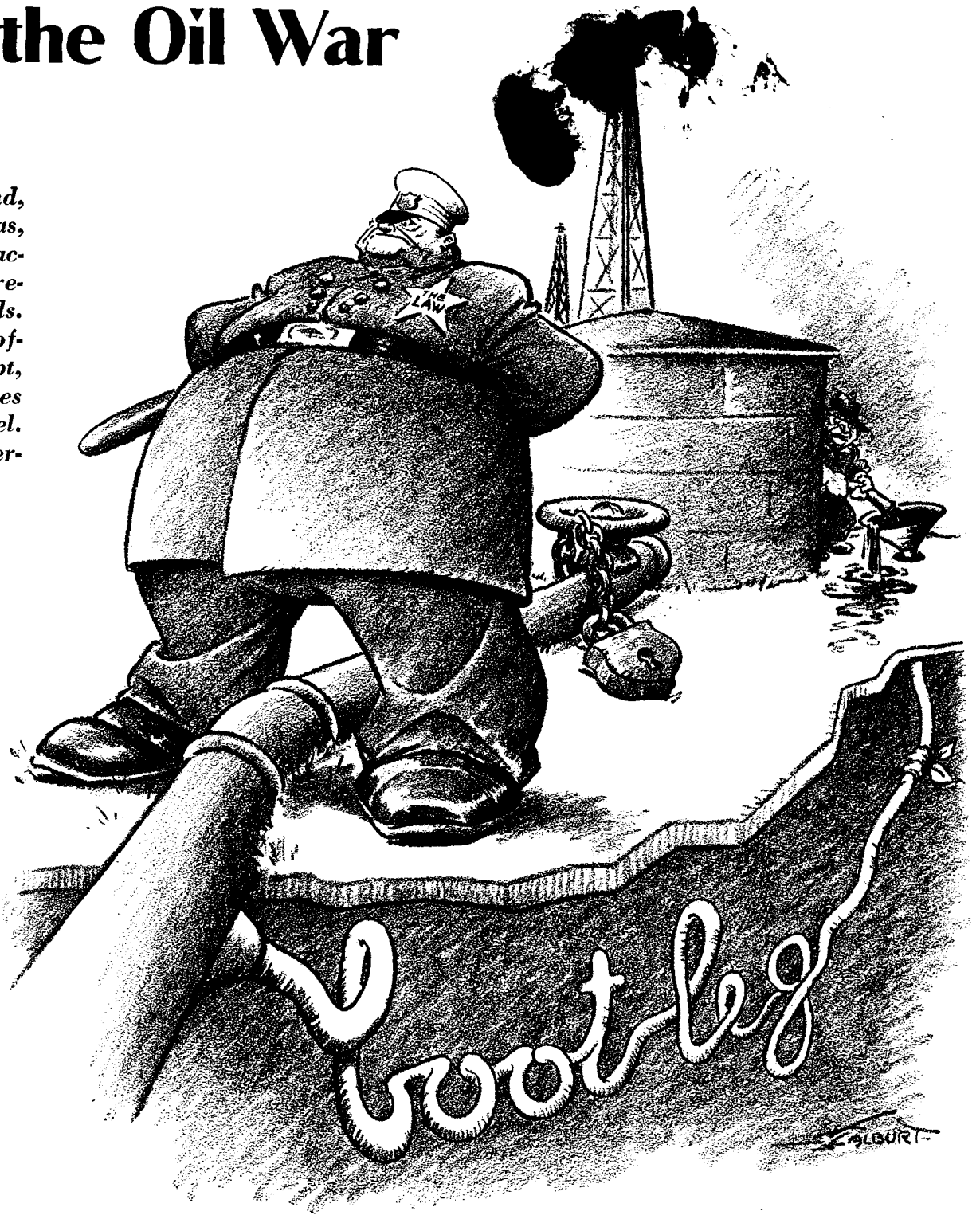
You Pay for the Oil War

By Owen P. White

Like all wars, it costs too much and, although the battlefield is in Texas, you are the one who pays. The oil actually squandered beyond hope of recovery will total three billion barrels. And the ironic fact is that nobody profits by this insane prodigality—except, possibly, certain foreign countries importing our oil at ten cents a barrel. The situation calls for Federal intervention. It's about to get it



We are bootlegging our oil at a rate of 300,000 barrels a day

OIL," said Dad Joiner, "is where you find it, and generally speakin', Brother Crim, the likeliest place to sink a drill is precisely where these here high-paid, horn-rimmed petroleum professors tell you there ain't none. What do you think?"

"Well, Dad," replied Elder Malcom Crim of Kilgore as he shifted his quid and unerringly destroyed a yellow-jacket three paces away, "I reckon you're right. Leastways I have noticed that about all these college geologists get paid for, outside of the letters after their names, is their mistakes, and right now seein' as how they've been a-recommendin' my land pretty high to me by tellin' their bosses that there ain't nothin' under it, derned if I ain't a-goin' to drill it and find out."

"Same here, Brother Crim, same here," answered Dad Joiner. "For ten years now these fellers have been a-condemnin' Joinerville, but shucks, I know better. I ain't been a-walkin' over that ground down there for forty years without gettin' at the feel of what's under my feet, and so now I'm a-tellin' you this: there's oil in them thar sands. I'll get 'er too."

Dad Joiner did "get 'er," and so did Brother Crim. Slapping down a couple of holes ten miles apart, these two cheery wildcatters finally drove their bits through into a colossal buried reservoir 123,000 acres in extent and containing, as was soon indicated, six billion barrels of oil. This was the most tremendous aggregation of potential wealth and potential energy ever discovered in one spot on this planet and yet it didn't belong to the men who had found it. Dad Joiner and Deacon Crim didn't own it. Who did? Nobody.

Under the Texas law oil is fugacious, migratory, wild. Like a bird or a trout it is nobody's property until after it is captured. Hence the immediate result of the discovery made by these two men was that an open season was declared on the flowing gold and everybody went after it. Never before has there been anything like it in the history of oil. Derricks went up, drills went down, gushers gushed, oil poured out, money poured in, and, for a time at least, joy reigned supreme in East Texas.

Elsewhere, that is, in the offices of the major oil companies, there was much woe and wailing. There were two reasons for this: First, these companies have a staggering sum invested in unnecessary facilities. Filling stations are a familiar example of this extravagance. Four on four opposing corners is not an uncommon sight. But is there any sense in so many? I am informed by the leading gasoline lights of this country that there is not.

One station, they say, could, as a rule, easily handle the business of all four, and hence the other three are excess equipment that we auto drivers, who pause en route and holler "fill 'er up," have paid for by having the cost of it added to the price of our gasoline. Nor, so long as they have had no substantial independent competition to worry about, have the big distributing companies had any trouble in making that addition. The mid-continent *refinery* price, for example, on the very day this paragraph is written, is 2⅛ cents per gallon.

Putting the Profits in Pumps

Contrast that figure, exclusive of tax and freight, which latter is very little, with what you are paying and then ask yourself what the distributing companies are doing with a large portion of their apparently large profits. The answer, as variegated as Joseph's coat, is before your eyes. Instead of putting these profits into surplus funds they have put them into many-colored surplus pumps. The value of these excess pumps, together with that of their funny-looking buildings and the real estate they desecrate or adorn, runs into hundreds of millions of dollars, and therefore it is easy to see what an uncontrolled East Texas, where gasoline can be produced and sold at three cents or less per gallon, could quickly do to that value.

Figure that part of it out for yourself then and now turn your attention to the really more serious situation that confronted the major companies. It was this: Acting on the advice of their eminent geologists, who had not only condemned the East Texas field, but had also predicted a world shortage soon to come, the big companies had bought and stored away between six and seven hundred million barrels of crude, a large part of it imported, for which they had paid as much as $2.50 per barrel.

Contemplate their situation then and mingle your tears with theirs. Undoubtedly they were in the middle of a very bad fix. For the first time since 1867, when the "Standard" was organized, so I was told by a leading independent, the producers of that class, whose wells were already down in East Texas and who had nothing to do except open their valves and let 'er flow, were in posession of enough potential production to supply practically the entire domestic demand.

Clearly the czars of the petroleum industry had to do one of two things. They either had to stay out of East Texas and pocket a terrific loss on their stored stocks, or invade the field and, by investing further huge sums in acreage, leases, pipe-lines and so forth, endeavor to control it. Being gentlemen behind whose activities there is a distinctly belligerent tradition, it is hardly necessary to state here that they chose the latter course.

An Impetus to Bootlegging

At this point the descriptive powers of this writer become entirely too feeble to deal with the situation. So likewise did the executive powers of the governor of the state, who was soon forced to call out the militia and put East Texas under martial law in order to *try* to enforce a proration order restricting all wells, regardless of potential capacity, to the same fixed daily production.

Was this order fair and equitable? Later on we will see that it was declared invalid by the Federal Court, which told the three Texas Railroad Commissioners they would all have to go to jail if they didn't change it. But for the present it is enough to point out that its first effect was to give impetus to a new bootleg-

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ging industry; that of running out illegal or "hot" oil, while its second, which was vastly worse, was that it immediately stimulated a wasteful, reckless drilling campaign. Obviously any order limiting production per well but placing no limit whatever on the *number* of wells any individual or corporation could drill would be bound to have the latter result.

It had it, too, and to such an extent that within the next fourteen months 7,560 *new wells*, varying in capacity from 400 to 30,000 barrels per day each, were brought in, bringing the total number of wells in the field up to almost 10,000. Just think of it! Such a haphazard drilling orgy, indulged in by all kinds of oil men, probably represents the most insane proceeding that so-called intelligent American business men have ever indulged in in the name of profit.

But they have made no profit out of it. On the contrary, the East Texas oil field, which should represent the most colossal accumulation of national wealth on the American continent, now represents a tremendous loss. Not only is oil worthless, but so are oil wells. Personally, I know of men who own oil wells capable of producing 20,000 barrels a day who haven't the price of a bus ticket from Longview to Austin. One man, for instance, told me just the other day that he and his brothers own three wells which cost them $90,000 but out of which they have never gotten as much as $3,000; yet they still want to keep up the oil fight.

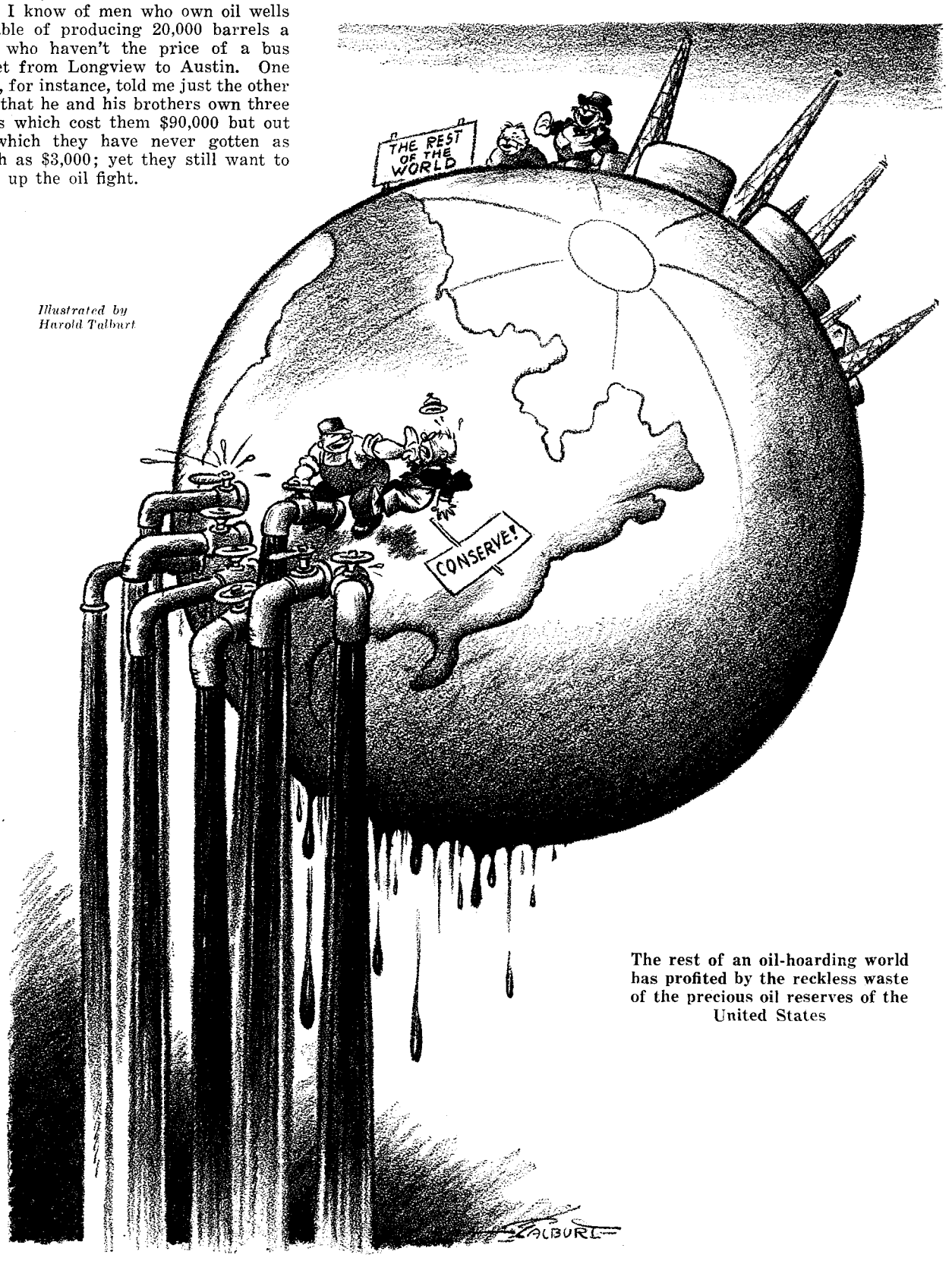
Very well. If the dog-eat-dog battle —and that's exactly the term they use themselves—that these antagonistic interests are waging with one another for the possession of the vast wealth of East Texas were one in which nothing except their own money or their own blood was at stake, they should be allowed to go ahead and gamble their foolish heads off and nobody would care a hoot about it. That's not the case. They are taking one of the greatest *irreplaceable* natural resources that this country possesses and, in the cause of irrational cupidity and by unscientific production processes, are literally throwing it away, dissipating it; in short, robbing the public!

The Price of Inefficiency

Let us see if there is any authority for the above statement.

In a preceding paragraph reference was made to a Federal Court decision declaring the Texas proration order invalid. In that decision is set forth the whole story of the East Texas oil field. Here, however, we must boil it down to a few words. In discussing the evidence before them the learned judges stated that the East Texas field is estimated to contain six billion barrels of oil but that under present conditions and production methods *less than fifty per cent of it*, probably not more than thirty-five or forty per cent, is recoverable! Does that startle you? It does me. Check off right there, then, a loss to this nation of three billion barrels of oil, charge it up to the inefficiency of America's petroleum experts, and go on and read the court's final word.

"We find," said these three judges in substantially the following language, "no support whatever in the evidence to sustain the view that the proration order was issued for the prevention of physical waste. On the contrary, we think no reasonable mind could conclude that the order as entered was either designed to, or does, have any real relation to the *public necessity to conserve oil against physical waste*. We therefore find that under the thinly veiled pretense of going about to prevent physical waste the commission has, *in coöperation with persons interested in raising and maintaining the price of oil and its refined products*, set on foot a plan which derives its impulse and springs from the attempt to control the delicate adjustments of market supply and demand in order to bring and keep oil prices up, and that such an order may not stand."



Illustrated by Harold Talburt

The rest of an oil-hoarding world has profited by the reckless waste of the precious oil reserves of the United States

Price-fixing, Not Conservation

The italics are the writer's; any comment on this decision would be superfluous. It speaks for itself. In no mere weasel words it accuses persons who were interested in price-fixing, but not in conserving oil, of coöperating with the Texas Railroad Commission to keep an invalid proration order in force, and as a result of that charge all the contending forces in the petroleum industry, with each one trying to lay the crime on the other fellow's doorstep, began to hurl anathemas at one another.

As to who is right or wrong in this controversy, the big fellows who have hundreds of millions of barrels of oil stored above ground in their tin tanks, or the independents, whose storage facilities are the natural ones of the huge buried reservoir in East Texas, it is not up to this writer to determine.

Proration means prohibition, and as we all know, prohibition means law evasion and bootlegging. But would the men who supply us with our gasoline resort to practices as illegal as those indulged in by the gentlemen who provide us with our gin? They not only would but they do. Under the state proration order a certain allowance is set for East Texas; but, as that allowance is just a mere thimbleful for a field that could produce two million barrels a day with the bridle off, the well and the pipe-line owners have for some time been producing and transporting between *two and three hundred thousand barrels of bootleg oil every day.*

Oil-Field Racketeers

How do they do this? There are several ways but the by-pass system is probably the most popular. I asked one well-owner how he worked that and he replied, "Easy. All I do is tap my well about ten feet below the surface of the ground, put in a connection, run a buried pipe over to the near-by pipeline, connect her there with a hidden valve and then whenever the line will take my oil I let 'er run. Nobody can check me up."

"And do very many of you honest oil men," I inquired, "indulge in that kind of deception and deceit?"

He grinned. "I reckon we do," he said, "and at any rate I'll bet that if you'd plow up the whole East Texas field you'd find by-passes in it as thick as potatoes in a hill."

Or in case a man has scruples, or doesn't want to resort to such an inartistic method of bootlegging as that of contructing a by-pass, there is yet another way in which he can accomplish his illegal ends. This is by making the law beat the law. To illustrate: I now have before me a "confidential" report on the oil game dated March 17th, in which I read that "the East Texas Oil and Refining Company has obtained a mandamus from Judge Marvin H. Brown, Ft. Worth, to force Pure Pipe Line Co., and Liberty Pipe Line Co., to take 284,000 barrels of illegally produced oil from East Texas."

Can you beat that? It's the liquor racket over again. Everybody's conniving. The producer, the consumer and the transportation company get together in a conspiring huddle and then along comes some judge with a decision that enables them to violate the law.

All the way through, the proceedings

(Continued on page 30)

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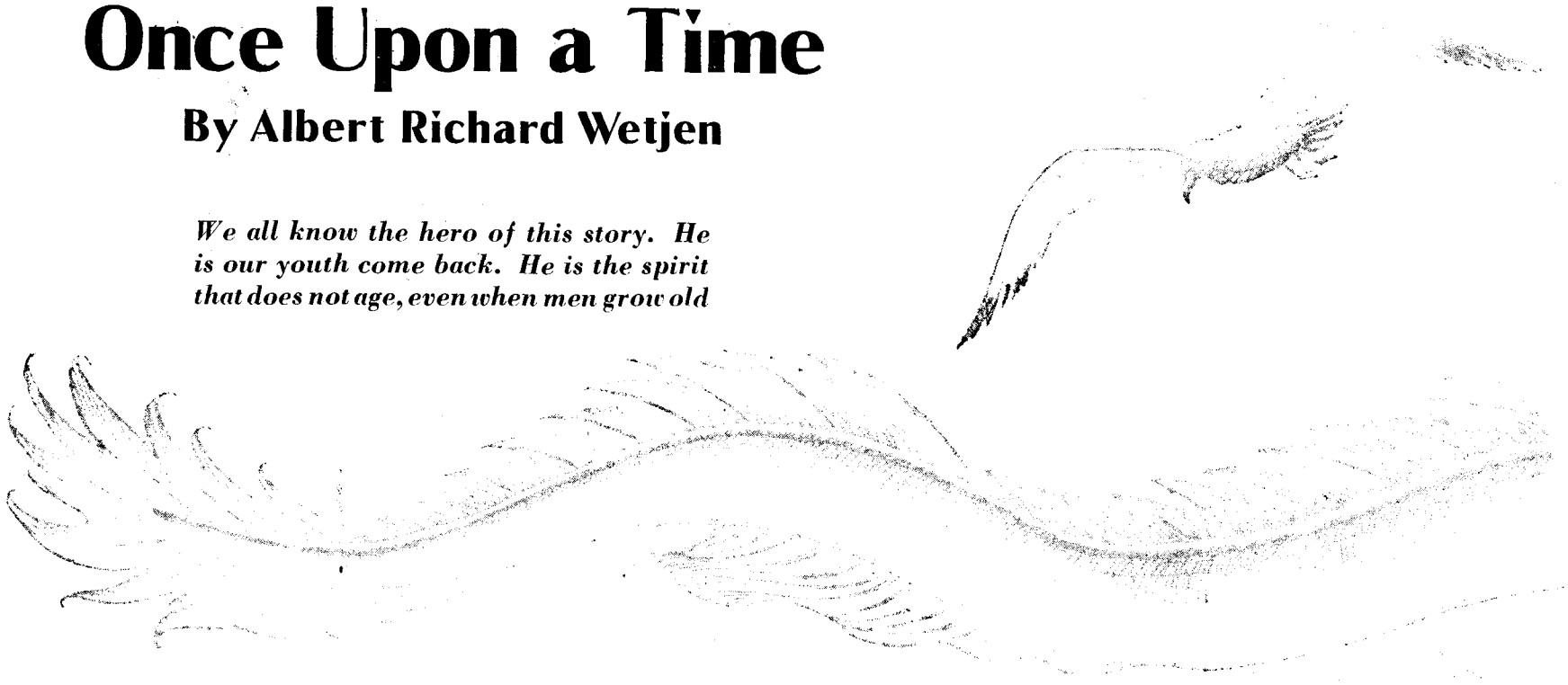
Once Upon a Time

By Albert Richard Wetjen

We all know the hero of this story. He is our youth come back. He is the spirit that does not age, even when men grow old



HIS name was Hayden and he had no more business at sea than a marine. Exactly what he expected to find I've no idea, but from the way he talked I think it must have been a sort of fairyland peopled with Midshipmen Easys, Captain Kidds, Long John Silvers and Herman Melvilles just escaped from Typee. All strong and romantic men whose only business in life was setting out on adventurous cruises, meeting exotic ladies in the spice islands and bringing ruin to bloodthirsty and savage buccaneers. And then of course there were pearl lagoons and sea serpents; ancient and drifting Spanish galleons broken free at last from the Sargasso weed; the Flying Dutchman and half a hundred other matters you hear about in your school days and, as life goes on, forget.

I don't think it ever occurred to him, even at the end, that the merchant marine was engaged in the prosaic business of transporting coal, onions, bones, hides and canned goods, and that men went to sea for much the same reason they went anywhere—because they had to work for a living.

I was second mate of the Prince Charlie when Hayden joined us, stumbling up the gangway one rainy night with a brand-new sea bag over one shoulder and a brand-new suitcase under one arm. He was about fifteen, gangly and thin, and he had corn-colored hair that was always flopping over his eyes. I noticed him standing on the main deck by the gangway, his mouth open and his big thin nose snuffing up the ship smells as if he approved of them. He looked like a sick calf.

"Who are you?" I said.

He came to with a start, set down his gear and removed his hat.

"My name's Hayden, sir," he said. "And I'm an apprentice."

"Well, I suppose we'll have to stand it," I said, very short. We were sailing at midnight, the crew was coming aboard drunk and quarrelsome and the old man, Captain Trelawney, was in a temper. I had no time to waste on new apprentices.

"I think it's wonderful," he said. He had a soft voice, sort of husky and like a girl's. "I think it's wonderful," he said again, snuffing up all the mixed reeks of dirty dock water, tar, rope, coal and new paint. "This is the first time I've ever been on a ship."

"You'll get over it," I told him. "The boys' room's midships. You'll find the other three devils there."

I went along for'ard then for something in the forepeak and when I came back, about half an hour later, the third mate was standing by the bridge companion.

"Who's that kid wandering around aft?" he demanded. "He's nuts!"

"What kid?" said I. "The new apprentice? Hasn't he settled down yet?"

"He was packing a sea bag last I saw him," said the third. "And d'you know what he said to me? He asked me if I'd ever seen a sea serpent."

"Probably getting fresh," I said. "Kick him in the slats."

"I felt like that," said the third, puzzled, "but I think he meant it. Did you notice his eyes?"

"Have you gone nuts too?" I blared. "Do you think I'm going around looking into apprentices' eyes?"

"Well, don't get sore about it!" snapped the third and went on the bridge, very huffy. I found Hayden sitting on one of the after bitts in the pouring rain, staring dreamily at the lights across the water and happily muttering to himself.

"Here," I said, grabbing his arm. "Come along. We're sailing in half an hour and you'll be wanted. Get into some work clothes."

I kicked open the door of the apprentices' room. The other three were in there arguing at the top of their voices and filling the air with cigarette smoke. Brown, the eldest, kicked half a bottle of whisky out of sight when he saw me.

"Here's something new," I said, pushing Hayden inside. "Show him around and bring him aft when you turn to."

"Very good, sir," said Brown and he grinned. He was a three-voyager and nearly out of his time, and I saw from the look in his eye as he surveyed Hayden that the kid was going to have a rough passage for a while. Boys are like that. Devils.

WE GOT to sea finally in the teeth of a bitter wind and with an ugly quartering swell that made the Prince Charlie pitch erratically. The after deck was dark, the men all drunk, the spring wire jammed on the winch drum, so we broke it, and what with one thing and the other I didn't notice Hayden until I'd sent the watch below and started midships. Then I almost fell over him. He was collapsed on a coiled hawser and retching badly. I saw by the flashlight he was pale as a ghost and drenched through, wearing what looked like a brand-new uniform. The Line only required apprentices to wear uniform when they went ashore or we had passengers on board and I thought at first it was just the craze of a new kid for brass buttons.

"What's the outfit for?" I said. "Trying to wear it out?"

"Mr. Brown, sir," he said between spasms of sickness. "Mr. Brown told me it was usual to wear uniform on sailing night."

"*Mister* Brown," I choked. "Have they got you calling them mister already? Where's your sea boots and oilskins?"

"Mr. Brown took them, sir. He said he hadn't any and as senior apprentice he was entitled to help himself. . . . I really don't mind, you know."

"WELL, I do," I informed him and I dragged him along midships. As second mate I was in charge of the apprentices on the Prince Charlie and I didn't want one of them laid up with pneumonia. Besides, a green hand ought to be given time to adjust himself. I'd served my own time and I knew the little hell that a youngster can go through.

The apprentices were holding revel in their room, all three of them. Brown was standing on a bench, making some oration and waving a half-filled glass around when I burst in. They had the door locked but I saw what was going on through the port, which they'd forgotten to screen, and hammered until they opened up. A couple of full whisky bottles lay on one bunk and a nearly empty one stood in the washstand. All three of the boys were well along.

"How much did you soak Hayden besides the oilskins and sea boots?" I demanded.

Brown got down off the bench, sobered a little, and the others stood up.

"Well, it's sailing night, sir," he apologized. "He only dug up ten bob."

"And you swapped that and the gear for whisky, eh?"

"So he told you, did he?" said Brown. He was a burly youth, pugnacious, and when he was angry his face went scarlet, as it did now.

"He told me nothing but I know the game," I said. "I'll let the whisky pass but the next time Hayden comes on deck I want to see him wearing his oilskins and sea boots. If anyone's going to get wet and cold this trip it'll be you."

Brown was rigid for a moment. He was nearly out of his time, as I have said, and he didn't like to be spoken to

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like that. He'd be an officer himself in another year; and I thought he was going to talk back but he didn't.

"Very good, sir," he said quietly, and I pushed the somewhat bewildered Hayden onto a bunk and went out.

"Lay off him, too," I said as I closed the door, but I knew that was waste of time. I heard the key turn in the lock almost before I'd let go the handle, and the muffled sound of a body hitting the deck came soon after. Well, I thought, he'll have to stand the gaff. We all had to. But I felt sorry for the kid.

THE next time I saw Hayden was on the bridge the following morning. He looked a wreck. He was polishing the brass telegraphs with brick dust, oil and bunting, gagging at intervals and occasionally running for the rail. His lips were bruised, he had a black eye and there was a cut along his cheek. But he was wearing Brown's sea boots and oilskins.

It was a cold and blustery day. The sea was running big and green, and the gray scud was shredding across the sky beneath leaden clouds. The old man, Captain Trelawney, was taking his usual slow turns up and down the bridge, his square red face heavy above his greatcoat and his peaked cap low over his eyes. I went into the chartroom with the mate for a while and when I came out I heard the old man thundering: "What are you standing around for, boy? Get back to work!"

Hayden was standing upright by the for'ard rail. He seemed to have forgotten all about his sickness. He had his eager young face turned to the sky and was watching with rapt attention a lone gull hovering over the fore truck, lifting and falling with pinions spread on the wind.

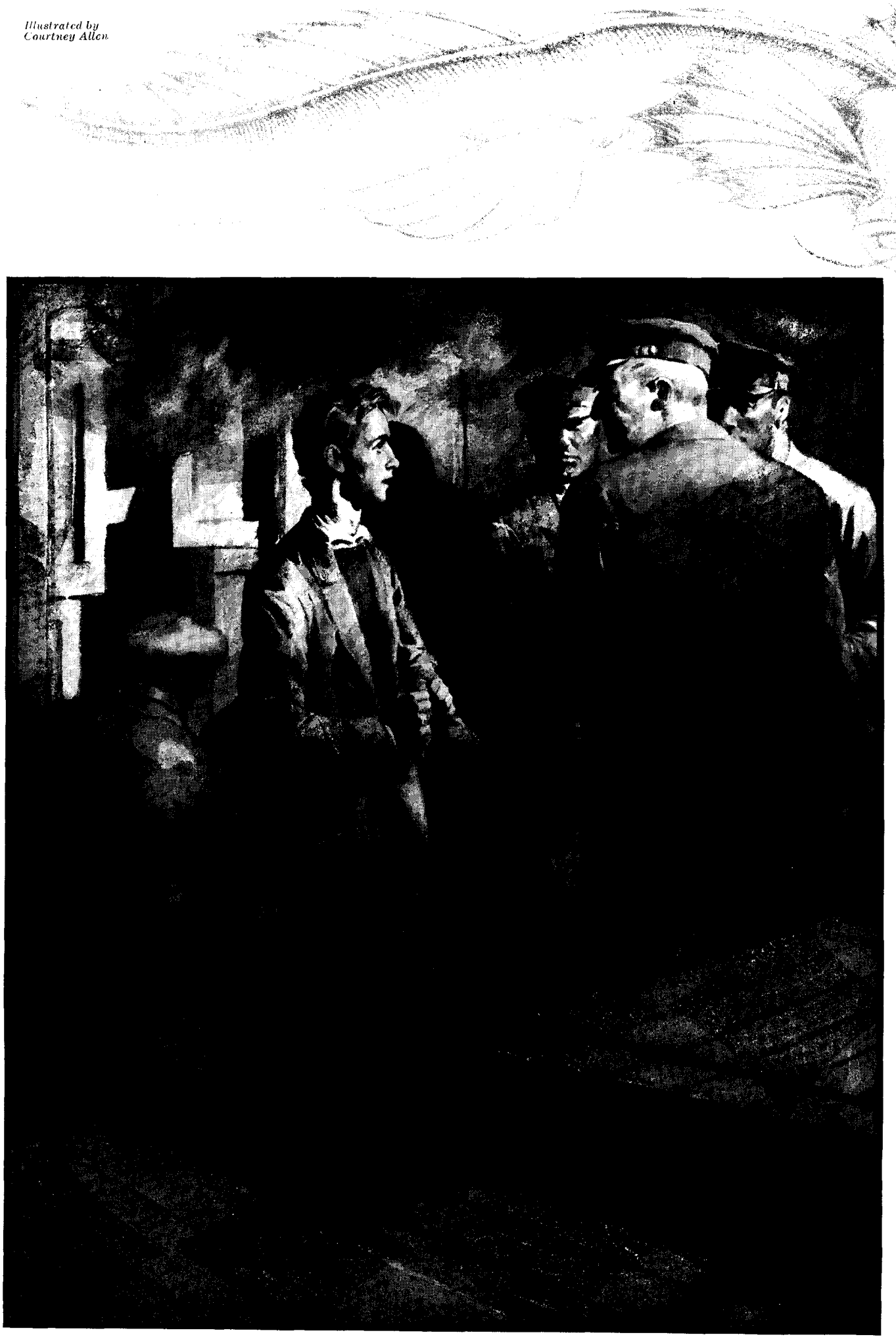
"Is that an albatross, sir?" he said, sort of awed. "I've read a lot about them. If you kill them they bring you bad luck."

The old man stared at him, stunned, I suppose. Hayden did not even look round. His voice was all dreamy and far away. The mate and I both stopped dead.

"Have you ever seen a sea serpent, sir? And the Flying Dutchman? Are they as wonderful as everyone says they are?"

I heard the mate draw in his breath very sharply and I know I myself was rigid. Talking like that to Captain Trelawney! A green apprentice talking to Bat Trelawney! I fail to impress you with the enormity of the thing. Bat Trelawney was a relic of the clippers. He had no more sentiment than a stone. He had been, we'd heard, notorious as a mate. As a master he had an unpleasant reputation. A big, powerful man—white-haired, mouth like a shark's, eyes like ice. Why, able seamen, let alone apprentices, were not supposed to address Captain Trelawney unless he spoke to them first. He was the man who had invented the famous punishment for boys, making them stand on the bridge holding a heavy cork fender over their heads until he told them to set it down. And here was Hayden, hardly twelve hours at sea, asking him if he'd ever seen a sea serpent and forgetting all about his brasswork.

Illustrated by Courtney Allen



"I can get in there, sir," said young Hayden then, very earnestly

THE old man finally exploded. He took one hand out of his greatcoat pocket and knocked Hayden halfway across the bridge.

"Get back to work, I said!" he roared. "Who do you think you are? . . . Where's the second mate?"

"Here, sir," said I in a hurry. The old man glared from under his white brows.

"You might give a little attention to those pups of yours," he said acidly. "Or am I supposed to discuss sea serpents with them?"

I got Hayden off the bridge as fast as I could and sent him to wash pots for the galley. He didn't seem in the least aware of his offense. He was crying, of course, but he couldn't understand.

"I only wanted to know," he explained, winking to keep back the tears and with his lips quivering. And then, with a strange and sudden earnestness, "Was it an albatross, sir?"

I half lifted my hand to cuff him myself, certain he was kidding me, and then I understood what the third mate had meant by asking me if I'd seen his eyes. They were big, wide and gray; soft like a woman's. It would have been like hitting a woman, or a very young child. And he stood there looking at me, through a mist as it were, serious

(Continued on page 42)

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Starlight Rider

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

HUGH TRACY, a young cattleman, is shot by a hidden enemy. Rushed to a hospital, he recovers. Three months later he returns. Antelope, the town near which he lives, is full of gunmen. The hitherto friendly Lou Burkey, saloonkeeper, is strangely hostile. Puzzled, perplexed, Hugh rides to his little home—on a spur off Mogul rim. Vandals, he finds, have wrecked it! While viewing the ruins, someone shoots at him. Mounting, he rides in the direction of the shot. A girl, rifle in hand, awaits him. "I'm Lynn Isherwood," she announces calmly. "I had no intention of killing you—I shot to warn someone else."

The girl, Tracy notes, is beautiful. He has never seen her before. "Where," he asks, "do you live?" The girl hesitates; then—"I'd better not tell you." She mounts her horse. Tracy laughs. "I can find you. I'm Hugh Tracy—maybe you've heard of me." "Yes," the answer comes slowly, "I've heard of you. *And you mustn't try to find me.*"

The girl rides off. Tracy, mystified by her enigmatic words, thinks the situation over. At last he makes his plans. They are all directed at one vitally important end: the "getting" of the secret enemy who has tried to kill him. . . . In the Powder desert region (where Tracy lives, and where he owns the only water for miles about) are two rival cattle outfits: Tade Shadrow's and "the Testervis," run by the Testervis brothers, Bat and Morgan. Enemies, they are about to clash. Shadrow, a shrewd-faced scoundrel, is importing killers, making his plans carefully. Seated in his headquarters with Tolbert, his foreman, he angrily discharges an employee—Willy Bones—who, knowing he has been robbed by Shadrow, departs vowing revenge. As he goes out Sid Maunders, a gunman, enters. "Follow that man—*get him!*" Shadrow orders. He pauses, grins. Then: "Hugh Tracy's back."

The announcement startles the gunman. Obviously, he hates Tracy. He begs for permission to shoot him. "No," says Shadrow, "you can't do it *now*." He wheels on Tolbert. "Send thirty men—*tonight*—up close to Testervis' lines, back of Tracy's five or six miles. I'm about ready for business, and—"

Tolbert interrupts him: "Speakin' of Tracy," he drawls, "*he's comin' down that road out there!*"

II

MAUNDERS wheeled completely around, ripped out an oath. Shadrow rose from his chair and for the first time showed concern. "Who's with him?"

"Nobody."

"Here," said Shadrow, snapping his fingers at the foreman, "you stand where you was when Bones came in. Maunders, go to that far corner—"

"Not now," contradicted Maunders. "I don't want to see him in here. Too close quarters. I'll go out back and wait in the yard."

"He's a damned fool for comin' to TS alone," grunted Shadrow. "Tolbert, if you see him make any move, stop it."

The tall foreman stood against the wall, coldly quiet, looking at the two others with the faintest expression of contempt visible in his eyes. Shadrow sat down again and took to twisting his pencil between his fingers; Maunders, sullen hostility written over his flat face, slowly backed to an inner door and opened it. All of them heard Tracy drum across the yard and dismount at the porch.

"I'll do all the talkin'," whispered Shadrow hoarsely.

"Do that," drawled Tolbert, so queerly that Shadrow's glance whipped back to the foreman and clung there a long moment. But he had no chance to speak, for as Sid Maunders retreated through the inner door and softly closed it, Hugh Tracy entered from the porch.

Halted there, Hugh instantly understood that he walked into an arranged scene. The click of the inner door warned him, Lake Tolbert was rigid against the wall, and Shadrow's position behind the table showed strain. The eyes of the TS owner gave the lie to his friendly greeting.

"Hugh, it's like old times to see you here. Sit down."

"I'll stand," was Hugh's dry answer, and he walked across the room and turned to a better command of these two men posted on his flanks. He inclined his head at Tolbert, realizing clearly the purpose of that foreman's presence. A floor board in an adjoining room squeaked under pressure; Shadrow broke into sudden talk:

"So the old hell-raisin' Hugh is among us again. I'll say, though, that you appear a little peaked to me."

"Such personal interest moves me deeply," drawled Hugh.

"Oh, go on. Can't you never take a man's word for what it's worth? You make a heap of enemies thataway, Hugh."

Tracy nodded, reaching for his tobacco. The black head went thoughtfully downward during the making of the cigarette, and the broad, blunt fighter's features remained inscrutably grave. Shadrow fiddled a little and winked at Tolbert.

"Well, Hugh, what's on your mind?"

Tracy held the completed cigarette in one hand and stared at Shadrow. "Tade, what do you know about the wreckin' of my place?"

"Not a thing," said Shadrow, promptly. "Not a blessed thing. Some of the boys passed that way and saw it, and told me. I'm mighty sorry, Hugh. It don't seem right to hit a man when he's down."

"I observe cattle tracks leadin' back from my water trough this way."

"THAT'S another story," said Shadrow. "I won't deny some of my stock might've drifted yonder and used your water, the fence bein' down. But I will say that I figured you wouldn't like it, so I had the boys move such critters as was over there farther west."

"That was kind," murmured Hugh. He lighted his cigarette, studying Shadrow over the burning match-tip. Shadrow grunted.

"Hugh, now that you're back, what's up? Can't make any money on that ranch. You never did use it for anything but a place to sleep on occasionally. Want a job?"

"Doin' what?"

Shadrow's seamed cheeks displayed a little eagerness. "Write your own ticket. I'd rather have you on my payroll than any other man."

Hugh spoke straight from the shoulder: "You know damned well I never would work for you. And you know exactly why. So what's the reason for this mealy-mouthed offer?"

Shadrow's visage turned ironic and shrewd. "You never heard me ask any man to believe I did anything out of charity. I got my reasons for everything. You're privileged to figure there's a nigger in the woodpile. But you've got some chores to take care of, ain't you? That bein' so, you'll find it easier to do them wearin' a TS brand."

"What chores?"

Illustrated by Matt Clark

She drew the gun muzzle on him. "You've gone a

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"Don't make a dummy out of me," grunted Shadrow. "You ain't goin' to have no luck startin' a private war. Throw in with me and I'll back you up on every play."

"Which means you figure I'm after somebody on the Testervis side."

"*I* didn't strip your place," said Shadrow.

"The offer is no good."

Shadrow squirmed in his chair and scowled. After a period of fretful silence, he threw up his head. "All right. I'll make you another proposition: I'll buy your place."

"Why?"

"Wish you'd quit turnin' over boards to find the bugs underneath," grumbled Shadrow. "Don't you know why?"

"I've been away three months."

"Well, a lot's happened since then, Hugh. Right out, I'll tell you I could use the water you got."

"Sorry; not selling."

"That makes you out a fool," stated Shadrow, rising. "You won't be able to hold on. Somebody's going to get that water, whether you like it or not—and it might as well be me."

"Threat?"

"Hell, ain't I offerin' to pay for it?"

Hugh Tracy dropped the cigarette and ground it beneath a heel. He spoke coolly. "You're sayin' either you get it or Testervis' side gets it. I thought something like that, but I wanted to hear it straight. As far as you are concerned, you know what you can do."

"You're mad about it, not me," said Shadrow. "I made two straight propositions. Now I'll say this: There is going to be a fight in the Powder before thirty days is up. You've got to be on one side or the other. And if you don't pick the right side, you ain't goin' to have any water. That is no threat. That's fact."

HUGH TRACY'S square face chilled. "There is nothing I despise more than being told what I've got to do. I won't stand for it, Shadrow. Somebody tried to knock me over and didn't. Maybe it was a private affair and maybe it was just a part of this water business. I don't know, but I came back to find out. I'll find out, too. And when I do, I'll do some shootin' on my own account."

"I didn't strip your place," Shadrow said again.

"For the time bein', we'll let it stand like that," replied Hugh.

"Nothin' stands as is," observed Shadrow sententiously. "But don't overestimate your strength. You're a white chip in a no-limit game."

Tracy didn't answer. Crossing the room, he walked to the porch. Shadrow made a surreptitious gesture at Tolbert and followed; and as Tracy reached his horse, the foreman started slowly across the yard.

"My propositions stand—for a while," said Shadrow.

"You're talking to the wrong man," answered Hugh Tracy; and, observing the foreman's move, he added quietly, "You know I can fight, Shadrow." Then he reined around and aimed into the mouth of the plaza. But he hadn't gone a dozen yards before his wrist snapped a quick pressure on the reins. Sid Maunders, lounging against a tool shed, faced him. Without looking around, Hugh Tracy knew how completely he was cross-rapped. Shadrow was directly behind, Tolbert on his flank.

"Come back, if you change your mind," called Shadrow, plain mockery in his words.

Maunders' dull, flat-planed face glistened in the sunlight and the opaque eyes clung steadily to Tracy. He was set, on a trigger tension, ready to react to the slightest warning. Expelling a breath, Hugh loosened the reins and rode by the gunman—out of the plaza and down the dusty road.

Hugh Tracy's anger was of the slow-burning sort. And now, turning off the road and heading northerly homeward, his rebellious, unyielding temper reached a torch heat. Tade Shadrow had made a threat. Strip aside the vague blind of friendliness, the sly and evasive advice—it was nothing but a threat. Nor was it spiritual balm to realize that, maneuvering him into a strategically weak location in the yard, those three men had thrown a fight in his face which he had been compelled to refuse.

He was almost to his own ranch line before the full significance of that situation dawned on him. Obviously they were prepared to find him full of trouble. Preparedness meant, stripped down to the bare fact, fear. Fear of what, if not retaliation on his part for something they had done? According to that reasoning it was Tade Shadrow who had ordered the wrecking of his place; and since the act was but an after-effect of his ambush, it followed Shadrow must have ordered that too.

HE STRUCK his palm against the saddle so hard that the pony jumped. "But I will never be sure," he muttered. "It's done and over, covered up. All I can do is wait for a second try. It will come, sure enough. It's a game of waiting, with me on the wrong end."

One thing was certain: Powder desert was humming with the invisible warnings of another storm on the make. The days of surety and idle riding were gone. Once the sharp cleavage of faction was established not one living soul in the country might say he was safe. So it had always been. That was feud. Thus thinking, he passed down the alley between pines and came out into his yard. Lynn Isherwood stood on the porch, waiting for him.

"Had you stayed away another hour or so," she called, "I might have gotten something done."

Hugh chuckled, serenity unexpectedly returning to him. "Where's your rifle?"

"Hanging on the saddle on my horse."

He looked around. "So? Well, where's the horse?"

"In your barn, where it won't attract the inquisitive eye."

"Good girl," he approved. "You know things."

"I was raised in the sagebrush. Should know something."

She was without a jacket this day and the sleeves of her man's shirt were rolled up, exposing strong, white arms in keeping with the slim, supple fingers. Her hair was pulled back on her hatless head and up from her ears, disciplined by a tight knot in the rear. One smudge lay on a face flushed deeper than usual; but the sober shadow he had noticed across her eyes the previous night was gone.

"Come inside and have a look. No matter what I did, I couldn't make it worse than it was."

HE STEPPED to the porch and followed her through, stopping in surprise. He had not bothered, on rising that morning, to put things in shape. So all the orderliness confronting him was of her making. She had swept out the rooms, straightened the furniture; she had even pasted up the ripped wallpaper and nailed back the frame of his bunk, upon which his blankets had been tucked and folded. Following her into the kitchen, the first thing he saw was the righted stove.

"How in thunder did you manage that?"

"Me and a two-by-four. And a piece of wood for a fulcrum. That's a good oven. I made a mess of biscuits in it."

"What with? All I could find around here this morning was a slab of bacon buried in the soot, and half a can of coffee."

He had never seen her laugh before. It changed the light of her eyes completely, made the clear and sharp face boyishly frank. "There's a story in

(Continued on page 48)

little too far, Bat. I will listen to no more of that talk"

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Illustrated by C. C. Beall

Goldfish

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

After his habit when waiting or thinking, he whistled softly. Carney, removing the transmitter from his mouth, snarled at him to cut it out

WHEN Martin Dole came into Carney's office in the Homicide Bureau, the big policeman was bellowing into his telephone, and the surly glower with which he greeted his visitor showed no sign of the respect to which an honorable citizen, calling to assist the law in punishing the murderer of his friend and partner, should have been entitled. Dole, however, didn't resent the scowl. Respect wasn't what he wanted. He sat down to wait and to think, and, after his habit when waiting or thinking, he whistled softly against his teeth. Carney, removing the transmitter from his mouth, snarled at him to cut it out.

"Sorry," Dole said. He filed away a mental note, though, that whistling might be a good way of making Carney angry.

Making Carney angry wouldn't have seemed sensible to anyone except a very clever man. In the ugly office at Headquarters, with the barred window casting a criss-cross shadow on him, he looked more like a brute and bully than he had seemed, this morning, at Martin Dole's rooms. He was squat and beefy and bull-necked; there was cruelty in his small, deep-set eyes and in the lines about his mouth. He looked as if he loved his trade of sending men to prison and to death, and Martin Dole, studying him, told himself that it wasn't any wonder that so many crooks and killers were ready to confess when they'd gone into the back room with Carney to see the pieces of rubber hose which Carney playfully called goldfish.

Evidently, though, from Carney's face and voice, the goldfish hadn't yet persuaded Pimmy Fink to admit that he'd killed Sam Dowson. Dole was disappointed. It wasn't absolutely necessary that Pimmy should confess, but from Dole's point of view it was desirable. A confession would take Pimmy into court, and even if the jury let him off the police would call it a day, probably, and pigeon-hole the case without inquiring very deeply into that alibi of Martin Dole's. And if Pimmy didn't get off, so much the better. Dole and his conscience were good friends and he didn't like Pimmy Fink.

"Well?"

Carney slammed the receiver on its hook and turned a sullen face to Dole. His voice was sulky. Dole would have been better pleased, however, if look and tone had been uglier.

"So you haven't made Fink talk, eh?" He tried to look and sound sarcastic. "I thought you wouldn't."

"Yeah?" Carney felt the goad. "Well, he's done a whole lot of talking. He admits he was up at Dowson's place last night till after eleven."

"WHAT?" Dole did his best to sound as if he hadn't spent that endless half-hour, last night, hiding in Sam Dowson's bedroom and cursing Pimmy Fink, under his breath, for not going home. "Why, that's just the same thing as admitting he did it!"

"Oh, yeah? Try it on a jury and you'll find out there's a whole lot of difference between admitting you knocked a guy off and admitting you played his piano for him. And so far that's all the admitting Fink's done." His face changed suddenly. Something like pain came into it. "Say, f'r the love o' Pete, if you got to whistle, stay on the key, can'tcha? And get somewheres near the tune!"

He whistled a few notes, softly and beautifully.

"That's how it goes. And you keep whistling it like this!"

Even Dole's uncertain ear could recognize the fidelity with which his distortion of the air was reproduced. He stared. It would have been amazing to find that Carney was sensitive about anything. To find that he was sensitive about music, that he could repeat, note for note, something that he had heard only once, that a few flats could actually hurt him, struck Dole as almost comic. Music meant nothing to him except when it bored him. It had done a little more than that last night, as he listened to Pimmy Fink drumming away on Sam Dowson's piano, while he had been hiding in the bedroom waiting for Pimmy to go home.

It was Pimmy's fault that Dole's alibi wasn't absolutely air-tight. If it hadn't been for Pimmy, Dole would have been back at the Mirasol before anybody could have noticed that he'd been away. It seemed to him that there was a sort of poetic justice in what had happened to Pimmy Fink, in what would happen again when Carney, in an uglier humor than before, took Pimmy back for another look at those goldfish. He'd get a confession then.

"Oh, so that's his story, is it? And he's still telling it, when you've already got enough on him to—"

"We haven't got a thing on him," Carney said. "Hunches ain't evidence."

"Evidence?" Dole laughed. "What do you want with it? They've been telling me that all you need is a chance to ask some questions of anybody who knows the answers. And you know who knows the answers in this case. A little half-sized runt of a piano-player. And you don't know how to make him sing for you!"

HE COULD see the ugly lines bite deeper around Carney's mouth. The big hands were shut. It wouldn't take those hands very long to get the right answers out of Pimmy Fink. Not if Carney was sore enough. It didn't matter, either, what he was sore at, or whom.

Martin Dole leaned back in his chair and whistled hissingly between his teeth.

Carney's head jerked up. There was no anger in his face, but its sudden, wolfish cheerfulness wasn't any the less cruel.

"You're off the key again, Dole, but you come close enough that time. With no more ear than you got you must've heard that tune quite a few times to whistle it even as good as that. Know what it is, Dole? It's the chorus to the song that Pimmy Fink was making up last night in Dowson's room. Nobody ever heard it except Dowson and Fink and me. And you."

He turned back his cuffs.

"It ain't evidence, but they been telling you I don't need evidence. All I need is a chance to talk to the bird that knows the right answers. Whadduyuh say we go out in the back room, Dole, and see the goldfish?"

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Fu Manchu's Bride

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

FIGHTING a mysterious plague in southern France, Dr. Petrie, English scientist, evolves an antidote ("654"); then, himself stricken, dies. And the formula for "654" disappears! While searching for it—with Sir Denis Nayland Smith, ex-Scotland Yard operative—young Alan Sterling (who tells the story) is set upon, knocked unconscious. Awakening, he finds himself in a weird laboratory, a prisoner of the most dangerous criminal the world has ever known: *Dr. Fu Manchu!*

From Fah Lo Suee, the Doctor's fascinating daughter, and "Fleurette" (a girl of mystery with whom he is in love) Sterling learns some shocking facts. Fu Manchu is plotting to spread the plague by releasing billions of germ-carrying flies, and so gain control of a devastated world. He wants a son—has chosen a woman to bear him one. *Fleurette!* . . .

The laboratory (where scientists, long regarded as dead, labor) is in the villa of Ste. Claire de la Roche, on the Mediterranean coast. It is well guarded. But Sterling makes his escape. Outside, Sir Denis awaits him. "Sterling," the operative raps, "Petrie is not dead—he is somewhere in that villa, *alive!* You must return, find him, get that formula. If you fail, the world is lost!". . . Back in the villa, Sterling finds Petrie, gets the formula, hastens to Fleurette. *And Fu Manchu appears!* Infuriated, he releases a myriad of plague-carrying flies. Sterling, however, succeeds in finding a chemist's mask, which he slips on. Safe, he encounters Sir Denis who, with a squad of French police, is raiding the place.

"Sterling," the operative announces, "they've gotten away—with Petrie!" The two men act quickly. Finding a passageway leading downward, they follow it, come to a cave. From the darkness someone addresses them. Fu Manchu! "Sir Denis," he says, "Dr. Petrie is with me. I need his help. Don't try to find us.". . . As they leave the cave, Sir Denis tells Sterling a strange secret. Fleurette, he has learned, is the daughter of Petrie and his beautiful wife, Karamaneh. According to the records, she is dead—had died in Cairo years ago! . . . Believing that Fu Manchu is on a ship—the Lola, of Buenos Aires—Sir Denis hurries to the Préfet of Police, introduces himself. Then—"I want the use of a destroyer at once. Connect me with Paris." The connection is made. Sir Denis seizes the receiver. And Sterling, thinking of Fleurette and the monster by her side, waits breathlessly for the verdict.

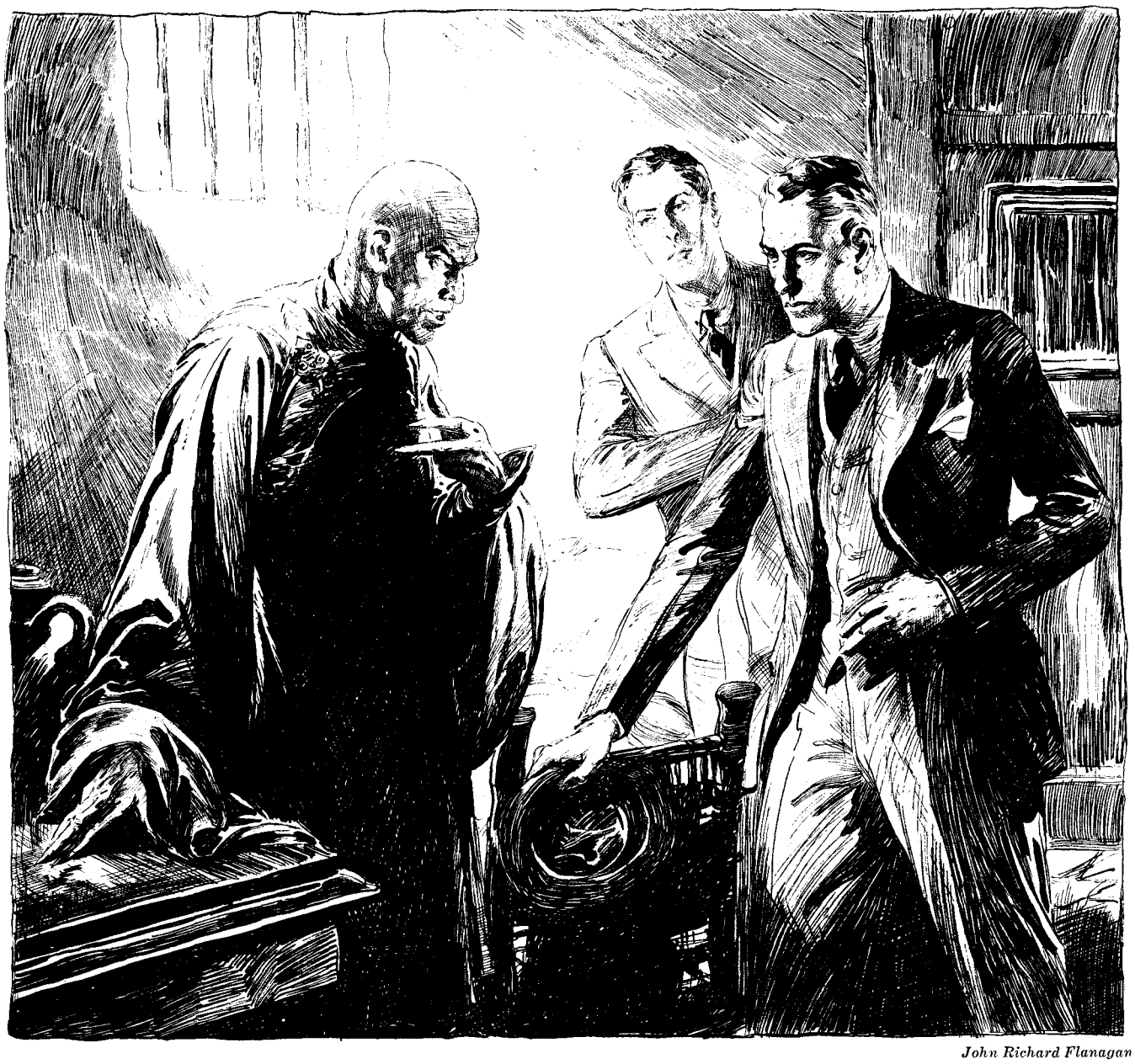
Conclusion

SIR DENIS—in voluble but very bad French—proceeded to tread heavily on the toes of the Paris official at the other end of the line. I had learned that he, in moments of stress, was prone to exhibit a truculence, an indifference to the feelings of others which underlay and may have been the driving power behind that brusque, but never uncourteous, manner which characterized him normally.

He was demanding to speak to the Minister in person and refusing to be put off.

"At home and asleep? Be so good as to put me through to his private number at once!"

M. Chamrousse had taken his stand on the carpet upon which Nayland Smith so recently had paced up and down; listening to the conversation, he merely shrugged, took out a cigarette and lighted it with meticulous care.



John Richard Flanagan

"The laws of Europe are cobwebs which I blow aside," the imperious voice continued

However, it must be recorded to the credit of Sir Denis that his intolerant language—which was sometimes frankly rude—achieved its objective.

He was put through to the sleeping Minister. . . .

No doubt there is much to be said for direct methods in sweeping aside ill-informed opposition. In the Middle West of America, my father's home, I had learned to respect the direct attack as opposed to those circumlocutory maneuvers so generally popular in European society.

To the unconcealed surprise of M. Chamrousse, Sir Denis' demands were instantly conceded!

I gathered that authoritative orders would be transmitted immediately to the commander of the destroyer lying in the harbor at Monaco; that every other available unit in the fleet would be despatched in quest of the submarine. In short, it became evident during this brief conversation that Sir Denis wielded an authority greater than even I had suspected.

When presently he replaced the receiver and sprang to his feet, the effect upon M. Chamrousse was notable.

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith," he said, "I congratulate you—but you fully realize that in this matter I was indeed helpless!"

Sir Denis shook his hand.

"Please say no more! Of course I understand. But if you would accept my advice, it would be this: proceed personally to Ste. Claire, and when you have realized the difficulties of the situation there, you will be in a position to deal with it."

Some more conversation there was, the gist of which I have forgotten, and then we were out in the car again and speeding along those tortuous roads headed for Monaco.

"Much time has been wasted," said Nayland Smith. "Only luck can help us now. Failing a message from some ship which has sighted the yacht Lola, it's impossible to lay a course. Probably the Lola has a turn of speed which will tax the warship in any event. But lacking knowledge of her position, we can't even start."

"I don't doubt she will have been sighted. There's a lot of shipping in those waters."

"Yes, but the bulk of it is small craft, and many of them carry no radio. However, we are doing all that lies in our power to do."

FROM the bridge of the destroyer I looked over a blue and sailless sea. The speed of the little warship was exhilarating, and I could see from the attitude of her commander beside me that this break in peace-time routine was welcome rather than irksome.

I glanced toward the port wing of the bridge where Nayland Smith was staring ahead through raised glasses.

Somewhere astern of where I stood, somewhere in the slender hull, full out and quivering on this unexpected mission, I knew there were police officers armed with a warrant for the arrest of Dr. Fu Manchu.

And as the wine of the morning began to stir my blood, hope awakened. The history of Fleurette lay open before me like a book. And all that had seemed incomprehensible in her character and her behavior—lover-like, now I translated and understood. She had been cultivated as those plants in the forcing-houses had been cultivated.

The imprint of Dr. Fu Manchu was upon her.

Yet through it all the real Fleurette had survived, defying the alchemy of the super-scientist: she was still Petrie's daughter, beautiful, lovable, and mine, if I could find her. . . .

I set doubt aside. Definitely, we should overtake the South American yacht. News had come from a cruising liner ten minutes before we had reached Monaco Harbor: the Lola, laid on a southerly course, was less than twenty miles ahead.

But, since the Lola also must have picked up the message, we realized that the course of the motor yacht would in all probability have been changed. Nevertheless, ultimate escape was next to impossible.

Yet again that damnable thought intruded: the Lola might prove to be a will-o'-the-wisp; Fu Manchu, Fleurette and Petrie not on board!

It appeared to me that the only thing supporting Nayland Smith's theory and his amazing reaction to it was the fact that the Lola had not answered those messages sent out by the French authority.

At which moment Sir Denis dropped the glasses into their case and turned.

"Nothing!" he said, grimly.

"It is true," the commander replied; "but they have a good start."

A man ran up to the bridge with a radio message. The commander scanned it.

"They are clever," he reported. "But

(Continued on page 44)

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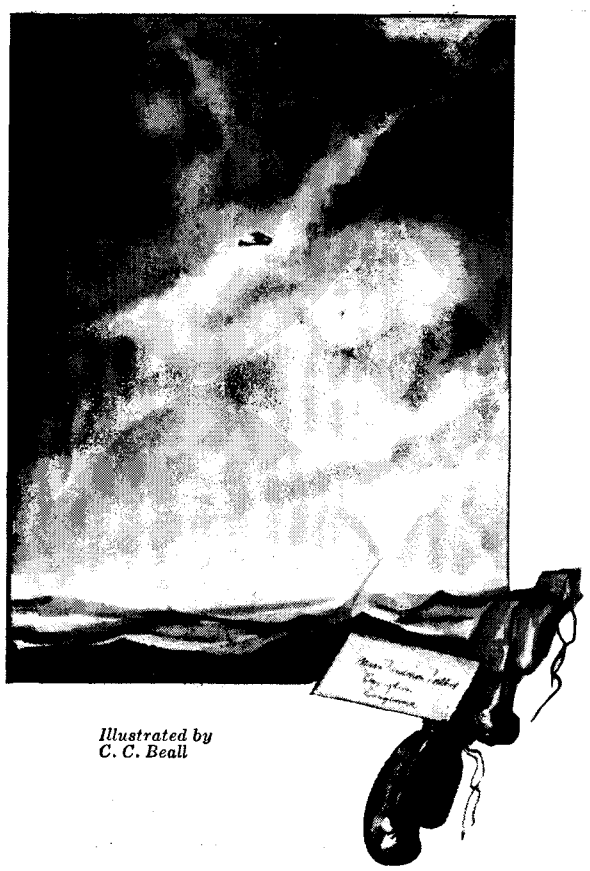

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

A Message to a Lady

By Edward Shenton

One look, and the Kid was in love. The girl was one in a million. So was the Kid

SHE came in accompanied by several men in evening clothes and an older woman, and sat at the next table. The Kid never noticed anyone was with her. He put down his cup of coffee and stared. At first he couldn't see her at all. It was as though a flashlight had been turned into his eyes. He had an impression of something brilliant and pale in the dark frame of fur. Undoubtedly she was a girl, but to the Kid she seemed merely a glow and a fragrance.

He didn't move the entire time she was there. He leaned across the table, his square face with its flattened nose rigid with concentration. After a while he began to see her. He could look at her without blinking and everything he saw—her eyes, the pupils almost black and afloat in a kind of iridescent gold, the tiny mole at the smooth turn of her cheek, her hands, her lips—all were wonderful.

He never knew how long she stayed, but it seemed only a moment. When she arose to go she looked directly at him. He had the impression of penetrating beyond the dark pupils, as if gazing into a night that appears black but is really layer upon layer of shadow, with far away, infinitely far away, a spaciousness of light. . . . She looked at him and walked out of Musty Joe's speakeasy into the windy January night.

The Kid wasn't anybody much; just another fighter, young and ambitious, with a fine right hand and a left that needed a lot of developing. He was a square-shooter, though, and if he was ruthless in the ring it was his profession to be so. Outside, he was good-humored and likable, a pretty good citizen, considering the tenement where he had been raised. . . . He sent his old mother money regularly.

AS FAR as girls were concerned, he had known plenty: Tawdry gold-diggers, taxi-dancers, chorines who worked in the burlesque shows. He had two sisters who learned early what they wanted and how to get it. This collection had taught him considerable in his more social moments. The point is that they had never given him any intimation that there were girls in the world like the one who came into Musty Joe's, looked at him, and then departed, destroying in that brief glance everything he had ever known, leaving him empty in a strange world, empty in the sense that all the things he once had enjoyed seemed suddenly stale, and all the girls he had considered swell so many drab shadows.

After that night, the Kid thought about her all the time. While he was working out for his fight with Swede Hyberg, he recalled the way she glanced sidewise and down, her lashes folding over her eyes. The recollection came just as he crossed a right to his sparring partner's jaw and the memory was so keen and pleasantly startling that he almost tore the boy's head from his neck.

Remembering things about her made him feel awful good. He said to himself, "I feel great. I'll smack this guy Hyberg to pieces."

TRAFFIC OFFICER PAT CALLAHAN told the Kid her name. Pat was on duty at Forty-third and Fifth Avenue. The Kid stopped to talk about this and that but principally of what he intended doing to Hyberg.

"The wise money is on the Swede," said Callahan.

"Listen," the Kid began, when a green roadster went by at a smooth forty miles an hour. Officer Callahan released the salute usually reserved for the commissioner and the bigger bootleggers. An arm waved above the cowling of the car. A face, an unforgettable face, smiled. Pat relaxed with a benign expression. The Kid choked, stammered, and said, finally:

"Who was that?"

"That, my boy," said Officer Callahan, "is a young thing named Fredericka Talbott, a joy to the eyes of all coppers."

"Oh," said the Kid.

"Furthermore," said Officer Callahan, "seein' you have niver heard of the darlin', her old man is Francis Wilson Talbott, who has a big chest in his bedroom full of brand new million-dollar bills."

"Yeah?" said the Kid.

"Furthermore than that," continued Officer Callahan, "there is nothin' any man can do that the darlin' cannot do better, such as sailin' fine yachts, climbin' Alps and other hills, ridin' horses over water jumps, steerin' motorboats that go so fast the fish cannot get out of the way, comin' down mountains on shees . . . "

"Shees?" said the Kid. "What the hell, shees?"

"Shees," repeated Officer Callahan firmly, "and don't open your yap again. . . . Drivin' sleds around curves of ice that would kill many a tough guy by cloggin' his heart in his windpipe, not to mention flyin' airyplanes and numerous other things."

"Where does she live?" asked the Kid.

"Here and there," said Officer Callahan, "but mostly between. Park Avenue, London, Paris, Venice, Berlin. . . . You're not thinkin' of callin' on the darlin'?"

The Kid looked at Officer Callahan as though he had uttered blasphemy, and went on across the street.

SO SHE was named Fredericka Talbott, thought the Kid. That was a swell name. She was rich, too; her old man was dirty with dough. She could go any place, wherever she wanted, and drive speedboats and ride thoroughbreds, sail yachts and fly airplanes. It was all pretty fine, he thought, and suited her just right.

Now that he had discovered her name, he began to find pictures of her in the rotogravure sections and mention in the society news. She was always doing exciting things, dangerous things, such as no other girls did. The Kid was proud of her daring, her courage. He cut out the photographs and put them carefully between the pages of an old magazine.

He never really expected to see her again but that didn't seem to matter. He had a curious yearning to do something for her, something big; to let her know, in some manner, how he felt about her. Not being very certain himself just how he did feel, the problem was rather complex. There wasn't much that could be done for a girl who had everything. He thought he might send her a couple of ringside seats for his bout with Swede Hyberg. Only that might appear fresh. This new sensation he carried about with him was full of unaccustomed diffidence. Still, he wondered, if he did send them, would she come?

He came out of his corner on the night of the fight, hoping she might, by chance, be somewhere in the packed house. Just the possibility made him feel invincible. The Swede, who was constructed of concrete and cast iron, and who had no space in his thick skull for such ideas as were sending tremors of eagerness up and down the Kid's spine, thought this was merely one more fight. He started his usual rushing tactics only to run into a jab like a battering-ram and a right hook to the belly that made his dull eyes pop. His grunt could be heard in the last row of the gallery. By the third round, he was spitting blood into the bucket and feeling very sick; in the fourth he folded up.

The wise boys were on the edges of their chairs, watching the Kid with new respect. Swede Hyberg had never figured as a set-up.

The Kid went to his dressing-room with the mob roaring tribute. He scarcely heard them. All the way up the aisle, he was seeking, among those howling faces, one face.

AS a result of his knocking out Swede Hyberg, the Kid got a bout with Eddie ("Wildcat") Evans. The fight was a sell-out. Most of the customers came to see the Kid take a beating.

He did look pretty bad in the first two rounds. Eddie split his nose with a long right and almost closed his left eye with another. Just before the bell ended the second round, the Kid stepped into a left hook that sent him sprawling. He was groggy as he went to his corner. There was a curious dimness over everything. Yet through the blurred glimmering he saw her face clearly. He saw her and could not believe it. He pawed at his eyes and looked again. There she sat, with a tall, red-haired guy in evening clothes.

The Kid could hardly wait for the bell! He came across the ring in a kind of sliding rush and began to take Wildcat Evans apart. It was a beautiful job. The spectators nearly went crazy. Eddie lasted until the seventh round by scuttling from corner to corner. Then the Kid caught him on the ropes. When he stepped back the Wildcat was dangling unconscious across the middle rope.

As the Kid was hustled to his dressing-room, he had a glimpse of the girl standing up, clapping. The red-headed guy was grinning over her shoulder. The Kid was so happy he thought he would burst.

WHEN the Kid read the announcement in the paper he couldn't breathe for a moment. He took his feet from the rail of the porch, arose and went stiffly up to his room. There, he lay face down on the bed, his hands clasped over his eyes. The printed words seeped between his locked fingers. He could see them distinctly, even through his closed lids:

SOCIETY GIRL TO ATTEMPT TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT

Fredericka Talbott Plans New York-Paris Hop

She'll get killed, the Kid thought over and over, she'll get killed, sure. His mind traveled a slow orbit of apprehension, anger, fright and despair. Unable to lie quiet, he got up, went downstairs and out of the farmhouse. Joe-Nig, the cook, hailed him from the back porch.

"Swell supper tonight, Kid. Eberything like you like."

The Kid didn't answer. Joe-Nig rolled his eyes in amazement and called Pudge Hofner, the trainer.

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The two walked apart and stood talking. The red-haired fellow lifted his hands suddenly in a gesture of despair. The girl touched his arm. He put his hand on her hand

"Somepin' wrong wif de Kid," said Joe-Nig. "He go right by lak he was seein' a hant."

"You crazy nigger, go on an' get supper. There ain't nothing wrong with the Kid," Pudge said angrily.

But when the Kid didn't return, Pudge began to worry. He telephoned Sol Berg, the Kid's manager in New York. Sol arrived about nine. The Kid came in an hour later.

"Hi you, Kid," Sol said cheerfully.

"Hello," said the Kid and went on up to his room.

Joe-Nig rolled his eyes.

"Jes' lak ah tol' yo," he said mournfully.

The next day the Kid resumed training. Only he didn't smile any more. He was grim and savage. His sparring partners had a bad time. Sol came out every few days, trying not to appear uneasy. This fight was the Kid's big chance. He was headed for the real money. If he licked Vince Toroni, he'd be almost sure to get a bout with the champ. Sol tried to discover what was wrong but the Kid wouldn't talk.

"He reads papers all the time," Pudge told Sol. "I never see anybody read so many papers."

"What do you guess he reads?" asked Sol.

"He don't read the jokes," Pudge said, "because he don't never laugh."

Then, two nights before the bout, the Kid vanished. Sol found it out by accident. He raved and cursed and could think of nothing to do.

At eleven the next morning, the Kid returned.

"Where the hell you bin?" screamed Sol. "Here the fight's tomorrow . . ."

The Kid peered at him from dead, bloodshot eyes.

"Shut up," he said. "I don't wanna be talked to, see!"

HE WENT up to his room, closed and locked the door, and dragged the old rocker over to the window. There were the familiar meadows, bright in May sunlight, and the unpainted training ring under the pine trees; there was the lofty warm sky: from below came the clatter of pans as Joe-Nig prepared dinner, and there sat the Kid in the midst of all this sunny peace, slowly freezing with fear, the cold terror penetrating his body, reaching his heart, until he could feel it, chill and quiet, scarcely beating in his empty chest.

She was gone! Somewhere over the vast restless stretches of the ocean. A tiny speck, appearing no bigger than a sparrow in the immensity of wind-swept sky.

The Kid's mind whirled, full of crazy pictures. They kept snapping in and out like the scenes in one of the slot-machines at the penny arcade. He didn't want to remember them, but he couldn't stop the swift procession: the flying field still smothered in darkness when he arrived; the black mounds of hangars like a herd of enormous elephants, kneeling and sleeping; vague figures of people, their voices husky with drowsiness; and the immobile plane . . . Fredericka coming out of the darkness into the pale glow near the machine, the light falling upon her face so he could see her smiling. . . .

The Kid groaned, closing his eyes. The slot machine of his mind clicked on, dropping the pictures. . . . Someone tugged at his shoulder. A harsh voice said, "Let me through." The Kid turned in anger and saw the red-haired guy. He was hatless. His sunken eyes burned in a colorless face. He started to climb over the rope that held the spectators back when a cop saw him.

"WHERE you think you're going?" asked the cop. "Nobody's allowed inside these here ropes."

"I'm a friend of Miss Talbott's," said the red-haired fellow.

"No kiddin'. Well, well. You gotta have a pass to get in here."

"Pass? Yes, I did have . . . I didn't know she was going today. I just heard by chance over the radio. I left it . . ."

"Ain't that too bad!" said the cop. "No memory a-tall."

"Listen," said the Kid suddenly. "This guy's not stalling. He's a friend of . . . of Miss Talbott's, like he says."

"Yeah?" said the cop. "And who are you? Two more friends?"

"I'm Kid O'Malley, if you wanta know."

The cop turned and inspected him carefully. Then he grinned.

"Sure enough. I seen you take Wildcat Evans. You say this guy's a friend of Miss Talbott's?"

"Sure," said the Kid. "I see her with him all the time."

"O. K., then," said the cop. "Duck under."

The red-haired chap looked at the Kid.

"Thank you," he said. "I won't forget this."

The Kid watched him go up to Fredericka and saw her startled surprise. The two walked apart and stood talking. The red-haired fellow lifted his

(Continued on page 36)

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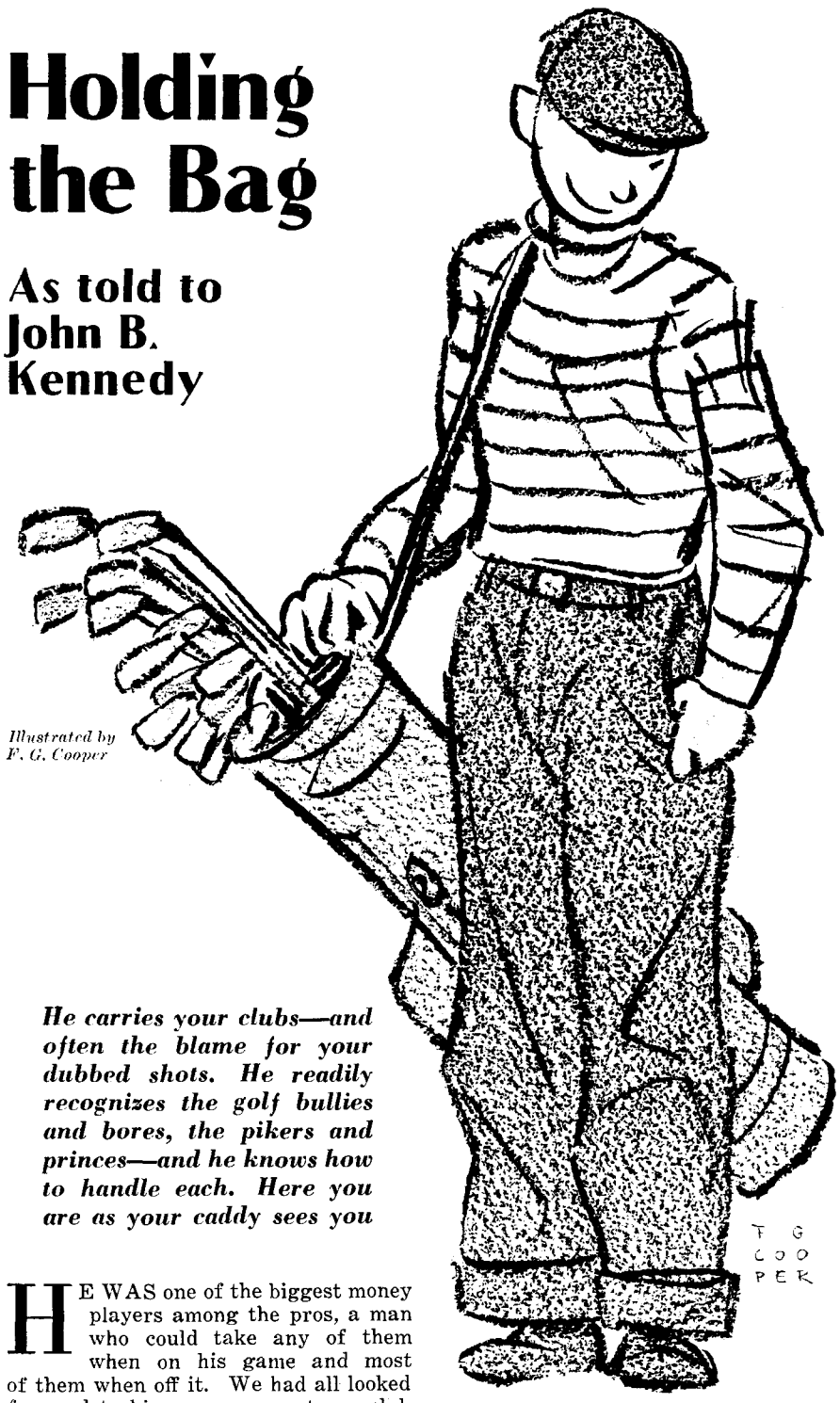
Holding the Bag

As told to John B. Kennedy



Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

He carries your clubs—and often the blame for your dubbed shots. He readily recognizes the golf bullies and bores, the pikers and princes—and he knows how to handle each. Here you are as your caddy sees you

HE WAS one of the biggest money players among the pros, a man who could take any of them when on his game and most of them when off it. We had all looked forward to his appearance at our club for a sectional tournament with a good purse hung up for the winning pro.

There was a good deal of rivalry as to who would caddy for him. When the time came for him to tee off, I drew him because he had told the caddy master he wanted the most experienced caddy—on that course—he could get. As I've done more mileage on our fairways and in our rough than any of the other boys, and break 80 regularly myself, the assignment was a natural.

I'd never seen this star play, although I'd followed his career from caddy up, and believed him to be a wonder. There were stories sometimes heard around the caddy house, from the wise-guy gypsy caddies who tramp from course to course, that this pro was hard to work for and not overly generous. But gypsy caddies are notoriously knockers; when they're not panning players, they're anviling clubs. Steady caddies always discount their bleats: they wouldn't be gypsies unless they were in some way or other gyps.

Like most of the pros in the money, this chap dressed a swell game of golf. He had patent neckties that balanced as he swung; shoestrings guaranteed against unraveling; non-glinting cuff-buttons and patent heels on his shoes that kept their grip on land or sea or air. He was perfect. And what a bag of clubs! A cathedral organist didn't have as much of a choice among stops as he had of clubs. They were made to the millimeter of loft—from ten to forty-five degrees—and all legal, and each club, of course, bore the owner's signature.

A caddy has a front seat at human folly, and he's paid to attend

A well-known, although not a first-flight pro, was teamed against him. He took first honors and smacked the ball two hundred and fifty yards, putting all of his six feet into the swing. My man stepped up—glanced back at the clubhouse porch where a gallery of women watched, then without any effort at all gracefully back-stroked and snapped like lightning at the ball. He sent a long low climber 300 yards to give him an easy second shot to this 516-yard first hole, which is supposed to be pretty tough as a starter.

He collected a birdie and seemed sore that it wasn't an eagle. The other pro had a par. My man kept up his sub-par pace all the way out, finishing the nine in 34 (the course is par 72) while his opponent parred exactly with 36.

Perhaps because he was overconfident, my man slipped on the eleventh after starting the second nine with a birdie on the tenth. It took him six strokes to make that eleventh, the other pro catching up with him by making two straight pars. The reason it cost my man an extra stroke was because his second iron shot, on a long par four, didn't reach. He asked me what he should use. There was a brisk wind over our heads, not so discernible neck-high. But I could tell it was stronger above by the soughing through the tall trees flanking the fairway.

"What'll I use?" my man asked.

I lifted a number two, his longest iron. I knew about that wind.

"Don't be silly," he said, rejecting the club. He picked out his four, ballooned a sky bouncer and dropped short of the green by twenty yards.

He glared at me.

The Caddy's Always Wrong

He went along to the fourteenth. That glare had cost my man a stroke in between because he carried his temper onto the green and had to take three putts. At the fourteenth he had to approach from the rough about 130 yards from the green, his ball in a bad lie between two large pebbles.

"Give me a club," he said.

I gave him his six and advised him to hit hard. He made a beauty, scooping the ball clean and dropping it just on the edge of the green on a line with the pin.

"Why didn't you give me a five?" he barked. "I'd have been hole high."

The other player went on evenly, caught up with my man, who fooled in a trap on the seventeenth, and they were neck and neck on the eighteenth tee. My man made a scorching drive that hooked away a bit and took a weird bounce into the rough two hundred yards from the green. I gave him his number two iron and he soared one true to the pin; but it trickled across the green and over.

"You've cost me this damned match!" he shrieked at me. "Why in hell did you give me that number two when three or four would have been plenty?"

There was nothing for me to say. I gave him his jigger, he snatched it from me as if I were poison. Then he chipped the ball into the cup for a birdie—and won.

He gave me the exact fee for eighteen holes, one dollar—not a nickel or a dime for tip—and he had won $2,500 on the match, and a side-bet, as he bragged, of $200.

And that treatment to a caddy from one of the greatest names in the ancient and noble game! But I had no right to be sore—or somebody else had a right to be more sore. The locker-room boy not only waited on this bird hand, foot and elbows through that tournament, but looked after his laundry. He never got a dime for his trouble and when the great player had left, the boy was stuck for the laundry bill.

Contrast this chap with one of the world's foremost amateurs. I know I gave him the wrong club at a crucial moment when he was in a trap where the sand was thin. Mechanically I passed him an explosion club. He took it, and the thin sand evidently fooled him, for the ball lobbed over the green into another trap. He called for his club himself this time—an eight instead of the heavy nineteen, the much deeper-faced club I had selected for him. This time he dropped his ball within two feet of the cup for one putt. That evened the match. He won the next hole and the game, and when bets were paid he passed me a ten-dollar bill.

"I'm sorry I made that mistake on the fifteenth," I said. "It might have cost you the match."

He grinned through his spectacles.

"Never mind, son," he said. "I made more than one mistake. I won this match because the other fellow made more mistakes than both of us."

That's Francis Ouimet for you. There isn't a more popular player in caddydom.

And those two cases sum up pretty well the extremes in player temperament which a caddy meets among the stars—the generous and the mean. Between them come the large and varied assortment of all kinds and conditions of men and women who play the game and who make a caddy's livelihood and—unless he has a restrained sense of humor—generally make his life less worth living.

I had the good fortune first to become a caddy at a club where they gave you a lesson in the layout of each hole on the course before they'd let you carry a bag. Then I decided to play a few games before I caddied. So I went to a public course, hired a set of clubs and swung. Being just over fourteen years of age I soon got on to the thing, promptly became a caddy at that public course and would have been there yet—I averaged thirty dollars a week—but the going was too hazardous. In one week I was hit eleven times by driven balls, one fracturing an ankle. I've caddied on private courses for more than nine years and have never been once hit. But I've taken plenty of punishment otherwise—and some rewards.

The Way to a Golfer's Heart

The first time I took out a bag was for a middle-aged woman who had taken up the game to try to keep up with her husband. He was spending more time on the course than at home—not an unusual complaint. She was a determined but harassed-looking woman who had paid the pro for half a dozen lessons and believed she had mastered the game. She worked hard. At every stroke she made two or three whiffs that she called practice swings. When she finally hit the ball it traveled. It took nearly four hours for her to finish her first round of golf, and even as

(Continued on page 41)

Husbands and wives sometimes wrangle as much over golf as over bridge

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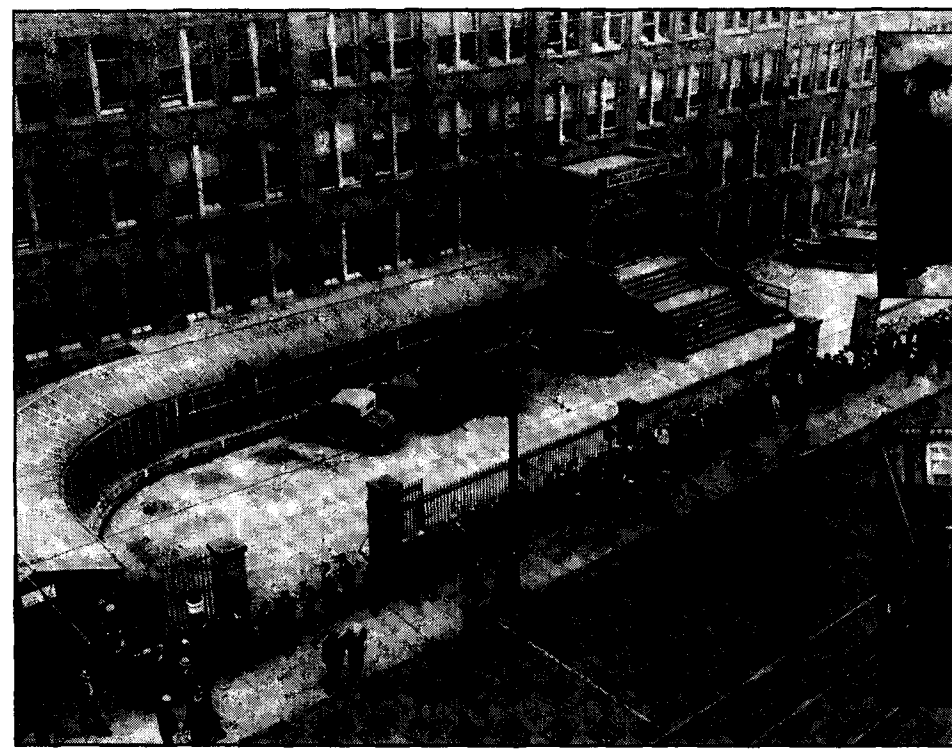
See what your Buying is doing!

THESE photographs typify the most important thing that has happened in American business in the last three and a half years.

They picture *men going back to work*—skilled, capable, ambitious, job-hungry American citizens.

See them here lined up before the Goodyear employment offices in Akron, getting jobs by the hundreds, even thousands, as the call for production sounds.

This is happening not alone in Akron and in Goodyear plants elsewhere, but *in factories of every kind in towns and cities all over this great land!*



● *This photograph, taken in front of the Goodyear main offices in Akron, shows only a part of the long line of skilled tire-builders called back to work by increased buying. Between April 1 and May 31, 2500 men and women were added to the Goodyear payrolls in Akron, and similar scenes are being enacted at the Goodyear plants in Los Angeles and in Gadsden, Alabama*

● *Everybody's happy again. Another name is added to the Goodyear payroll as Factory Manager Slusser looks on*

● *His first day back on the job —building the world's best known tires and mighty glad to be here, thank you*

YOUR buying has started this. Washington snapped the paralysis of fear, and your buying did the rest. *Keep it up!*

It's putting men back on their jobs, back on payrolls. It's setting wheels turning, pluming chimneys with smoke, starting silent machines humming, and bringing hope back to hearts that were black with despair.

Today factories can turn out goods and dealers can stock their shelves with a new confidence that they can get back the money they put in merchandise, because they can find a market.

And as more people go back to their jobs and payrolls continue to grow and flow into trade, the markets will grow even greater.

THERE is every reason why you should buy today. Apart from the fact that you furnish work for others, and thus safeguard your own work by enabling others to buy the things you produce, *you can fill your needs now at prices you may not see again.*

Take tires, for example—prices on tires have dropped, almost without interruption, for eight straight years.

Now, with rubber and cotton on the rise along with other commodities, you can foresee what is bound to happen.

Yet if you act in time you can still buy a whole set of tires for no more than a single tire once cost you.

And if you buy Goodyear Tires, you get tires three to four times *better*—in looks, safety, protection from blowouts, mileage—than *any* tires were a few years ago.

LOOK again at the photographs here—think what is happening in the mills and homes and markets of the country behind such scenes as these—*see what your buying is doing!*

For your own as well as the common good, *keep it up!*

P. W. Litchfield

PRESIDENT
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

This is the Goodyear All-Weather, which outsells any other tire in the world. Even throughout the times of stress, Goodyear has kept faith with the public by lifting its quality steadily higher, but today you can still buy this tire—the best tire we have ever made—for prices starting as low as $6.40

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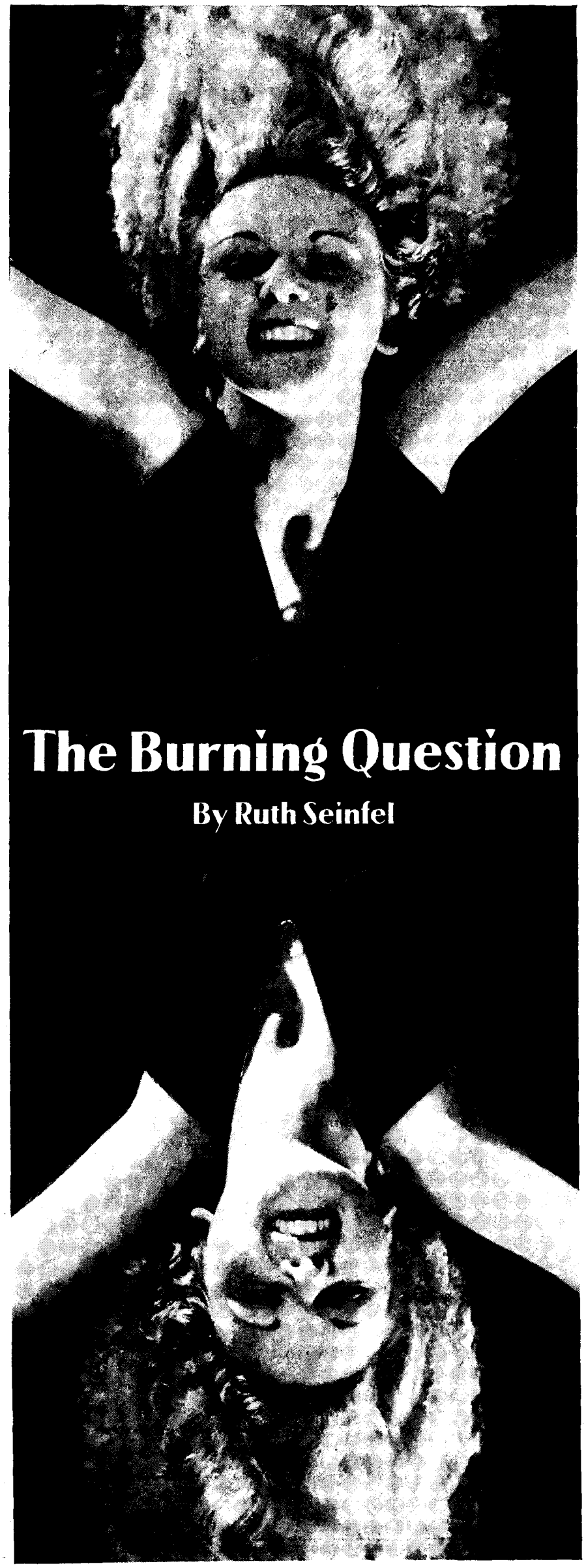

Windmann Studios

The Burning Question

By Ruth Seinfel

The girls are lining up for and against sun tanning this summer, with the majority on the point of compromise. And about time, say the doctors and beauty experts. Miss Seinfel tells you why, and goes on with the summer beauty story

WITH the sun riding high in the heavens, pouring actinic rays indiscriminately over the Northern Hemisphere, there is going round in many a feminine mind a mighty perplexing question. The question is, shall she tan, or shall she not? And if so, how much?

For the first time since the general populace discovered the meaning of the word ultra-violet, there is a growing suspicion that the warm solar embrace is not so all-beneficent as a sun-worshipping nation has allowed itself to believe. There is a tendency to observe that human beings are not, after all, lamb chops to be broiled first on one side and then on the other.

And it is possible to predict that ladies on beaches this summer, instead of rushing out bareheaded, barelegged, barebacked to court the sun, will offer that deity the cold shoulder, and it will have a sleeve over it, too.

The fact is, those young women who make up their own minds about almost everything and let the public follow if it likes—we are speaking of the débutantes—have already taken their stand on the matter.

There is Barbara Hutton, for instance, heiress to some of the Woolworth millions (Frank W. Woolworth, who built his famous fortune of nickels and dimes, was her grandfather). Miss Hutton does not tan very deeply, being fair. And there is Peggy Le Boutillier, who might get very dark, but prefers not to. They prefer that golden glow which is the desideratum of the smart young people this summer—not bronze or copper, mind you, but gold.

"Oil helps," says Miss Le Boutillier, who goes sailing off Cold Spring Harbor in the summer, wearing on her face no make-up but lots of oil and a dash of lipstick. "That dark tan is simply ghastly—the thing to do is to turn a gleaming gold."

Take It as It Comes

At **Sherry's** having tea you might eavesdrop on a slightly greener group of débutantes, the ones who made their entrance into society during the past winter. And you might hear something like the following:

"I simply can't wait," says one, the while she nibbles at her cinnamon toast, "to get into one of those little cotton evening things."

"Neither can I," chimes a second. "They're simply too divine. But I'm going to be careful how I tan."

"You better had." This might be Julia Auchincloss speaking. "It would be rather queer to wear one of those ruffly light things with a face like a red Indian."

"But you never do get very tan, Julia," complains Mollie Mixsell, for Miss Auchincloss is very fair and goes to Canada in the summer, taking her sun in its mildest form. "I think it's handsome to be very brown with a light evening gown."

"But not a hard dark brown, Mollie—that would be pretty bad," someone observes firmly, and Miss Mixsell agrees that it would.

"It depends entirely on the kind of skin," says Léonie Danforth, who is very blond indeed and one of the prettiest of the year's entries in the New York social race. "Too much sun is very bad for fair blondes. A mild tan is awfully nice with light clothes, but I wouldn't go out and just lie in the sun and get burned to a crisp."

And there is a chorus of "I wouldn't either!"

Even the brunettes, who tan without preliminary stages of a lobster nature, are inclined to be indifferent to the sun's advances. Marjorie Schuyler, of the Van Rensselaer Schuylers, lets her fine olive skin get as brown as a berry, but not by sun bathing. She is a passionate young fisherwoman, and if she brings a tan as well as a string of finny beauties back with her from a fishing trip, that is purely incidental.

Fashion Frowns on Sun-Tan

So it seems that, as far as the smart younger set is concerned, the sun-tan craze is definitely over. And according to reports from the beauty salons, the general public is about ready to follow their example.

The new fashions, which discourage the weather-beaten look as something out of tune with Victorian furbelows, have something to do with this new moderation. But experience has more. The sun-worshippers have learned that theirs is an ungracious deity. He rewards their adoration by bestowing on them a skin like fine leather—fine, that is, for anything but a face—and a nice set of assorted wrinkles.

The skin specialists could have told them that in advance, were it not the quaint custom of the medical profession to speak only when spoken to. If you ask them, as the writer of this article did, they will confess that they watched with mingled hope and horror while the feminine population of America succumbed to ultra-violet insanity.

There is no doubt, they say, that a little sunshine may do a lot of good, but a lot of sunshine may do a large amount of harm. Some skins should never face the sun without protection. Others may take it in smaller or larger doses. But scarcely any face should have as much as most faces have been getting.

That, and much more, they could have told us before we became sun-struck. They could have told us that while some skin blemishes are helped by exposure to the sun, others are actually brought on by it. That the fairer and more exquisite a skin is, the more damage the sun may do to it. That even the toughest brunette, epidermally speaking, may find her face becoming coarsened, her pores enlarged and wrinkles and other signs of age creeping up on her from too much flirting with Apollo's burning glances.

But if the medical profession has been reticent about this, the beauty salonnières have been quite outspoken. Some of the most celebrated faces of the theater have been guarded from solar

(Continued on page 35)

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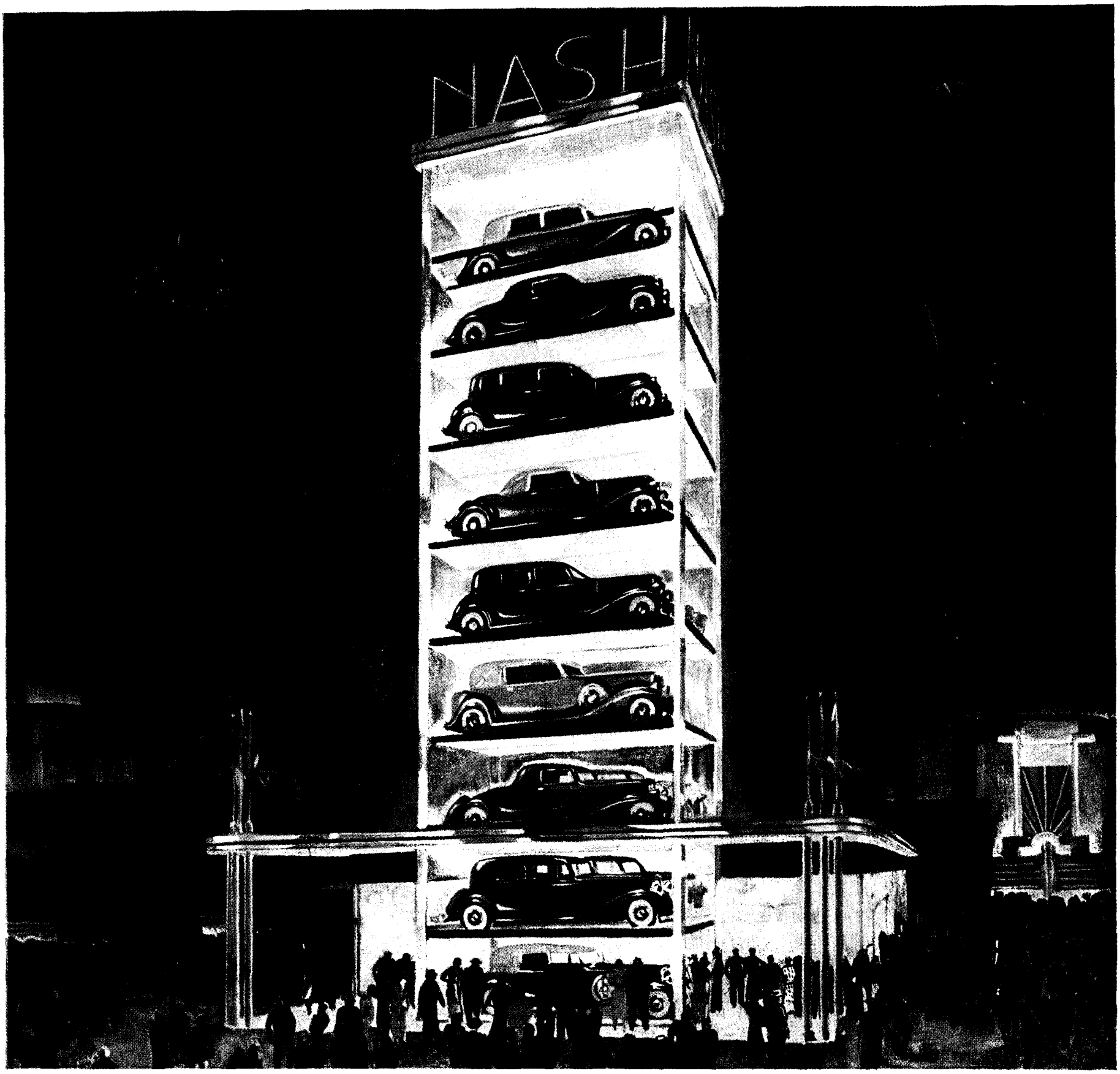

Endless Chain of Cars Moving in a Tower of Glass

All roads today lead to Chicago and its World's Fair . . . the great spectacle of A Century of Progress . . . and at the huge fairgrounds Nash is right in the center of things, in a big way.

Nash has speared the dazzling skyline of the World's Fair with an exhibition building of plate glass . . . topped by a big glass tower eighty feet in the air . . . and in this glass tower an endless chain of Nash cars moves up and down, up and down, day and night.

Yes, Nash cars live in a glass house at the World's Fair—for at the Fair or anywhere, Nash cars have everything to show and nothing to hide. All Nash history is an open-book of quality. This year is the seventeenth year of Nash value-giving—of building cars that *stay* built.

• • •

If you are coming to the World's Fair, you may place your order for a new Nash with your local Nash dealer—and get the car at the factory, near Chicago. It will save money in freight and give you a most enjoyable trip home at a further saving in expense.

NASH BIG SIX $695 FOB FACTORY

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Illustrated by Ray Rohn

He was living in felicity with his twenty-fourth bride

A Wise Man's Wives

By Don Marquis

LI CHUNG-YUN, of Kaihsien of the province of Szechwan, China, died recently.

According to the account which he kept himself, Li was 197 years old.

But, according to the account of the Chinese authorities, Li lied about his age. The authorities say that he was 256 years old. A Chinese university professor found records to the effect that 106 years ago, in 1827, Li received official congratulations on the occasion of his 150th birthday, from the Chinese government; and once again, in 1877, he was congratulated by the government on having attained 200 years.

Up to the year 1930, Li confesses to having buried twenty-three wives; and at that time he was living in felicity with his twenty-fourth bride.

How did he do it? He said himself that there were three things which contributed to his longevity.

First—he lived almost entirely upon herbs.

Second—for considerably more than 200 years he drank a great deal of wine, great quantities of it.

Third—he disbelieved strongly in any form of hard physical exercise: he looked about him in the world and saw people working themselves to death. He took the lesson to heart and he accordingly abstained.

IT IS my own impression that if he had had no more than twelve or fifteen wives instead of twenty-four, Li might have lived at least 100 years longer. There is always a joint in the armor; there is always a foolish place in the mind of the greatest sage. Five wives every 100 years are enough for any man.

Li used to give lectures on how to "get the most out of each century as it passes." He said that one secret of his long life was that he didn't worry—he experienced peace of mind, the inward calm brought about by harmony of the spirit.

Almost anyone, Li said, could live at least 100 years if he could get himself into the state of mind where he could command this inward harmony of spirit.

This makes his achievement seem all the more remarkable—imagine a man who had been married to twenty-four wives being able to achieve this mental peace and spiritual calm!

TEN wives, a dozen wives, even fifteen wives, scattered over 250 years, are not inconsistent, perhaps, with peace of mind, but I still think that twenty-four wives are excessive for that period.

Of course, the other recipes for longevity have been well known for centuries, though seldom so consistently practiced. I refer to keeping filled up on great quantities of wine for 250 years, eating moderately—which is indeed the instinct of every consistent drinker—and not spoiling one's life with any silly activity in the way of work. The occidental nations, and especially America, have been slow in learning these lessons; witness the great, muddle-headed fight in this country against alcoholic liquor. Witness the general, fixed idea that everyone should be busy all the time; if not busy at some sort of money-making work, busy at some sort of physical game, such as golf, tennis, etc., etc.

Out of the Orient always come lessons for the Western world, if only the Western world were sensible enough to take heed. If we all drank enough wine, abstaining from too much food while drinking; if we all married frequently enough; if we all abstained from violent physical exercise, and thus captured the requisite mental calm, we could all of us live a couple of centuries.

It interests me to note that the methods used by Li are practically the same as those that my friend, Mr. Clem Hawley, otherwise known as the "Old Soak," has been advocating for some years and practicing faithfully. Mr. Hawley is between sixty-five and seventy now and going just as strong as he was twelve or fifteen years ago. I think he has at least another 100 years yet.

BERNARD SHAW has a certain inkling of the method to acquire longevity, as is evidenced in his play Back to Methusaleh; but where Shaw fails is in advocating teetotalism and too much activity.

As between Shaw's method and the Old Soak's method, I incline to favor the Old Soak—indeed, with this wonderful example from China in front of us, how can anyone doubt that the Old Soak is right?

He was congratulated by the government on having attained 200 years

Health and Beauty Hints

Stout women should try an exploring expedition through Central Africa. There is nothing else so good to reduce flesh.

To exercise and develop the back muscles leap frequently from the Brooklyn Bridge.

Do not use lotions to bleach your hair. Hang your head over the crater of Vesuvius and the sulphurous fumes will make your hair a bright golden yellow.

To remove freckles sleep the year round in the open air; preferably on top of the Himalaya Mountains, where the air is especially open.

My old friend, Al the Bartender, has got so fat since beer came back to the world that he now has three chins . . . one conscious and two subconscious chins.

A BULLETIN FROM ARCHY THE COCKROACH

every time I get to feeling blue
because i am a cockroach
i think how much worse
it would be if i were
a seventeen year locust
and woke up only
every seventeen years
yours for the repeal
of that amendment archy

When a dramatic critic is affected to the point of tears by something in a play, it always makes him so mad that he goes away and writes that it is "hokum."

The average girl can no more resist telling to her newest intimate girl friend the details of her current courtship than the average suicide can resist the temptation of leaving a note to the world when he blows out his brains.

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"Here's the one we took when Dick wasn't looking"

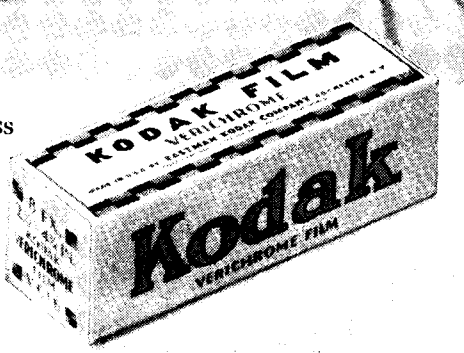
"I've got the pictures we made the Fourth!" *That* brings them running. It was fun when the snapshots were taken . . . It's even more fun when you get your first look at the prints.

You can now make snapshots that were never possible before. Kodak VERICHROME Film has simply revolutionized the process. Bright light isn't necessary. Nobody need be posed, or squint at the sun. Just snap folks in their easiest, gayest moments—you'll get pictures to exclaim over. Pictures your friends will praise, pictures you'll keep with pride.

Today, try a roll of Kodak Verichrome—in the yellow box with checkered stripes. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

HOW VERICHROME DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

● VERICHROME is *the double-coated film*. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, on bright days or dull, double-guard your snapshot success by using Kodak Verichrome Film.



KODAK VERICHROME FILM

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PLEASE DON'T DRIVE SO FAST—I'VE SEEN 2 BLOW-OUT ACCIDENTS ON THIS TRIP
WE'RE SAFE... I HAVE THOSE NEW LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY TIRES ON THIS CAR...
EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL

NOW WHO ELSE WANTS BLOW-OUT PROTECTION FREE!

Amazing new invention eliminates cause of blow-outs

IF YOU were offered a tire that is saving thousands of lives . . . and preventing thousands of those blow-out accidents that maim and cripple people . . . wouldn't you be interested? And if that tire didn't cost you a single penny more than standard tires . . . wouldn't you want it on *your* car right now? Then read these quick facts about this amazing invention . . . this invention that makes the "safest tire ever built" 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds.

What causes blow-outs

Blow-outs are caused by heat *inside the tire*—from sustained speeds or high speeds. And today the whole nation is hitting it up. Big cars or small—they go 70 now. And when the speedometer reads 40, 50, 60 and 70—mile after mile—the heat inside your tire becomes terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister forms . . . *inside* the tire where you can't see it . . . and GROWS . . . Like an insidious tumor it gets bigger and bigger . . . until BANG! A blow-out. You can't steer! You can't stop! A terrible drag pulls your car off the highway.

But now Goodrich has perfected the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This invention resists the most intense heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. Blow-outs are prevented *before they even start!*

At gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track the new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire, with the Life-Saver Golden Ply, lasted *3 times as long* as first quality tires that did not have this feature. Proved itself three times safer from blow-outs. Other tires blew out at one-third the distance the New Silvertowns were run. These Silvertowns *never* blew. Rubber got so hot it fairly smoked . . . wore right down to the fabric. But the Life-Saver Golden Ply refused to give. Engineers cheered. Telegraph wires flashed the marvelous news. The last big obstacle to *real* safety had been licked!

Safest non-skid tread

And that isn't all. Scientific tests with leading makes of tires *prove* that the new Goodrich Silvertown has the most skid-resisting tread. Even on wet, slippery pavements the squeegee drying action of this famous tread gives your car *extra* road-grip and reduces danger of skidding to a minimum.

Don't think that careful driving or "smooth-as-glass" roads can save you from blow-outs. A blow-out is no respecter of persons—or places, either. Investigation shows that the chances are better than even you'll have a blow-out some day. The best way to be *safe* is to have the protection of this Life-Saver Golden Ply Tire.

No extra cost

Remember, this "3 times safer tire" costs not a penny more than any other standard tire. So why take chances? That blister—that blow-out in the making—may be in *your* tire right now. Look up your Goodrich dealer in the Classified Telephone Directory. Have him put a set of Silvertowns on your car . . . and BE SAFE!

Important: The new Goodrich Silvertowns, giving you protection against blow-outs at high speeds, are stock tires and should not be confused with specially constructed racing tires built to last only a few hundred miles.

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 115, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.

The NEW Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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Guy à la Mode

By W. B. Courtney

Take peacocks. Take orioles. Take African land lions and Alaskan sea lions—and what do you find? The males resplendent! You'll have to dig up a worm to find in all Nature drabness matching that of men. Now our own Beau Brummel tells you how, through your clothes, you may bring gayety and color—and laughter—back into daily life

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

American movies wield a potent style influence that reaches everywhere—even to the Balkans

YOU are going to take off your shirt this summer, unless you are just born old folks. And when the cooling beach or hilltop zephyrs play unobstructed in the manly ringlets on your chest let your sighs of easement rise in grateful memory to the four young men of Princeton who brought your torso to its free place in the sun. The four young men did not, of course, foresee the total outcome; great liberators seldom do. Young Prinzip, when he shot the Archduke in Sarajevo, scarcely had in his mind's eye a picture of the Kaiser sawing wood in Holland. Prinzip saw only the Archduke, whom he did not like. The four young men of Princeton saw only Calvin Coolidge, whom they thought they were going to like very much.

They had put on their Sunday peg-top slacks and flopped down to the White House as official representatives of some movement or other among college youth. When the youthful spokesman had cleared his throat he was stopped by a gesture of the presidential hand. Mr. Coolidge was staring, fascinated, at the boys' trousers. "Land's sake," he asked, "what are those?"

The boys glanced at one another with self-satisfied delight. Not for naught had they been selected as the best-dressed envoys of the best-dressed college. "These," said the spokesman, as he and his comrades flared out for inspection the trousers, which looked like semi-inflated potato sacks and blended their feet, knees and t'other ends into an urbane anonymity, "are our Oxford bags. They are the latest thing in pants, Mr. President!"

"The *loosest* thing!" said the President. "Reckon you'd better go home and put on your galluses!" And forthwith he turned virtuously on his heel.

The vogue of his terse candor being at its flood, Mr. Coolidge's encounter with the four young men of Princeton rode the news wires to the four corners. The syndicated funny men kept your laughter going for several days by the cracks in their columns, and pictures of the over-pantsed four in the next Sunday's gravure sections proved that your giggles were not misplaced. The "Oxford Bag Movement" was deflated with a *pfhut* that could be heard on Balliol College cricket ground. The nonchalance of our best, if not best-dressed, young men went under a wave of ridicule and came up washed and penitent and headed in exactly the opposite direction.

Your reporter, who was selected to do this fashion piece for you because he is the only member of the staff who wears shoes, predicts that Calvin Coolidge will go down in history not as the man who came between the betrayed Harding and the unfortunate Hoover, but as the sound and comfortable dresser who came between Harding's famous informal hats and Hoover's painfully formal choke collars; not as the man who gave bad stock market advice but as the fashion commentator whose scorn gave new direction to his countrymen's clothes habits. And, most important, gave them a shove toward good taste!

Correct—that is, smart yet good—taste in clothes is, after all, a matter of cultural background, as your favorite haberdashery clerk will be glad to explain the next time you insist on buying a chrome-yellow necktie to go with a lavender shirt piped in brown.

Consider the Englishman, how he is dressed: He never wears sports togs into town; nor a fedora, however somber, with evening dress; nor long pants in the jungle; and he'd never rest in his grave if you found him departed in braces (i. e., "suspenders," Webster; "galluses," Coolidge) that did not match his socks. He selects what he is to wear for each time and place with a beautiful sense of fitness. He is unconscious of this; it is an inherited part of his breeding. In the tight little isle those who have not had advantages live and work close to those who have had; consequently the most obscure bank clerk wears clothes which are the equal of those of the greatest banker, in taste if not in texture, in propriety if not in tailoring.

Not that I mean you must now begin to dress like English bank clerks. The idea is, we are getting that way, too. The day when you can barge around in the coonskin tradition of the backwoods, or in the bagginess of the barnyard or in the flamboyant note of soda-fountain stools, is gone. Davy Crockett, if he started for San Antonio this summer, would wear two-tone bluchers and linen suit and a panama hat. At eventide in the Alamo he would flaunt a gay rep silk cummerbund at the señoritas, and spill mescal over his white tropical mess jacket.

When Broadway Set the Pace

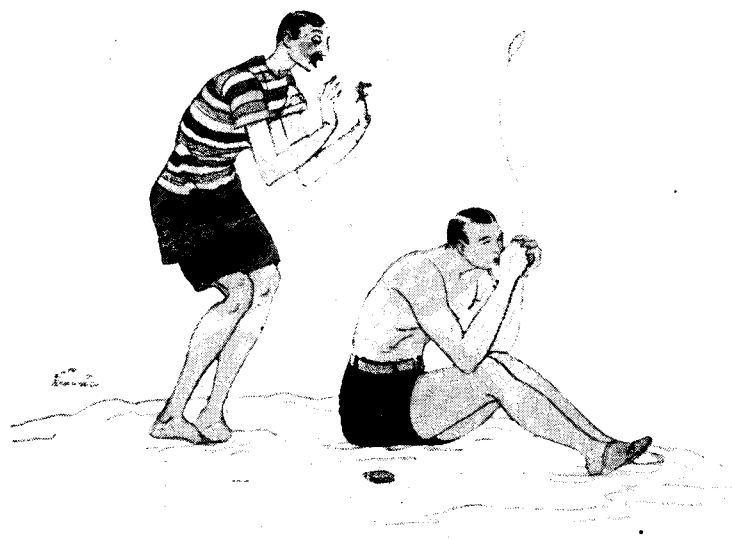
Formerly our smartest dressers bought their clothes, if not actually on Bond Street, then certainly with an eye toward that famous London run for well-turned-out lads. We *hoi polloi* had to wait three years for those items to leak down to our pocketbooks; and meanwhile we clad ourselves by the grace of the designers who took their cues from Broadway. The nice boys with the hollow waists and wasp legs and Herculean shoulders who minced from one orange-juice stand to another between 42nd and 57th streets, elegant in pearl buttons and indigo shirts, with trousers wide enough to be put on over your head, were the banner guard of men's fashions. Cheap vaudeville was the first main channel along which they were exhibited to a nation of waiting males. The drummer carried on from the small towns; and the crossroads got their ideas from him.

All that is ended. Tailors for men are being compelled to develop a system of distribution and a state of alertness which rival those in the breakneck, cutthroat game of women's fashions. A chemise designed in Paris on Monday is sent by telephoto across the Atlantic and over the continent and is unveiled in Nob Hill boudoirs in San Francisco on Tuesday, and in Mission Street hall bedrooms on Wednesday.

Then, again, we men are not going to be content, as our lady friends are, to take our fashions from other countries. The equivalents of Patou and Schiaparelli will not be represented in Main Street haberdasheries. Rather, you'll be finding the good old Yankee names of Ginsberger of Council Bluffs and Sarakopolis of Toledo on trademarks in Budapest shops. The clothing-trade experts, here and abroad, have discovered and charted an important fundamental phenomenon: women's fashions flow from east to west, but men's fashions have definitely and overwhelmingly begun to flow from west to east.

The starting point of the tide is Hollywood, U. S. A. Through the most amiable medium of international circulation known, the American motion picture, our way of wearing things, and the things we wear, are right now outsmarting home talent in Edinburgh and Denmark and all other countries including the Balkan.

If you are one of those who still associate style with discomfort, you are in for a pleasant surprise



Only the die-hards will wear shirts for bathing

(Continued on page 39)

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You Pay for the Oil War

Continued from page 13

of the oil industry under its own personal eighteenth amendment are vicious. Oil prices, for one thing, get shot all to pieces. I asked one producer about that phase of the situation and he said: "It works this way: Here I am with about 25,000 barrels per day potential production from four wells. If I could run my oil and sell it at fifty cents, which is the average posted price right now, see what I'd make? As it is, though, all I can legally produce is 32 barrels per day per well; 128 barrels in all, for which I get $64. That amount of chicken feed doesn't do me any good, and so when along comes some broker, who probably represents the very men who have fixed the posted price, and who shakes the cash under my nose and says he'll take 20,000 barrels of bootleg at half the market, and will let me know when to make the run, why I'd be a chump, wouldn't I, if I didn't tell him he'd bought something?"

Furthermore, before we leave the subject of bootleggers there is one more point to be considered. It came out in the course of a conversation that I had with Secretary of the Interior Ickes on the oil problem, and it is this: If there were no purchasers and no transportation for "hot" oil there would be no bootlegging, and as the only buyers of oil in large quantities are the major companies, and as they also control the pipe-lines and own most of the tank cars, it is hard to see where they have any right to criticize the traffic even if it is a fact, as they claim, that the East Texas field bootlegs more oil every day than all of the oil states east of the Mississippi produce.

Our Prodigious Waste of Gas

So much then for East Texas, and now, for another story of waste let us turn for a moment to the Panhandle where, according to a report of a legislative investigation eighty per cent as much gas is wasted every day in the year as the entire United States consumes. For this outrageous condition who is to blame? I again pass the buck. I do not know. According to the investigation findings, however, eighty per cent of the gas field is owned by the major pipe-line companies, and, as it is claimed that these companies can and do refuse to transport gas from independent wells, a great war has been precipitated.

War always means two things: First, waste, and second, that in the end the public pays the bill. In this war the cost will be incalculable. According to competent engineers, so states the Texas report, the Panhandle gas field, if properly controlled, will produce for a century. As it is going now, it will be exhausted in a decade!

Thus, according to no less a personage than Mr. C. B. Ames, president of the American Petroleum Institute: "Science is now destroying its natural resources and ruining the state of Texas, whereas the opposite should be the case."

Was Mr. Ames' reference to "science" an ironic one? I do not know. It seems that it should have been, but at any rate it is certain that he was indulging in no airy persiflage when he went on to say that the other oil fields in the United States could have made a profit out of it if they had paid East Texas all the money it has ever gotten for its oil, probably five hundred million dollars, and kept the field entirely closed in. From that statement, it is easy to see what a demoralizing effect Texas has had, and can continue to have, on the petroleum industry.

Within its borders Texas holds twenty-seven per cent of the total gas and oil resources of this nation, and within the hearts of its people and its legislators there still abides the most traditional, violent, and probably unreasonable, one hundred per cent antagonism to "monopoly" to be found anywhere in this Union, and consequently just as soon as the Federal Court rendered the decision already alluded to, in which somebody was accused of conspiring with somebody else to fix oil prices, the entire petroleum industry squared itself off into its several corners and got ready for a fight.

Prorating Bloodshed

The first few rounds of that fight, which began last November and were characterized principally by a tremendously augmented flow of both hot oil and hot language, took place in Texas and resulted in profit to none. Magnificent millionaires would meet around mahogany-topped tables, enter into gentlemen's agreements regarding the two big P's, price and proration, and then, with gentlemanly celerity, even as they left the council chamber, would knife one another in the back.

"It seems as though I dozed off here, an' someone picked my pockets!" *Frank Owen*

Quite a few of the less prominent but more hot-blooded members of the hot-oil gang actually went so far as to use hot lead as an effectual means of crushing competition. And then, last March, President Roosevelt requested the governors of all the oil states to come to Washington, hold a conference and see what could be done about curtailing production and, incidentally, prorating bloodshed.

The governors, or their representatives, came. Likewise large delegations of the Big Shots from the camps of both the major oil companies and the independents put in their appearance, and it was at once apparent to this observer that something would soon happen. Nor was I at all disappointed, because at the very first meeting of the belligerents a certain Mr. J. Edward Jones, who was present as the representative of the governor of Kentucky, heaved a bombshell into the proceedings that nearly wrecked the works.

This high explosive was in the nature of a carefully prepared statement in which, after foolishly denying that there is any crisis in the oil industry, Mr. Jones asserted that the major companies were trying to make it appear that there was, merely to secure Federal intervention as an aid to their wickedly monopolistic designs. Here, in a nutshell, is what Mr. Jones says the major companies are aiming at: Total consumption of crude oil in this country, asserts Mr. Jones, is 2,500,000 barrels per day, whereas what the major companies want to do is to restrict total national production to 2,000,000 barrels daily. But why do these companies want to restrict production to twenty per cent less than consumption?

The answer, as Mr. Jones explained it, is very simple. The big fellows, he said, control ninety-two per cent of the storage facilities of this country. In those facilities they now have tucked away several hundred million barrels of unwisely purchased oil which they would like very much to get rid of at as high a price as possible. If the government will but restrict production to four-fifths of consumption they can do this without any interference from competition. Furthermore, if they want to they can import oil to make up the difference between a fixed production and the national demand and, went on Mr. Jones, "this overage will have a market value of approximately $175,000,000, representing the business volume to be taken away from American producers and delivered to monopolistic organizations which can draw supplies from sources other than American oil wells."

What Happened to Jones

This was real fighting talk. It had a ring to it reminiscent of the oil wars of twenty-five years ago, and so, with history repeating itself, there is no need for me to go into details as to what happened to Jones. Metaphorically speaking, he was pitched out of the meeting, while thereafter, so I was informed, some of his hearers were so indignant that they called up the governor of Kentucky; had him come to the phone in his shirt-tail at 1:30 A. M. and talked so violently to him on the subject of Jones that the next day when that rebellious soul attempted to attend the President's conference, to which he had been duly accredited, he was met at the door of the chamber with a telegram from His Excellency cancelling his credentials.

Thus Jones did not sit in at that session and neither did the reporters. The Press was barred, but who cared? According to the very reliable grapevine service for which Washington is famous, this gathering of the governors was enlivened by only one explosion. This, of course, was Texas being heard from, and was in the nature of a stentorian announcement from "Ma" Ferguson's representative that until "it" all froze over, and he could skate out on the ice, he was going to vote against any interference by the Federal government with the oil business of the Lone Star State.

A second meeting that day was a large one and was attended by everybody, even Jones, because everybody wanted to know what the new Secretary of the Interior thought about the oil situation. Everybody found out. In spots, not in full, here is what Mr. Ickes said:

"Widespread tax evasion, the illegal production and irregular distribution of oil, and the failure to enforce existing state statutes all have had a tendency to break down legitimate conservation programs. The present condition of the industry is due primarily to the lack of observance of the conservation laws and to the failure, by a minority in the industry, to coöperate for the betterment of conditions by refusing to purchase or transport illegally produced oil. Everyone knows that oil produced in violation of the law should not be run by pipe-lines, railroads or other transporting agencies, and should not be purchased."

These significant remarks in regard to bootlegging were allowed to sink in, and then Mr. Ickes turned his attention to the important topic of waste.

Our Right to Interfere

"In all human probability," said Mr. Ickes, "the production of our limited supply of petroleum has nearly reached its peak. Oil has been squandered for years past at a riotous rate by the reckless and improvident method of capture and by ruthless dissipation of the energy of the natural gas dissolved in it.

"The rapid depletion of new fields cannot be controlled, or even checked, under existing conditions of private surface ownership with its resulting insensate rivalry, unless and until some competent superior authority assumes actual control and exercises sane regulatory power consonant with an intelligent public policy.

"It has been frequently asserted that the Federal government is without power to control or even regulate the production of petroleum from privately owned lands except in case of drainage from government lands. *But it is by no means certain that the people of the United States are helpless to prevent the dissipation of an indispensable natural resource.*"

These plain, blunt words were a disappointment to all of the gentlemen in the oil business. They all know all about the conditions that have been created by their own rivalry, but still what each faction had hoped for was that the Administration would give *it* a clean bill and lay all the blame on the other gang. In this respect there was simply nothing doing. In honest English, Mr. Ickes indicted the entire assembly and told them all, in case they couldn't reform themselves, that the American people might be able to find a way to do the job for them.

And then, at the conclusion of his remarks, he added: "And now, gentlemen, let me suggest that you get together at once, appoint committees and see if you cannot devise some plan whereby, with the coöperation of the government perhaps, your difficulties may be ironed out. I thank you, and good day."

Then came the split. It was not unexpected. Ever since Brother Jones had been churched the night before everyone had known that trouble would soon

(Continued on page 32)

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"FOUR refrigerators?" "Even better . . . a Kelvinator . . . 4 refrigerators in 1"

"IT IS just like having four different refrigerators. Only the nice thing about this Kelvinator is having all four in the one cabinet. And they are all automatic. I don't have to bother with turning dials or worry about freezing the food on the shelves.

"And you really need four refrigerators—one isn't enough. Vegetables, milk—all ordinary foods—must be kept cool, *but never frozen.* I keep these on the shelves. That's one refrigerator. Fish, meat, or fowl require a lower temperature. In the Frost Chest, refrigerator number two, I can keep meat fresh for weeks.

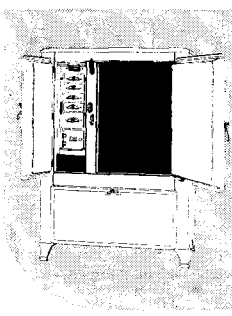
"When I want to make a frozen dessert or salad in a hurry, I use the super-fast freezing tray. This is refrigerator number three. And the fourth is the ice cube trays where I can freeze lots of ice cubes quickly.

"Four refrigerators in one is a marvelous convenience and *only Kelvinator has it*—that's why I bought a Kelvinator."

The Kelvinator dealer will gladly explain this, and many other fine engineering features of the DeLuxe Models. And he will also show you that a Kelvinator—*the finest in electric refrigeration*—actually costs but only a little more than an ordinary electric refrigerator. Small down payment and easy terms on the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *14253 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.*

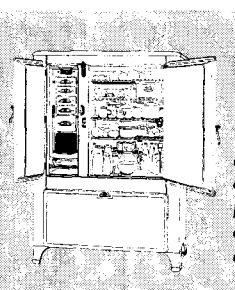
Kelvinator

Look for the Kelvinator Dealer in the Classified Section of your Telephone Book under "Refrigeration—Electric."



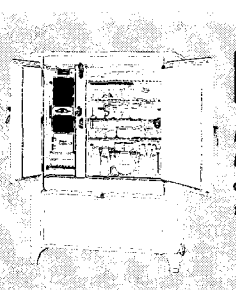
Food Preservation Temperature

In the food compartment, the temperature is always below 50 degrees and is not affected by the other 3 temperatures. No dials to set.



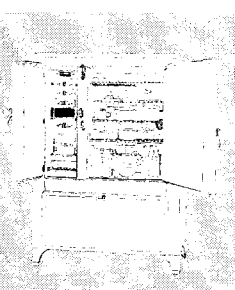
Below Freezing Temperature

The Frost Chest has an automatically maintained below freezing temperature. Here fish, meat or game can be kept indefinitely. No dials to set.



Fast Freezing Temperature

In the ice cube trays, large quantities of ice cubes can be frozen much faster than in ordinary refrigerators. No dials to set.



World's Fastest Freezing Speed

In the Iso-Thermic tray, water to ice in about 80 minutes — hours faster than ordinary freezing speeds. No dials to set.

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You Pay for the Oil War

Continued from page 30

gush. It now did so. The representatives of the Independent Petroleum Associations of California and Texas bolted, held a meeting of their own, organized themselves into The Independent Petroleum Association Opposed to Monopoly, and, after drafting a short letter setting forth their tale of woe, they went right over Secretary Ickes' head and laid their complaint in the lap of the President.

In the meanwhile the other belligerents had gotten their heads together, drafted a long letter containing many recommendations, and presented it to Secretary Ickes. That was all. The Secretary had wisely committed himself to no course of action; the oil industry, however, had bound itself to the adoption of sane production methods to prevent waste, and what had it done?

Are you prepared for another shock? While its representatives right there in Washington were discussing conservation their own men down in East Texas had opened up the valves and in one day had produced approximately 600,000 barrels of illegal oil, thereby dropping the price of crude to 17 cents a barrel. At least that is what Secretary Ickes told me had happened and therefore one wonders if there isn't some connection somewhere between that sudden and ill-advised run of illegal oil and the rather sudden statement which was almost immediately forthcoming from President Roosevelt. That statement issued on April 4th reads as follows:

The Makings of a New War

"The report of the Independent Petroleum Association Opposed to Monopoly recommends 'the enactment of emergency legislation by Congress divorcing oil pipe-lines engaged in interstate commerce from other branches of the oil industry.' I am of the opinion that this is a reasonable request and that such legislation should be enacted at as early a date as possible."

Obviously what we have here is the makings of a second war. It is the war of the Federal government against the waste engendered by the first war, the one within the petroleum industry, which we have so far been talking about. Clearly then this second war is the one in which the American public is interested. To the average consumer of gasoline it makes no difference whether the Jones statement regarding the motives of the major oil companies is true or false. Nor do I violate any confidence when I say that the truth or falsity of that statement is not being very carefully considered by the Administration. What it is looking at is the entire picture and when it does that what does it see? It sees a demoralized industry wasting a national resource, indulging in illegal practices and evading taxes, and hence it feels that it is its duty to take action to protect the public rather than take one side or the other in a private fight.

But how vitally important is it that the government protect the public interest? I called on one of the most influential of the oil men and said: "I'd like to ask one question: 'Isn't it true, sir, that the oil business in this country has been carried on for many years at a loss and *not* a profit?'"

"Why, certainly not," he replied. "If we invest $100,000,000 in developing an oil field and get $125,000,000 out of it we've made $25,000,000 profit, haven't we?"

"In dollars and cents, yes," I answered, "but that isn't what I mean. Isn't it true that although you have sold $125,000,000 worth of oil from that field, you have at the same time lost or wasted approximately the same amount that can never be recovered?"

"Yes," he said, "from that point of view you are correct. The oil business has not made a profit."

"And the loss," I suggested, "has been occasioned by the dissipation of a national resource; a source of power?"

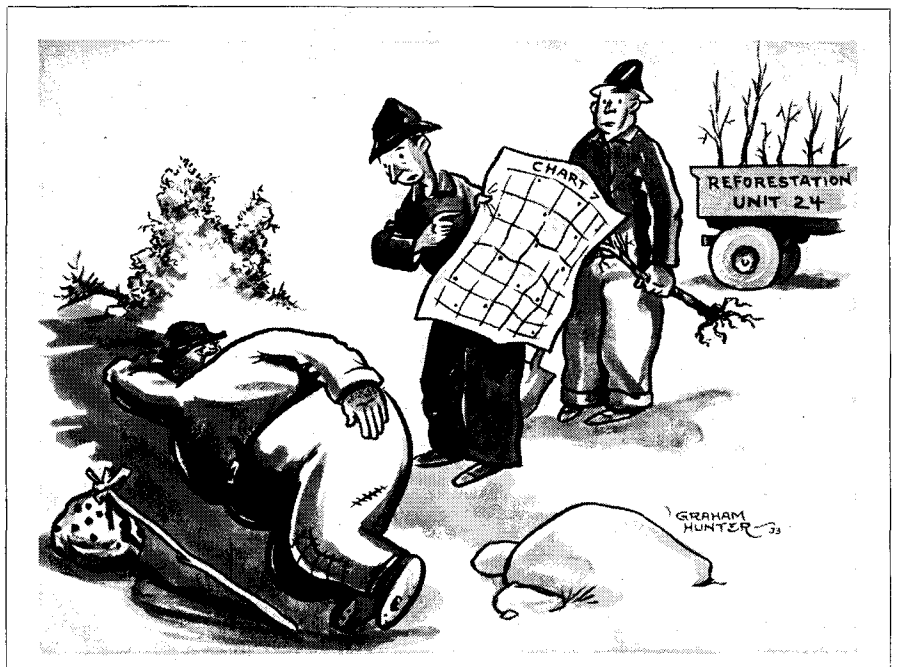
"Yes," he admitted, "that statement seems to be correct."

The Doubting Oil Thomases

"What then," I asked, "do you think is the obligation of the Federal government? Shouldn't it step in and nationalize oil for the protection of the public?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't see how this government could do that. But in any case, badly conducted though the oil industry has been, I hardly believe the Federal government could run it as well as we have."

So much, for the moment, for that gentleman. We will return to him later on



"Do you mind moving over, sir? The new deal calls for a birch sapling on this spot" *Graham Hunter*

but right now we will get down to brass tacks by seeing what Mr. R. C. Holmes, president of the Texas Company, has to say about loss. Mr. Holmes was very definite and furnished me with estimates showing that in thirty-two years, due to disorderly production and unnecessary competitive drilling, the petroleum industry has piled up a bill for waste against itself amounting to the colossal sum of $4,695,000,000. Nor is that all. The prodigal game still goes on. According to Mr. Holmes, $12,000,000 worth of the nation's gas and oil is now being *wasted* every month through the disorderly methods of private producers, to say nothing of the cash losses in connection with oil actually produced, which are occasioned by the illegal practices of the entire industry, such as tax-evasion and bootlegging.

These last losses are tremendous. "If the industry could be stabilized," said Mr. Holmes, "and if the prices of 1929, 1930 and 1931 could be maintained for 1933, the gains, through royalties and taxes, to the state governments of Texas and Oklahoma for the year would be, respectively, $168,747,000 and $109,060,000."

Undoubtedly this statement is a free and open confession that the oil industry has not been, and is not, conducting its business in accord with public welfare. Nor did any of the officials of the major companies with whom I talked disagree with him. They all admit that the industry in the past has wasted substantially as much oil and gas as it has ever marketed, and that at present, owing to its being in a tail spin with itself, it is probably bettering that record.

But what are they going to do about it? They don't know. They are not in accord. Mr. Holmes, for example, believes that what ails the industry most just now is its bootleggers, and hence he says that his company is ready to spend a million dollars in rewards and fees to bring the oily rascals to justice. "I don't care who they are," he told me, "big or little, I'm ready to go after them, and yet some of the other fellows in the major companies tell me that I'm a damn' fool, because, they say, just as long as we have proration we'll have hot oil."

Mr. Holmes is correct there. I went back to the first man with whom I had talked and wanted to know what he thought about Mr. Holmes' million-dollar punishment fund. He laughed. "It would be worth every cent of it," he said, "if it would do any good, but it won't work. Proration is prohibition all over again and you know what that means."

Then, very emphatically, he said this: "Although proration was invented to prevent physical waste it has never been put into effect anywhere for that purpose. On the contrary, it has been used as a price-fixing medium and as we now have found out it is a very simple matter under such a condition, for those who are so disposed, to run bootleg oil, find customers and transportation for it, and break the market."

There Isn't Any Answer

"Then what," I asked, "is the remedy for the evil? If the government divorces the pipe-lines from the rest of the oil business, can it stop bootlegging?"

"It might," he answered, "but in my opinion, Congress will not pass such a bill."

"Well, then," I insisted, "if the oil industry cannot straighten out its own troubles, and if the government can't do it, what is the answer? The public would like to know."

To this question this gentleman replied very carefully:

"At this moment there is *no* answer. The absurd law of capture renders it impossible for us to avoid wasteful field development. If we could get rid of that law, though," he went on, "we could prevent waste. We know how to prevent it, and wherever you find unit control of an oil pool you will also find real conservation of oil and gas.

"Thus the eventual solution of the whole problem is the general adoption of the unit control system. To bring this about, though, every element involved must be in accord. What is needed is, first, a new set of uniform oil laws, and then complete coöperation between the Federal and state governments and those who are engaged in the oil business."

"And if we do not get that kind of coöperation, followed by unit control, what will be the ultimate result?"

"I'd rather not answer that," was the reply. "I do not want to visualize any such picture."

Well, for the present, he will not have to. Within the past few weeks things have happened to the oil industry that neither he nor any of the other men in the game, unless they have had nightmares, have ever seriously dreamed of. Voluntary coöperation of *all* the elements involved, even though they have known all along that they could never achieve such a Utopia, has been what they have talked about; government dictatorship is what they have had thrust upon them. Nor have they any right to kick about it. They were told to clean their own house and were warned by Secretary Ickes that if they didn't do it the American people were not helpless in the matter of protecting themselves against the reckless waste of their resources.

The Oil Control Bill

That warning was unheeded. In the very face of it excess production was stepped up; bootlegging took a fresh spurt; waste was increased, and prices were dropped to a new low of ten cents a barrel, so that wise foreigners, who are trying to conserve their own petroleum resources for the future, began to buy oil from foolish and wasteful Americans. This was all going a little too far. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Ickes both lost their patience and an administration oil control bill was introduced in Congress by Representative Marland of Oklahoma.

This bill seems to cover the ground of management and direction so thoroughly that, for the time being, at any rate, practically all of the higher officials of the late petroleum industry might just as well either go to Europe in their private yachts, or apply for jobs in the reforestation army. In other words, in so far as running the oil business of this country is concerned, they are no longer IT. Secretary Ickes is. Under the law which he and the President concocted he has the omnipotent power to regulate production, fix maximum and minimum prices, control drilling, jail interstate bootleggers, and run the pipelines according to his own notions.

Provided the passage of his law doesn't get Uncle Sam all tangled up in a war with "Ma" Ferguson, will it be of any real help to this nation? It certainly should. In just five short major provisions this one bill apparently disposes of all the troubles that have been besetting the oil industry for the past decade, and yet the industry itself seems to be a bit skeptical about the ultimate result. Perhaps it should be. Perhaps there is some justification back of the fear, expressed by one large executive, that the law will work so well that it will be very hard ever to repeal it.

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AUSTERLITZ

1805. The Austrians are massing at Austerlitz. Across the channel Britain watches in grim silence. The future of Napoleon's power depends on his next move. Shall he divide his forces? Or concentrate? Fifteen days later Austerlitz has been fought and won. Napoleon, supreme strategist, knew that victory comes to those who *concentrate* on their *key* objective.

I SEE THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE CARRIES OUR HEAVIEST APPROPRIATIONS
YES, IT REACHES OUR KEY OBJECTIVE...THE FAMILY "BUYING COUNCIL"

A new feeling of hope is in the air. How can the advertiser take full advantage of present, rapidly improving conditions? From the strategists of the past comes one important message, to the business leaders of the present: "First, choose your *key objective.* Then mass your forces to take this key objective in a *concentrated attack.*"

BATTLE OF 1933

PUT THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE FIRST

1933 business strategists have arrived at two definite conclusions on present day advertising:

1 The most profitable medium on any advertising list is that one which is most widely read by *the whole family*—father, mother, son and daughter.

2 The American Magazine is more thoroughly read by all members of the family than any other magazine published.*

*Proved by scores of independent investigations. Data available on request.

● Not since the turn of the century has there been such a deep interest in home life as exists today. Under the stress of economic conditions the American family has again become a compact group.

To the advertising strategist this return to family life presents a new opportunity. And it re-emphasizes the far reaching sales influence of a great advertising medium—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Each month more than 1,800,000 family groups read THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters find here an interpretation of the rapidly changing conditions under which they must live and work...and an equally important interpretation of those products whose purchase is more than ever the result of discussion in "family council."

That is why the wise advertising strategist is placing THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE first on his list. Here, with a minimum expenditure, he can concentrate on his *key objective*...the American family.

The American Magazine
First with all the family

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY...NEW YORK

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The Brakeman's Daughter

Continued from page 9

the brakeman's daughter, stating to the sucker that she is so lovely that guys are apt to go silly just looking at her. But it seems that the brakeman's daughter has a papa who is a brakeman on the Central, and who is the orneriest guy in the world when it comes to his daughter, and who will not let anybody get close enough to her to hand her a slice of fruit cake.

In fact, this brakeman is so ornery he will shoot you setting if he catches you fooling around his daughter, the way Big False Face and other citizens of Newark, New Jersey, state the situation to the sucker, and everybody is afraid of the brakeman, including guys who are not supposed to be afraid of anything in this world.

But it seems that Big False Face is acquainted with the brakeman's daughter, and knows the nights the brakeman has to be out on his run, and on these nights the brakeman's daughter is home alone, and on such a night Big False Face occasionally calls on her, and sometimes takes a friend. But Big False Face and everybody else says that it is a dangerous proposition, because if the brakeman ever happens to come home unexpectedly and find callers with his daughter, he is pretty sure to hurt somebody.

Well, the chances are the sucker wishes to call on the brakeman's daughter, no matter what, especially as Big False Face generally lets on that the brakeman's daughter sees the sucker somewhere and is very anxious to meet him, just as he lets on to The Humming Bird, so finally some night Big Falsy takes the sucker to the house where the brakeman's daughter lives, making their approach to the house very roundabout, and mysterious, and sneaky.

THEN the minute Big Falsy knocks on the door, out pops a guy from somewhere roaring at them in a large voice, and Big False Face yells that it is the brakeman's daughter's papa himself, and starts running, telling the sucker to follow, although as a rule this is by no means necessary. And when the sucker starts running, he commences to hear shots, and naturally he figures that the old brakeman is popping at him with a Betsy, but what he really hears is incandescent light bulbs going off around him and sometimes they hit him if the bulb-thrower has good control.

Now, the house Big False Face generally uses is an old empty residence pretty well out in a suburb of Newark, New Jersey, and it sits away off by itself in a big yard near a piece of woods, and when he starts running, Big False Face always runs into this woods, and naturally the sucker follows him. And pretty soon Big False Face loses the sucker in the woods, and doubles back and goes on downtown and leaves the sucker wandering around in the woods for maybe hours.

Then when the sucker finally makes his way back to his hotel, he always finds many citizens gathered to give him the ha-ha, and to make him buy refreshments for one and all, and the sucker tries to make out that he is greatly amused himself, although the chances are he is so hot you can fry an egg on any part of him.

The biggest laugh that Big False Face ever gets out of the brakeman's daughter joke is the time he leaves a guy from Brooklyn by the name of Rocco Scarpati in the woods one cold winter night, and Rocco never does find his way out, and freezes as stiff as a starched shirt. And of course Big False Face has quite a time explaining to Rocco's Brooklyn friends that Rocco is not cooled off by other means than freezing.

Well, now the way I tell it, you say to yourself how can anybody be sucker enough to fall for such a plant as this? But Big False Face's record with the brakeman's daughter joke in Newark, New Jersey, includes a congressman, a justice of the peace, three G-guys, eighteen newspaper scribes, five prize fighters, and a raft of guys from different parts of the country, who are such guys as the ordinary citizen will hesitate about making merry with.

In fact, I hear Big False Face is putting the feel on Cheeks Sheracki with reference to the brakeman's daughter until he finds out Cheeks knows this joke as well as he does himself, and then Big False Face discovers The Humming Bird, and no one is talking stronger for the brakeman's daughter with The Humming Bird than Cheeks.

Well, anyway, along about nine o'clock on the night in question, Big False Face tells The Humming Bird that the brakeman is now well out on his run on the Central, so they get in Big False Face's car and start out, and I notice that as they get in the car, Big False Face gives The Humming Bird a quick fanning, as Big False Face does not care to take chances on a sucker having that certain business on him.

The Humming Bird is all sharpened up for this occasion, and furthermore he is quite excited, and one and all are telling him what a lucky guy he is to get to call on the brakeman's daughter, but anybody can see from the way The Humming Bird acts that he feels that it is really the brakeman's daughter who is having the luck.

IT SEEMS that Cheeks Sheracki and a couple of his guys from Philadelphia go out to the house in advance to heave the incandescent bulbs and do the yelling, and personally I sit up playing pinochle with Abie Schumtzenheimer waiting to hear what comes off, although Abie says it is all great foolishness, and by no means worthy of grown guys. But Abie admits he will be glad to see the brakeman's daughter himself if she is as beautiful as Big False Face claims.

Well, when they come within a couple of blocks of the empty house in the suburbs of Newark, New Jersey, Big False Face tells his driver, a guy by the name of Ears Acosta, who afterwards informs me on several points in this transaction, to pull up and wait there, and then Big False Face and The Humming Bird get out of the car and Big False Face leads the way up the street and into the yard.

This yard is filled with big trees and shrubbery, but the moon is shining somewhat, and it is easy enough to make out objects around and about, but there are no lights in the house, and it is so quiet you can hear your watch tick in your pocket, if you happen to have a watch.

WELL, Big False Face has The Humming Bird by the coat sleeve, and he tiptoes through the gate and up a pathway, and The Humming Bird tiptoes right with him, and every now and then Big False Face stops and listens, and the way Big False Face puts this on is really wonderful, because he does it so often he can get a little soul into his work.

Now, The Humming Bird has plenty of moxie from all I hear, but naturally seeing the way Big False Face is acting makes him feel a little nervous, because The Humming Bird knows that Big False Face is as game as they come, and he figures that any situation that makes Big False Face act as careful as all this must be a very dangerous situation, indeed.

When they finally get up close to the house, The Humming Bird sees there is a porch, and Big False Face tiptoes up on this porch, still leading The Humming Bird by the coat sleeve, and then Big False Face knocks softly on the door, and lets out a little low whistle, and just as The Humming Bird is commencing to notice that this place seems to be somewhat deserted, all of a sudden a guy comes busting around the corner of the house.

This guy is making a terrible racket, what with yelling and swearing, and among other things he yells as follows:

"Ah-ha!" the guy yells, "now I have you dead to rights!"

And with this, something goes pop, and then something goes pop-pop, and Big False Face says to The Humming Bird like this:

"My goodness," Big False Face says, "it is the brakeman! Run!" he says. "Run for your life!"

Then Big False Face turns and runs, and The Humming Bird is about to turn and run with him, because The Humming Bird figures if a guy like Big False Face can afford to run there can be no percentage in standing still himself, but before he can move the door of the house flies open and The Humming Bird feels himself being yanked inside the joint, and he puts up his dukes and gets ready to do the best he can until he is overpowered. Then he hears a doll's voice going like this:

"Sh-h-h-h!" the doll's voice goes. "Sh-h-h-h!"

So The Humming Bird sh-h-h-h's, and the racket goes on outside a while with a guy still yelling, and much pop-pop-popping away. Then the noise dies out, and all is still, and by the moonlight that is coming through a window on which there is no curtain, The Humming Bird can see a lot of furniture scattered around and about the room, but some of it is upside down, and none of it is arranged in any order.

Furthermore, The Humming Bird can now also see that the doll who pulls him into the house and gives him the sh-h-h-h is nobody but the black-haired doll he hauls out of the way of the beer truck in the afternoon, and naturally The Humming Bird is somewhat surprised to see her at this time.

Well, the black-haired doll smiles at The Humming Bird, and finally he forgets his nervousness to some extent, and in fact drops his dukes which he still has up ready to sell his life dearly, and by and by the black-haired doll says to him like this:

"I recognized you through the window in the moonlight," she says. "As I see you coming up on the porch, I also see some parties lurking in the shrubbery, and," she says, "I have a feeling they are seeking to do you harm, so I pull you inside the house. I am glad to see you again," she says.

WELL, Big False Face does not show up in his accustomed haunts to laugh at the joke on The Humming Bird, but Ears Acosta returns with disquieting news such as causes many citizens to go looking for Big False Face, and they find him face downward on the path just inside the gateway, and when they turn him over the old castor-oil smile is still on his kisser, and even larger than ever, as if Big False Face is greatly amused by some thought that hits him all of a sudden.

And Big False Face is extremely dead when they find him, as it seems that some of the incandescent bulbs that go pop-popping around him are really sawed-off shotguns, and it also seems that Cheeks Sheracki and his guys from Philadelphia are such careless shots that they tear off half the gate with their slugs, so it is pretty lucky for The Humming Bird that he is not running with Big False Face for this gate at the moment, or in fact anywhere near him.

And back in the house while they are lugging Big False Face away, The Humming Bird and the black-haired doll are sitting on an overturned sofa in the parlor with the moonlight streaming through the window on which there is no curtain and spilling all over them as The Humming Bird is telling her how much he loves her, and how he hopes and trusts she feels the same towards him, for they are young, and it is spring in Newark, New Jersey.

"Well," The Humming Bird says, "so you are the brakeman's daughter, are you? Well," he says, "I wish to state that they do not overboost you a nickel's worth when they tell me you are the most beautiful doll in all this world, and I am certainly tickled to find you."

"But how do you learn my new address so soon?" the black-haired doll says. "We just move in here this morning, although," she says, "I guess it is a good thing for you we do not have time to put up any window shades. And what do you mean," the black-haired doll says, "by calling me the brakeman's daughter? My papa is one of the oldest and best known conductors anywhere on the Erie," she says.

Two Girls
Two Boys
fresh from College
attack the World
take defeat and triumph
after the manner of their kind
in a new novel which reveals
once more the unerring touch
and understanding heart of the author

Kathleen Norris

whose new book "Manhattan Love Song"
begins in next week's Collier's

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The Burning Question

Continued from page 24

ravages by the determined anti-actinic propaganda of one expert. This particular agitator, when supplying make-up kits to clients who are off to sunny climes, includes with the oils and creams and tonics a "beauty umbrella," an extra large sun hat, with stern injunctions that it be worn on the beach every moment except during swimming and for the brief daily period during which direct exposure to the sun is permissible.

And besides the beach hat this Frenchwoman supplies a pair of sun glasses to keep the squint from the faces of tennis and sailing addicts, lady anglers, golfers, and other such devotees of sport.

Go Easy with Make-up

According to the authorities in these matters, dryness of the skin is the great American menace. American women diet, depriving the body of butter and oils. They drink cocktails, which dry the skin still further. They engage in out-of-door sports, exposing their faces to sun, wind and water. And in addition to all this, they have gone sun-crazy during the past several years. Now they are asking plaintively why their skins look like yellow parchment when the summer is over. Well, real parchment is dry skin, too.

The answer is not that they must anoint face and body with oils. They must budget their time in the sun according to their complexions.

On the first day out, a brunette may have ten or twelve minutes of sun. For a blonde, seven minutes is the limit. For redheads five minutes on the first day may be too much; they are notoriously envied for their fine skins, and they must pay the penalty with extra caution.

The care of the skin in summer involves a generous use of oils and liquefying cleansing creams to supply the natural oils which sun and wind and water carry away. Blondes are enjoined by the experts, who reiterate this with tears in their voices, not to go near the water, especially salt water, without first applying a waterproof cream to their skins. The brunette is spared this rite, but both should lose little time, on emerging from the tide, in retiring to privacy and removing the brine with cleansing cream.

And when the experts say, "Retire to privacy," they mean just that. The pretty custom of smearing creams and oils, of flourishing combs and flaunting lipsticks for whoever chooses to see, may have been all right in the big out-of-doors era of American life (although male voices were heard murmuring in subdued protest even then) but in this day of Victorian evening frocks and ladylike manners it is simply not done any more. Not even the insouciant débutante believes that she enhances her charm by letting a man in on the mechanics by which she achieves it. And the beauty experts are making a point of this new maidenly reserve by equipping their vacation make-up kits with nice, efficient locks and little keys.

The contents of these make-up kits seem to indicate an emphasis rather on what you do to your skin than what you put on it. The jars of cleansing creams and tissue creams, the oils and tonics, outnumber by far the varieties of rouge and lipstick and powder. And the fact is, the best make-up for a face that is going to appear in public on a bright summer day is almost no make-up at all.

The smart young things have tossed away their powder puffs, for the beach, frankly preferring a shining oiled face to a look of having laid it on too thick.

And nothing, moreover, is quite so handsome as a clear skin, tanned to gold, with no disguise but a dash of red accenting a shapely pair of lips. The long-legged girls on the fashionable beaches, on the yachts that ply the summer seas, on the putting greens and the bridle paths, are simply leaving such artifices as rouge and eye shadow and mascara to be donned with their evening frocks or not at all.

Just how right they are was recently pointed out by a certain keen observer of womanly ways who had just returned from Hollywood. At Palm Springs, that paradisiacal oasis in the desert, the stars come out by day, but they come out in full facial regalia, up to and including the false eyelashes. And in the full glare of the California sun, the impartial visitor from the East had the shock of a lifetime. For the elaborately applied masks of make-up were unbearably out of place, and the most celebrated screen beauties looked as though they needed nothing so much as to have their faces washed.

Norma Talmadge is one screen actress who has distinguished herself by her sparing use of make-up. No rouge at all, a little lipstick, just enough powder to take the shine off her nose, a touch of black mascara on the dark lashes, no eye shadow—and Miss Talmadge looks perfectly groomed.

Even more radical is Blanche Yurka, who is not only one of the first ladies of the theater but also an ardent fisherwoman. Miss Yurka would rather catch a string of trout than play her favorite Ibsen rôle, but before she picks up her rod and reel she goes through a little ceremony. She rubs oil on her face until she gleams like an Indian. To this she adds no make-up save a touch of lipstick. The reflection of sunlit ripples on her shining dark face as she leans intent over her rod is said to be something worth seeing.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt is an ardent sportswoman, but she is also a blonde, and she has had designed for her a special protective cream which she uses as a powder base. Over this she puts a light make-up to see her through hours of tramping over sun-drenched golf links, or of riding miles across unshaded country fields.

A Beauty Pick-me-up

Returning from the day's sport, the girl vacationist is almost always faced with the necessity of looking fresh in a hurry for a tea date or a cocktail party. The débutantes have a pick-up facial for just such an emergency. The first thing you must do, they will tell you, is to ring for a bowl of ice—not for mixing cocktails, but to dip your fingertips while applying creams to your feverish face. Hot fingers will only irritate pores opened by the sun and clogged with dust, while cool ones soothe them. A properly equipped dressing-table always has a bowl of ice at make-up time.

Cleanse the face with a liquefying cleansing cream, rubbing always upward and outward. Then place over the eyes pads of cotton which have been saturated in tonic and rubbed on ice, and lie down for five full minutes, completely relaxed. You are ready then to arise, put on your light-weight make-up and your afternoon frock, and be perfectly ravishing.

"CAN COFFEE BE DOING THIS TO ME?"

Lady, the answer is "NO"!

Coffee keeping you awake? *Coffee* turning you into a bundle of nerves, and upsetting your digestion?

No, lady, no. Not coffee, but the *caffein* in coffee. That's the culprit. And the way to get rid of it is *not* to give up coffee, but to change to the brand that has *97% of the caffein removed*—to *Sanka Coffee!*

Yes, Sanka Coffee is 97% caffein-free. But it's 100% flavor-full — as fine coffee as ever you've tasted! It has all the comforting warmth, the pungent aroma, the friendly glow you love so well. Only the ill effects have departed.

Make the night-test!

To prove this, drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. Next morning you'll wake up refreshed — and with the knowledge that this is one coffee that *will not keep you awake.*

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee with a money-back guarantee. Its ALL PURPOSE grind is suitable for any method of coffee-making, including drip! A product of General Foods.

REAL COFFEE
97% CAFFEIN-FREE
DRINK IT
AND SLEEP!

● Don't miss the fascinating Sanka Coffee show in the General Foods exhibit in the Foods and Agricultural Building at the Chicago World's Fair!

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A Message to a Lady

Continued from page 21

hands suddenly in a gesture of despair. The girl touched his arm. He put his hand on her hand. . . . The pictures clicked swifter . . . in the east a gray ribbon of light . . . the plane lumbering awkwardly, swaying . . . starting! . . .

The Kid arose from the chair and threw himself on the bed.

The rest was all mixed up. He couldn't feel anything after the plane had gone. It was like the time when he had walked into a "sucker punch." He knew everything that was happening, but he could do nothing about it. The tall, red-haired guy came up and began talking to him. He said his name was Carter Dunston. He kept repeating, "Thirty hours of hell." After a while he got hold of himself and quieted down. The Kid came back with him in his car. When they pulled up at the Pennsy Station, he looked at the Kid with a queer grin, and said:

"Where do you come in on this?"

The Kid knew what he meant, but he couldn't think how to explain. The red-haired chap didn't insist on an answer. He sat staring at a map he took from a pocket in the car. He looked at his watch and made a mark on the map.

"She ought to be right about there by now," he said.

He began swearing again. Then the Kid said, "Why don't you marry her so she won't do goofy things like this?"

Carter Dunston folded the map without answering. He opened the door and held out his hand.

"She always says 'No!' " he said.

The Kid stood on the running board, pondering this. At last he said, "I'm fightin' Toroni tomorrow night. I'll leave a good seat for you at the gate—in case you want to drop around."

"Thank you," said Carter.

The Kid's gaze was somber. He went over to find a train that would take him to his training camp. At the entrance he looked back. The red-haired chap was still sitting there gazing at his hands. Porters and a cop were trying to make him move out and let the taxis up to the platform. He paid no attention to them.

EVERY half-hour the Kid telephoned the newspaper information bureaus for any word. The rest of the time he sat before the radio. Sol beat his chest and walked up and down. Joe-Nig went about on tiptoe. Pudge never came in the room.

At five o'clock an orchestra stopped abruptly, and a suave voice said:

"We have just received a wireless report, relayed from the Danish steamship Norge, that a plane was sighted flying high and fast at 4:19 this afternoon about two hundred and fifty miles off the Grand Banks. No markings could be distinguished, due to a light haze. Undoubtedly it was Miss Fredericka Talbott on her flight to Paris."

The Kid's face turned chalky. He got up, saying, "I'm goin' to New York."

"Listen," Sol protested. "You gotta rest. You . . ."

The Kid was already at the door.

When they reached the city, he went directly to a hotel. He opened the phone book and found Carter Dunston's number.

"This is O'Malley," he said. "Kid O'Malley. Any news?"

"No." The voice sounded tired and uncertain. "She isn't due until around ten tomorrow."

"If you get any word . . ."

"I'll phone you."

At three in the morning the Kid yielded to Sol's pleading and lay down. He fell asleep at once. When he awoke the first thing he saw was the clock on the table beside his bed. It said eleven-thirty. Sol was smoking a cigar over by the window.

"Any news?" cried the Kid.

Sol shook his head.

The Kid lay staring at the ceiling. Ten o'clock, the red-haired guy had said. An hour and a half overdue. . . .

The day dragged slowly. Every fifteen minutes the radio reported monotonously: "There is still no word of Miss Talbott. . . ."

AT EIGHT-THIRTY the Kid left for the Garden. It was nine-thirty when he entered the ring. Toroni was already there. The Kid felt the purposeless rage that had shuddered through his body all day concentrate on that swart, thick figure. Guys like Toroni were alive, while she . . .

They stood face to face and slugged. The Kid came to his corner with his lips split and the blood warm in his mouth.

"Listen," said Sol. "Are you cuckoo? Stay away from that wop."

"Any news?" asked the Kid.

"Nothin' . . ."

He was on Toroni almost before the stool had been jerked from under him.

"The chef wants you to go slower and give the custard a chance to set" *Fred Neher*

Toroni grinned. The grin infuriated the Kid still more. He snarled: "What's so funny?"

"You find out soon," said Toroni.

The Kid found out just before the bell rang. He was still flat on his back when the round's ending stopped the count at four. Sol and Pudge dragged him to his corner.

"Any news?" he mumbled.

"You're crazy," Sol shrieked. "Stay away from that guy. . . . No news!"

The Kid rushed at Toroni. He was knocked down twice but managed each time to get up before the ten count. He held onto the rope and swayed toward his stool.

"News?" he asked.

Sol shook his head. He closed the cut under the Kid's left eye with a styptic pencil and worked on him frantically.

"If you go to that bird again—" he began.

The Kid rushed. Toroni knocked him down. He got up and sprang forward, swinging both hands. He was still on his feet at the end of the round but nobody knew how. He couldn't speak. He looked at Sol and then away.

He leaped at Toroni and the Italian backed away. Toroni was a good, tough fighter but he had never been in the ring with a madman before. His dull, superstitious mind turned panicky. The Kid got him off balance and hit him two terrible right-hand punches. Toroni went down. He got up unhurt, but he was frightened and shaken, and he clinched desperately until the bell. Sol's face was apoplectic.

"You O. K., Kid?" he said. "Not tired? You got him worried."

The Kid's swollen lips formed the question, "Any news?"

Toroni's collapse continued. Sol was jubilant as the Kid returned at the end of each round.

"You got him," he said. "You fought him right off his feet."

The Kid repeated his monotonous question.

The ninth round ended with Toroni weaving an unsteady path to the anxious arms of his seconds.

"Finish him off," said Sol. "Left hand, and cross the ol' right."

The Kid paid no attention. His eye had been caught by a commotion near the ring. Two or three people were standing up, shoving at a tall, red-haired chap. The Kid jerked about. Carter Dunston, his collar ripped open, his tie flying, was shouting at him, shouting . . . "Safe! . . . Made it! . . . Came down at Croydon! . . ."

The Kid stared stupidly at him. . . . His mouth began to twitch and everything blurred. "Safe!" yelled Carter. . . . "Made it! . . ." The Kid lifted one arm in a gesture of understanding.

"Go take him," he heard Sol say from a great distance. He arose and went slowly toward the crouched figure of Toroni. The Italian was looking at him queerly. Safe! She was safe. . . . A vast tide of happiness flowed back into the Kid's empty heart just as Toroni hit him.

THE Kid wasn't out very long. He opened his eyes and everything he looked upon was wonderful—Sol's miserable, stricken face, Pudge's unbelieving countenance, the lights, the ropes, the huge arena where the crowd still howled with excitement. Toroni came over. The Kid grinned at him and shook hands. Nice guy, Toroni, good clean fighter.

Carter Dunston entered the dressing-room just as the Kid was ready for the street. He told him the details. . . . Fredericka had gotten lost in the fog. She flew for hours, hunting for a place to land. Then just before the tanks were empty she came down—in England, only a mile or two from Croydon Field.

"I want to send a cable," said Carter. "Come along."

They went out together. The red-haired chap became silent. He walked along, not speaking. The Kid knew what he was thinking about. "Every time she says 'No!' " The Kid didn't talk either. He was thinking. People were dumb. Girls were the dumbest. It didn't seem possible that anybody like her could be, but after all, she was a girl.

At the telegraph office the Kid picked up a pad and pencil. He began to write laboriously, frowning. He wrote, feeling happy—and sad.

FREDERICKA opened the four hundred and ninety-ninth cablegram. It read:

Miss Fredericka Talbott
London. England
Dear Miss

When I hear the good news I can't tell you how I feel I think this Carter Dunston must feel pretty good too only he don't for now he thinks you will go on doing crazy stunts until you get killed so if you will excuse me for butting in on what's none of my business I decide to send you a wire saying you had better get married . . .

Fredericka threw back her head in amazed laughter. Some of the weariness went out of her face and it was apparent how beautiful she would be without the blue circles of exhaustion about her eyes and the lines of fatigue along her mouth.

Rodney Aiken, one of the American ambassador's bright young men, lounging in an armchair of the hotel sitting-room, said:

"What's so amusing?"

Fredericka motioned him to be quiet.

"Righto," he replied. "But I can't keep the press in the offing much longer. Remember, you are now a Public Character. At three pip emma exactly, the Old Boy himself arrives with the Lord Mayor bearing the keys—"

"Will you be still," said Fredericka, "until I finish this?" She looked at the cablegram again.

. . . married to this Carter Dunston He's a swell guy and would treat you right

Your sincere friend
KID O'MALLEY

PS. If you hear anything about how good this Vince Toroni is don't believe it I can take him anytime

THE KID

"All through?" asked young Rodney Aiken.

"Yes," said Fredericka. She was smiling. She stood staring out of the window where a gentle English rain was drifting over the gray old buildings.

"Does that epistle require an answer?" asked Rodney.

"It does," said Fredericka. "And I think I'll answer it right away. Only the answer goes to another person."

"Can I send it for you?"

"No, thank you," said the girl. "It's only one word."

WHEN the Kid was hustled to his dressing-room after winning the middleweight championship by a knockout in the eleventh round, he had a glimpse of the girl standing up, clapping. The red-haired guy was grinning over her shoulder. He waved his bandaged hand to them.

They came to his room at the hotel where the tumultuous reception accorded a new champion was taking place. When they had gone a reporter said, "How do you rate a couple of swells like the Carter Dunstons?"

"They're friends of mine," the Kid said. He grinned. "They call me Cupid," he added.

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Lion Man

Continued from page 11

"Have you written the caption yet, Lou?" asked Mr. Boomer.

"I started one," said Mr. Ernst, pulling a sheet out of his typewriter. "'Majestic Signs Lion Man,'" he scowled, blinking cigarette smoke out of his eyes. "'Jimmy Larson, Sensational Olympic Champion, Puts Signature to Majestic Contract in Presence of Merton L. Boomer, Executive Genius Who Discovered Him.'"

Jimmy rose to his feet with a baffled sigh. It was all beyond his humble capacity to understand. Ever since yesterday afternoon when a high-powered limousine had dashed up to his peaceful shack in Olympic Village and Mr. Boomer, leaning out of the window authoritatively, like a deity peering through the clouds, had talked to him rapidly of contracts and a career, his placid world had been turned upside down and stood accurately upon its head. He did not know yet quite what it was all about. He only knew that he was very suddenly a moving-picture star, with more money in his pocket than he had ever known before in his life.

"How are you going to announce him to the papers?" asked Mr. Boomer presently.

Mr. Ernst took a decisive puff at his cigarette and spoke. "Javelins," he said cryptically. "That's it." He turned to Jimmy: "Where were you born?"

"Minnesota," said Jimmy, startled. "Upsala, Minnesota."

"No, you weren't," Lou Ernst informed him. "You were born in South Africa."

Jimmy nodded in mute bewilderment.

"How did you learn to throw javelins?" asked Mr. Ernst.

"On the track team at Upsala High School," Jimmy faltered.

"No, you didn't. You used to throw spears at lions. This afternoon, Jimmy, you come back here and put on a leopard skin, and we'll show some newspaper people how you used to throw spears at lions."

"Ah reckon we better get a bite of lunch now, Jimmy," said Mr. Boomer, glancing at his watch. "It's after one."

THE restaurant was half empty when they entered. Jimmy followed Mr. Boomer in a daze to the deserted executives' table. "Sit anywheres, Jimmy. Agnes," he called over his shoulder, "bring the menu, dear. By the way, this is Jimmy Larson," he said carelessly.

Agnes took a deep breath. "H'lo, Jimmy."

"Hello," said Jimmy Larson in pleased surprise.

"Mr. Larson is an Olympic star," Mr. Boomer explained to her kindly, as he pored over the menu. "He won the . . . ah . . ."

"Javelin throw," said Agnes. "242 feet, 10⅛ inches. I saw him."

Jimmy shot her a grateful look.

"Yes." Mr. Boomer's eyes lifted from the menu and wandered vaguely across the room. "Jimmy, there's Vera Nesbitt over there. She's going to play opposite you. I'd like to bring her over to meet you. You can be ordering something . . . Agnes will take good care of you." He rose. "Eggs," he told Agnes absently over his shoulder.

She handed the menu to Jimmy. "I think it's swell you got this break in pictures," she murmured.

"I only hope I don't make an awful flop out of it."

"You won't," she said vigorously. "I know you won't."

"Thanks." He looked at her a little wistfully. "You're the first human being I've met around here. I—I wish I could see you once in a while."

"I work here every day," she said casually.

"I mean alone. Like where we could talk a little and get to know each other better. I don't know anybody here. I suppose you're doing something tonight?" he asked timidly.

"I don't know," she hesitated.

"It isn't I'm trying to date you up right off the minute I see you," he hurried, "only you see my team all took the train back East today. So I was just thinking if maybe I would meet you here after they finish taking some pictures of me, and we could have something to eat together and maybe go down to Venice—"

She smiled. "I'll be here, Jimmy."

She leaned against the wall a moment to control herself. Her eyes were dancing, her lips worked to keep from laughing out loud. Mr. Boomer was introducing Jimmy to Vera Nesbitt. She saw him rise, a little awed, and take her hand. Vera rested a hand negligently on one hip, leaned her head backward and slightly to one side, and murmured in a soft and provocative voice: "Rilly, Mr. Larson, I've heard *so-o* much about you!" and Jimmy hung his head sheepishly and blushed with pleasure. Agnes stopped smiling, her eyes darkened dangerously.

"There's one piece of advice I can give you right off, Jimmy Larson," she muttered grimly to herself as she trudged to the kitchen.

VENICE is a rambling and slightly seedy amusement park a little ways down the coast from Los Angeles. Agnes and Jimmy ate a shore dinner in a Chinese restaurant.

They went to Venice several times during the next two crowded weeks. Jimmy was famous now; girls stopped him on the street for his autograph, and once at a marathon dance they turned the spotlight on him and he rose and took a bow, while Agnes blushed happily in the dark beside him.

One Sunday they sneaked away from the pursuing crowd of admirers and took the boat over to Catalina and ate a picnic lunch on the rocks, basking lazily in the sun and looking out over the ocean. Jimmy told her about his experiences at the studio, the progress of the story—"I'm this son of an English duke, see, only of course I don't know who was my father on account of I was raised by the apes"—his encounters with Dennis Duffey on the set, Lou Ernst's latest publicity stunt. "Tomorrow I've even got to go down and lecture at Leland Stanford," he said incredulously. "I've got to give a talk on Africa."

"Do you see much of Vera?" Agnes asked him once, very casually.

"Oh, now and then," he answered evasively.

She shot him a quick, penetrating look, but she did not pursue the subject further.

And then it happened. It came about so gradually that at first she did not even notice the change. Twice during the following week he broke a date with her, explained to her vaguely that he had to work at the studio. The third time, when he told her in the restaurant at noon that he could not meet her, she knew suddenly. He had just come off the set; he was wearing a bathrobe, and his face was still smeared with bronze make-up. She looked him in the eyes for a long moment.

"Jimmy," she said very frankly, "why do you tell me you're working at the studio?"

"Lou Ernst said something about taking some stills," he mumbled vaguely.

"Jimmy." She held his arm. "I don't mind your breaking our date. I don't mind your doing something else if you'd rather." He looked away. "But, Jimmy, I wish you'd be frank, that's all. I wish you wouldn't lie about it."

HE DREW his arm away. "I'm not lying," he said resentfully, avoiding her eyes. "I really got to work. Besides, you see, Agnes," he began a little sheepishly, and then halted and ran his hand in embarrassment through his long hair. He was letting his hair grow long and shaggy for his rôle in the picture. "I'm sorry to have to say this, Aggie, but you see, right now it's very important what I do—how I act—" He hesitated.

"Of course," she said. "You're an important person now, Jimmy. You're a star."

"That's it," he said. "You see, it isn't really fair to the studio; they're spending all this money on me. After all, I got to think of the studio."

"Sure, the studio comes first," said Agnes evenly.

"After this picture is over," he assured her hurriedly, "then I can do what I want, of course. In the meantime, Agnes, I was only thinking—well, maybe it might be better—"

"Sure," she smiled steadily. "I think it would be better, too. Better for both of us."

Over her shoulder he saw Vera Nesbitt enter the restaurant. She spied him and waved. He took a deep breath. "So maybe here in the restaurant from now on if we sort of—I mean," he fumbled, "it's such a public place, and things get around."

"Of course," said Agnes.

She stood aside, holding her tray with a steady hand, as Vera Nesbitt strolled past her and took his arm. "Waiting for me, Jimmy? Let's sit over here by the window. It's cooler." As they moved away, she heard Vera saying: ". . . the opening at the Chinese tonight. I have two tickets."

She gripped the tray until her knuckles were white, and walked resolutely across the crowded room. Mr. Kessler was seated at the executives' table, talking earnestly with Mr. Boomer and Dennis Duffey. Lou Ernst smoked opposite in sardonic silence. Agnes handed the menu automatically to Mr. Boomer.

"Ah," Mr. Boomer took the menu from her with a vacant smile, then looked back at Mr. Kessler. "Ah agree with you, Mr. Kessler," he murmured. "Ah saw the rushes myself. They're not so good."

"Good? They're rotten!" exploded Mr. Kessler vehemently. "I'm telling you, he can't act."

Agnes had frozen to attention, her ears straining for every word.

"He could act," said Dennis, "if he'd try. He won't try."

"He's playing. He thinks it's play. Look at him." Mr. Kessler pointed to the table by the window where Jimmy and Vera Nesbitt sat together in intimate conversation. "Look at that, Merton. That's what he does all the time on the set."

"We're shooting the lion scene tomorrow," said Dennis Duffey, "where he throws a spear at a lion. We can tell better then."

(Continued on page 38)

HOW OFTEN

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(Continued from page 37)

"He's got to do more than throw spears," said Mr. Kessler sulkily.

Agnes stood undecided for a moment, trying to think. After all, it was Jimmy's own fault. Let him make a fool of himself. Let him lose his job, it was none of her concern. Her mind was going in circles. Let him suffer, she insisted to herself. Let him alone. She saw Jimmy rise from the table by the window and pull out Vera Nesbitt's chair, and they strolled toward the door, talking together. Let him alone, Agnes insisted. She was moving helplessly toward the door to intercept him. Let him alone, you fool. You'll only be sorry. He won't understand. Let him be.

"Pardon me," she said, touching him on the arm.

He looked annoyed. "Yes, Agnes?"

"Could I speak to you for a moment?"

"I'm busy, Agnes," he said, "I've got to get to work."

"That's what I wanted to speak to you about," she said quietly.

He sighed impatiently. "Will you excuse me a moment, Vera?" He turned and said to Agnes in a low, hurried voice: "Now, listen here, Aggie, you got to realize—"

"Jimmy." Her voice faltered as she saw the cold annoyance in his eyes. "They were talking about you at the table just now. Mr. Kessler was there; he—he says you better attend to your job. You've got to stop playing around on the set."

"You mean Vera," said Jimmy with a tolerant smile. "Is that what you're getting at?"

She bristled: "Don't be a fool. I'm just telling you what they said—"

"Thank you, Agnes," he said coldly. "I think Mr. Boomer is calling you. Perhaps," he suggested, "you better attend to your job."

HE PULLED his bathrobe about him, paused a moment to autograph a book for an awe-struck admirer, and strolled serenely out of the restaurant. She stumbled back to the corner table. "Eggs?" she asked Mr. Boomer wearily.

"Agnes." Mr. Boomer looked up at her with a bright, vacant smile. "We're shooting a big scene for 'Lion Man' tomorrow. Ah wondered if you'd like to come on the set and see how it's done."

She hesitated a moment, then said firmly, "Yes."

The shooting of the big scene for "Lion Man" was something of a studio event. Lou Ernst, mapping his strategy like a general, had tactfully invited the leading members of the press to witness —from what he assured them was a thoroughly safe vantage point—the unfolding of this thrilling jungle saga. He escorted them proudly after lunch to Stage Nine, where a miniature African jungle had been erected miraculously in a corner of the Majestic lot, complete to the last coconut palm and hissing cobra.

They strolled a little nervously across the set, ducking light-wires that dangled unexpectedly from the jungle trees, wincing when a hyena laughed at them suddenly from a concealed cage, or someone rippled an electric cable across the floor in undulating folds like a coiling python.

A shattering roar near by seemed to shake the very stage. The guests huddled together a trifle uneasily. Mr. Ernst beamed.

"That's the man-eater," he said casually, indicating a magnificent lion pacing in its cage beside them. "That's the one we're using in the scene today. It's a real jungle killer—we hired it from Colonel Hathorne here; he brought it back from Africa himself." He beckoned to a meek little white-haired man in leather puttees that were too large for him. "You might say it was practically untamable, wouldn't you, Colonel?"

Colonel Hathorne nodded. "It's very ferocious," he said gloomily. "I can't do anything with it. It growls at me."

He prodded the lion through the bars of the cage with a long stick, and it uttered a low and menacing growl.

"In the last reel the Lion Man wrestles it with his bare hands," Lou Ernst assured them, leading the way across the set to the wooden stands behind the cameras. "A thrilling battle to the death—Lion versus Lion Man—showing the supremacy of man over the wild and savage beast."

"Suppose the lion should win?" asked a woman correspondent timidly.

"Then we'll run the reel backwards," replied Mr. Ernst serenely, and he showed them to their seats. "I think they're almost ready to shoot."

THE corners of the lion's cage had been constructed cleverly out of the actual trunks of tall palms, and its steel bars were covered with bark and vines to resemble a jungle thicket. From the angle of the camera the structure was actually hidden, giving the impression that the lion was stalking in perfect freedom in his native haunts. A tiny steel door in the side of the cage nearest the action, fastened securely with a stout padlock, was concealed from view by the tropical foliage. Directly in front of this hidden door, across the jungle clearing, stood a mammoth banyan tree, the corrugated roots at its base fashioned expertly of painted gray canvas and some artificial moss. A transparent screen hung at the rear of the set, upon which a concealed projection machine threw an actual motion picture of African jungle, creating the further baffling illusion of a limitless forest stretching into the distance. The Klieg lights overhead cast an unreal blue brilliance, the sound-box hung suspended in mid-air, the big camera on its rubber-tired truck stood in readiness for Dennis Duffey's signal.

"This scene is how she meets the Lion Man," Mr. Ernst was explaining to his guests rapidly. "The idea is that Vera Nesbitt is going into the jungle all alone in search of her father, who's lost some place, and on the way it seems she is confronted by a lion. So just then the Lion Man drops out of the tree and lands beside her—we shot that scene this morning—and he throws a spear at the charging lion in the nick of time. This is where he throws the spear."

"Does he kill the lion?" a correspondent shuddered.

"No, it only hits that steel door in the side of the cage. They stop the camera just as he throws the spear, of course, and later they cut in a picture of a stuffed lion with the Lion Man sitting on top." He pointed at a corner of the set. "That's him now, talking to Dennis Duffey."

Jimmy Larson, stripped to the buff save for a leopard-skin fastened about his middle, leaned negligently on his spear. His handsome body was smeared with bronze grease-paint from head to foot, and the highlights gleamed on his powerful biceps and the big, knotted muscles of his shoulders and back. Beside him Dennis Duffey, in yellow plus-fours and a yellow turtle-neck sweater, stood on lanky legs like a strange jungle bird and waved his long, loose arms vaguely. Jimmy nodded, broke off a piece of trailing vine and chewed it matter-of-factly.

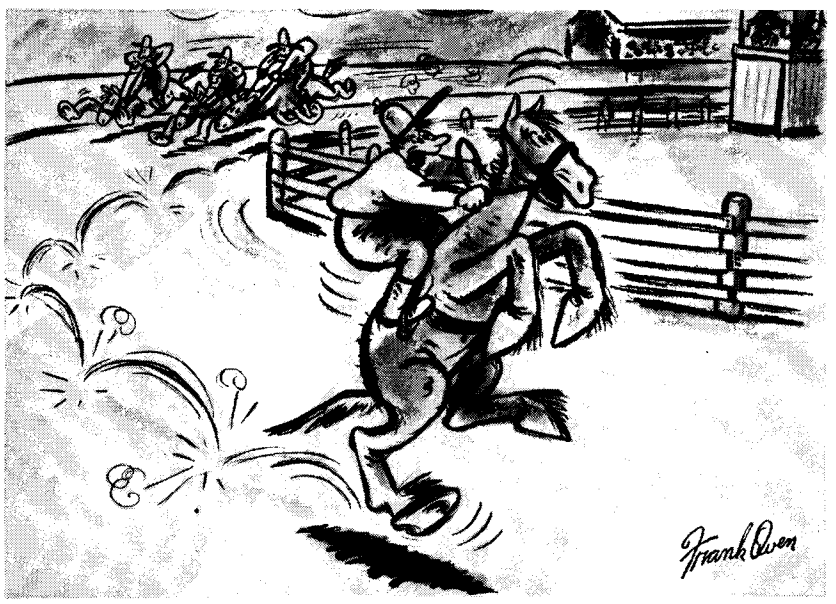
Dennis Duffey cocked his head, made a rectangular frame of his fingers, and peered through it critically. He shook his head, beckoned to Vera Nesbitt in khaki shorts and a slouch campaign hat, and stationed her at the base of the tree behind Jimmy. He arranged Jimmy's arm with spear poised in the air, gave a last look, and seemed satisfied. He signaled to the camera man.

"Lock 'em up," called an assistant. The sliding doors closed. The warning bell rang. The set became very still.

In front of the camera Agnes crouched out of sight behind a prop palm, holding her breath anxiously and blinking in the glare of the lights overhead. Her heart was beating unaccountably. She watched Dennis Duffey stride past her and take his position behind the camera, and then she fastened her eyes again imploringly on the bronzed and heroic figure of Jimmy Larson, a stray lock of tow hair looping over his temple, his brown legs planted solidly, his spear grasped in one hand. It didn't matter now, the things he had said to her. He had to make good. He had to. Her lips moved silently. "Come on, Jimmy," she breathed. "You can do it. . . ."

"LIGHTS!" The sudden full brilliance was almost blinding. "Action! *Camera!*"

The camera turned. Jimmy braced himself and drew back his arm confidently. Vera Nesbitt cowered behind him in simulated terror. At a prod from Colonel Hathorne's stick, the lion bounded forward with an angry roar. Jimmy pranced two steps toward it, rose on his toes, and hurled the spear.



"I kept sayin', them oats they was feedin' you was fermented!"

Frank Owen

In the javelin event, according to the official dictum of the Track and Rules Committee of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, the merits of the throw depend upon the distance which the contestant achieves, rather than the accuracy of his aim. It is perhaps a minor point; but it is one which had been overlooked entirely by the best minds of the Majestic-Kessler Studios. Jimmy's form was superb, the power behind his throw was worthy of an Olympic champion. Only his direction was not quite sure. The heavy spear, quitting his hand, hurtled with admirable speed across the narrow space toward the steel door. With diabolic accuracy it smacked the padlock in the exact center.

The padlock burst. The door shuddered and then flung outward with the impact. The charging lion, bounding dutifully across the cage, leaped on through the opened door and continued to charge toward Jimmy.

In the next split second, Agnes was conscious vaguely that a great many things had happened at once. Screams, pandemonium, profanity, the crashing of overturned chairs filled the building. Dennis Duffey leaped in the air like a gibbon and twined his ankles safely around a rafter; Mr. Boomer's priest-like calm exploded in a mighty oath; Vera Nesbitt dived head first through a canvas backdrop. Agnes saw none of this. She only saw Jimmy leap backwards in mortal terror, trip over the tangled roots of the banyan tree, lose his balance, and grab for a hidden light fixture as he fell. The light fixture descended with a thud upon his head. He sank quietly to his haunches and onto his back, and lay inert in the path of the lion.

AGNES could not remember later how she had crossed the set. One moment she was crouching over Jimmy anxiously; the next moment a roar behind her brought her to her feet, and she whirled to look directly into the eyes of the lion, halted within a few feet of her, swishing its tail and growling menacingly.

She stared at the lion. There was nothing else that she could do. Her legs were hollow, and every ounce of strength had gone out of them. She continued to stare hypnotized, her glazed eyes quite calm and steady. She was past the point of terror. She simply looked at the lion; and presently the lion shifted uneasily. She could not have taken her eyes from it now if she had tried. Under her calm and steady gaze, the lion began to look a little crestfallen. Its expression fell, its shoulders drooped, it shrugged uneasily; then it lifted one paw, placed it behind the other, lifted that paw and placed it behind the first. It moved backward from her, step by step. She continued to stare very steadily. It continued to back slowly, looking slightly sheepish; back, step by step, to the steel door; back through the open door into its cage again.

Colonel Hathorne slammed the steel door.

" . . . so you won't mention this to anyone, Lou?" asked Colonel Hathorne anxiously. He was seated in Lou Ernst's office the following day, stroking his white mustaches nervously. "I'd lose all my business if they ever found out."

Lou Ernst ripped a typed sheet of yellow paper from his machine, crumpled it impatiently, and rammed another into the carriage.

"I done my best to get them a ferocious lion yesterday," continued the colonel. "It wasn't my fault it got sick the last minute, and I had to use that old one instead. I had to borrow it from the children," he sighed. "It's really just a pet we keep for the baby."

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"That's all right," said Lou, his fingers racing over the keys. "I won't say nothing."

"By the way," inquired the colonel, "how's the Lion Man? He got knocked out."

"He's still out," said Lou unconcernedly. "Out on his whoosis. They give him the gate yesterday. We had a big conference up in Mr. Kessler's office, after the scene was over, and they paid Jimmy off and give him his railroad ticket back to Minnesota. They're going to call the picture 'Lion Girl.'"

"'Lion Girl'?"

"They're going to sign up Agnes for the lead. It was Mr. Boomer's idea," said Lou, typing busily. "They figured they might as well use all the free publicity they got in the papers. Did you see the newspapers this morning?" he grinned.

He indicated the scare-head streamers across the tops of the papers: "Unknown Girl Saves Studio as Lion Goes on Rampage." "Lone Waitress Stares Down Jungle Killer." A photograph of Agnes, looking rather flustered, stared from the center of the front page. "She's coming here to sign the contracts," explained Lou, indicating the familiar quill pen, the dummy contract, the camera in a corner. "I'm typing out the statement now for the afternoon papers."

MR. BOOMER stuck his head in the door. "Is Agnes here yet?"

Lou shook his head.

"She's late," Mr. Boomer accused them both. He strolled into the office and glanced over Lou's shoulder. "Have you written the caption, Lou?"

Lou Ernst pulled the sheet wearily out of his typewriter. "'Majestic Signs Lion Girl,'" he read, blinking through the coiling smoke of his cigarette. "'Agnes Connolly, Heroine of Studio Rescue, Puts Signature to Majestic Contract in Presence of Merton L. Boomer, Brilliant Executive Who Discovered Her.'" He looked up mildly. "This time I thought I'd try 'brilliant.'"

"Ah got a great story for her," said Mr. Boomer. "She's the long-lost daughter of an English duke and she has this strange power to stare down the savage beasts—" He looked out of the window. "Here she comes."

Agnes entered the room quietly, wearing a hat and coat. Jimmy, his long hair freshly trimmed, stood behind her, holding a suitcase. She nodded soberly to Mr. Boomer. "I'm sorry, Mr. Boomer. I've decided not to go into the movies."

Mr. Boomer half rose in surprise, and passed his hand distractedly over his bald head. In the past twenty-four hours his priest-like calm had taken a decided beating.

"I'm going back to Minnesota with Jimmy Larson," she said casually. "We were married this morning. We're going to buy a farm with the money he made."

"But—you can't do that!" Mr. Boomer licked his lips. "Think of the studio. Think of your career."

"I'd rather be with Jimmy."

"That's all right," Mr. Boomer pleaded. "We'll give him a part in the picture, too. We'll give contracts to both of you. We'll double your salary—"

For a moment Jimmy hesitated and looked at her. "I wonder, Aggie. What do you think, dear?"

She turned and stared at him. It was a calm and steady gaze; and under it Jimmy shifted uneasily. His expression fell, his shoulders drooped, he lifted one foot, placed it behind the other, and backed slowly through the door. Agnes turned. The door shut quietly behind them.

Lou Ernst lit another cigarette. "He came in like a lion," he observed pleasantly, "but he sure went out like a lamb."

Guy à la Mode

Continued from page 29

when you go shopping. You will find that comfort is the bedrock of the new American male fashions. And yet you will not have to be reassured that you aren't a sissy if you wear bright things. Color has crept upon us: first in pajamas and bathrobes, shown behind the counters in dim light; and you sneaked out with a guilty look and hid the package for days from your wife, not daring to open it. Well, you'll be plenty set up when you see the summer colors. The hosiery, neckwear, and shirt counters; the belt, suspender, and garter trays; and even the hat corner, where you could always find safety from pastel shades, look as though a rainbow melted over them. You'll like it when you get used to it. It is just what you are subconsciously craving.

The idea is that color is an outlet for the weariness bred in you by the depression. Men are turning to colors for cheer. Automobile dealers tell me factories cannot send through fast enough the sport models of bright hue, whilst conventional dark cars moon unnoticed on the showroom floors. One foremost authority on fashion told me he has traced back through several centuries the relation between economic depressions and costume, and found a turning to color in clothes always a sign that a depression has ended.

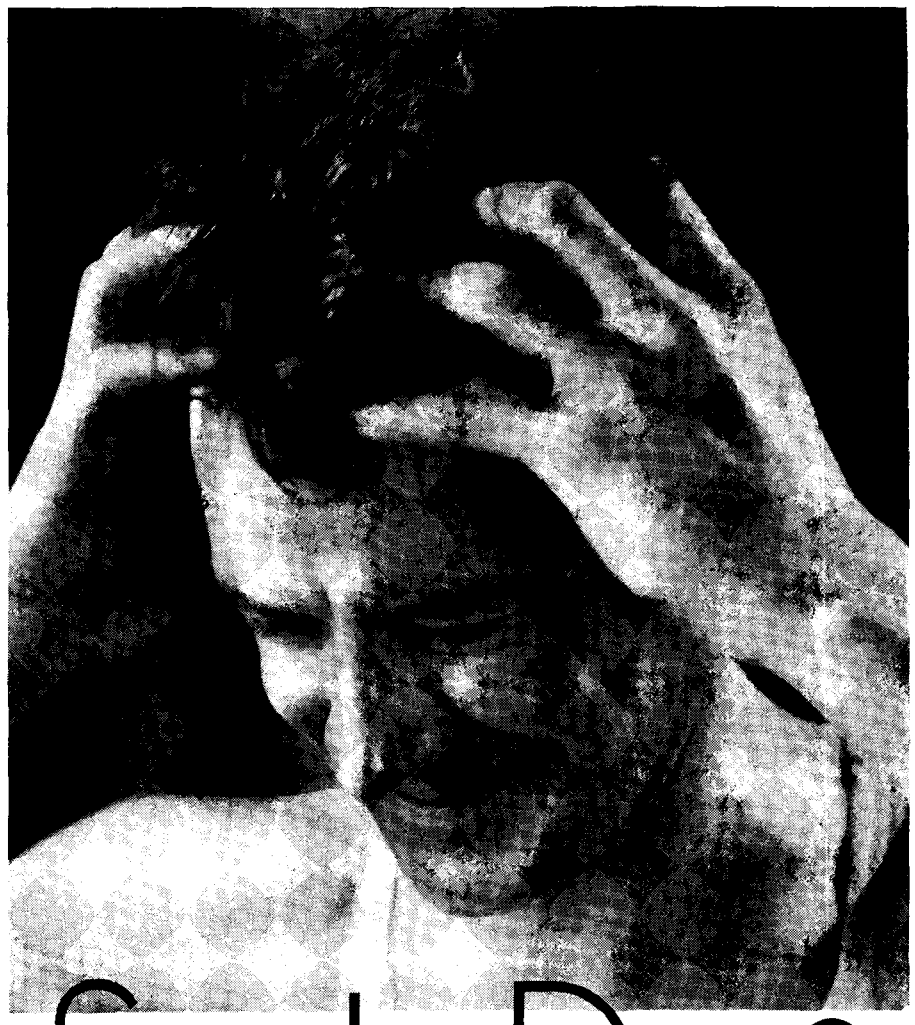
The depression has had another influence, quite as important. But it is a hard and bitter and unlovely one. Competition for jobs has become cutthroat keen and has placed a premium on appearance. Like it or not, you will have to admit that the average employer is influenced, in filling the average job, by externals as much as by subtler mental values. You can, of course, be threadbare but neat. But it is sadly true that it is more difficult for the man to make the clothes than for the clothes to make the man.

The Return of the Swallowtail

This, closely, is why the stiff collar—lower, and as comfortable as the old-fashioned one was agonizing—is coming back for business wear; and, remotely, it is why the swallowtail coat is coming back. Fashion experts get real nasty when they talk of the tuxedo. It never was formal; it looked silly with the wing collar, and the topper; and sillier alongside the bare arms and back and let's say no more of a lovely girl in evening dress. The Prince of Wales put the tux crowd in their place when he showed up its true informal nature by wearing a soft turn-down collar with it—so there!

Anyhow, leave your wife at home when you go shopping for your summer wardrobe. Certain stylists for men believe that women's inferiority complexes have been responsible for the drabness of male attire up to now. Long ago some keen woman—who had observed that in nature it is the male who dresses gaudily and thus intimidates the colorless little female—thought she could neutralize her husband's domination if she could wheedle him into giving his

(Continued on page 40)



Scalp Dry? The answer is at your finger tips

Dry Scalp is an indication that the tiny glands at the roots of the hair are not functioning properly, the hair is not getting ample nourishment. Two things are needed to correct this condition: *Exercise*, to stimulate the lazy glands to work more vigorously, and a *Tonic* to supplement the natural oils which are lacking. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments supply both of these needs. Use it generously on the scalp and hair before every shampoo, massaging gently but firmly with the finger tips until the scalp tingles, and feels "alive." If you can leave the Tonic on the hair overnight, so much the better. You'll find it helpful, too, to massage a very little Tonic into the scalp between shampoos. It counteracts dry scalp, prevents dandruff, keeps the hair healthy and well-groomed. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

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(Continued from page 39)

pretty head-feathers to her. And that is why eighty per cent of the clothes worn by American men today are bought by or under the direct supervision of their mammas—biological, conjugal, or sinful. So, buy on your own two feet, you worm.

The snappiest things that will adorn your manly carcass this summer got started toward your neighborhood store from Miami or Palm Beach last winter. Although you may never have met Mr. Tony Biddle, of the Philadelphia Biddles and Drexels—the four hundred Biddles and Drexels, not the common, or telephone directory, variety—socially or otherwise he is perhaps responsible for the Indian madras cravat, with tobacco pouch to match, and the tubular belt of choice white calfskin that you will wear when you take your two weeks' vacation. The creation, acceptance, and distribution of American men's fashions have set into a technique, and Tony Biddle is one of the famous group of smart dressers—including E. W. Hutton, B. L. Taylor, Jr., Milton W. Holden, Joseph E. Widener and your reporter—which is at its fountainhead.

If you want to be dazzled you can usually see me and Tony and Joe and the boys hanging around the Bath and Tennis Club at Palm Beach. The designer takes his hottest brain-child to Florida. If it strikes the fancy of Tony or one of his playmates it is hustled to Princeton and New Haven.

Our Critical Colleges

Princeton and Yale alone are the fashion proving grounds for the mass taste of the country. Princeton, especially, has been serious about clothes ever since the Coolidge episode. It spends $150 more per capita on them than any other college. It is a school patronized by the sons of our gentry rather than by the sons of our rich. Yale, second in rank as a dressing station, is the outstanding refuge for the overmoneyed. There is no third. Once a midwest tailor tried to shame Ohio State out of fashion subservience. There was great enthusiasm; bonfires, and 'rah for Ohio State fashions. Then the college went to Princeton for a football game and came home with its face red—and its pockets filled with order blanks on the tailors who make those Princeton duds.

Princeton and Yale do not always take to the ideas fetched up from the South. If they do, however, the first great impetus comes at Easter vacation, when the Princetons and the Yales disperse throughout the land. In their home towns they are looked over by the less fortunate friends who had to be satisfied with a state university. The next time these go to a store they demand the same things they saw on the privileged Easterners. White shantung ties are worn, for instance, in Princeton and Yale in April; by June they are in chain stores all over the land.

If you want to get your panties free of charge, win a couple of national golf tournaments or swim to the Canary Islands, or get a job as Janet Gaynor's leading man. The mechanics of speeding up acceptance of a Palm Beach and Princeton smash make generous use of public Adonises. The sports-goods folks will send a pair of virgin beach pajamas to John Barrymore or Reg Denny, who will show them off at Malibu and wear them in their next pictures. Other stars follow. And you won't rest until you knock the gals dead with the same thing in Nantucket.

Johnny Weismuller, Olympic swim champ, is employed to appear in new bathing trunks, the idea being that after you've seen him you will appraise your own magnificent torso in the bathroom mirror, then rush to a store and cry, "Gimme a pair of them things Tarzan's got on—if he kin, I kin." You have seen handsome Johnny Farrell, the golfer, pictured in the gravure sections wearing the latest in golf togs and referred to as the "best-dressed golfer." Thus, styles are imposed upon you and me.

How to Cheat Yourself

Watch out, however, for the difference between fair prices and cheap ones. You can get a good quality suit, for instance, for about twenty-five dollars. It will be the biggest twenty-five dollars' worth of style, tailoring and material you have had in years; and it will be an authentic copy of a model for which someone paid plenty more. Or you can get a good quality of socks for as little as thirty-five cents. If, however, you buy the nineteen-cent socks or shorts, or the sixty-nine-cent shirts with which mushroom stores are jammed these days, you will be getting what the trade calls slodge. Prison-labor stuff, sweatshop products; skimped in size, lied about as to material, wrung out of the life sweat of poor wretches.

How can you tell whether you are getting good values in clothes—from suits to belts, hats to socks and underwear, collars to garters, pajamas to bathrobes? You cannot. You must buy blindly. Only an expert could tell over the counter. Your only protection, the obvious one, lies in faithfulness to the standardized and well-known trademarks.

While color is the most interesting development in men's fashions—just a hint: in 1931 fifty per cent of men's suits were plain; this year only twenty per cent are lacking in patterns or deviation from dark shades—there are distinctive innovations where you would least expect them. One thoughtful maker, his æsthetic sensibilities appalled with the picture made by bawdy fellows who carelessly leave off their undershirts when they wear shorts, has figured out a combination undershirt and overshirt. The day seems nearer when all our clothes will be in one piece, and we all can slide out of bed and into a full outfit, including overcoat and galoshes, like firemen.

Don't say your dude reporter didn't post you about this matter of control of shrinkage that has been achieved in shirtings and other similar materials. It is no longer necessary for you to buy a shirt with the collar large enough for you to carry a spare pair of shoes in it when it is new, and so reduced after three launderings that you can't get it buttoned unless you file off your Adam's apple. The shrinkage-control process is a boon in underwear, too. You won't be hamstrung by your drawers on hot days this summer. By the way, I wonder if we Americans appreciate American underwear. Did you ever try to buy a union suit in Grenoble or in Munich? Even in Paris you must go to the English shops, and pay dearly, to avoid the Inquisition torture-chamber devices the French call underwear. And in Germany, after you have compromised on a pair of *unterhosen*, you must pack your thighs into them like twin sausages. Your reporter has a plan whereby the war fevers of Europe may be cooled for at least two generations. Let the League of Nations persuade the Nazis and the French reservists to hold joint maneuvers in their underwear.

You won't find much change in hats. There will be pastel shades—and, in caps, reserved gayety. But a change in hat style is a matter of generations. No one foresees the next. The last, of course, was from the derby to the fedora. Less than two per cent of American hats today are derbies. Brown and blue will be the predominating colors this year, where gray was two seasons ago; and the average size of the Yankee skull will be the same as always—Number 7.

"Whar do ye want yer mail forwarded to, Eben?" *Jay Irving*

The handy little béret doesn't seem to take on here, somehow. Americans seem to prefer to wear a soft hat, or to go hatless. The latter trend, by the way, is dying, according to the relieved hat makers. It made deadly inroads into their business in the past—hundreds of thousands of dozens of hats a year. In the South and West men with hats on the streets were in the minority. Now there is a reaction. Hat men attribute this to realization that style demands a crowning glory, and to fear that hatlessness through all sorts of weather causes hair loss. Your despairing reporter has experimented with and without, and still his hair falls out.

In socks, of course, fashion remains static. I can't imagine what a change in sock style would consist of, unless there were to be individual toe compartments, or perhaps no feet in the hose. In pattern, in style, and in colors, of course, the sock market resembles the flower market and even the barber-shop-pole market; and this year I hope to be able to achieve deliberately what I have sometimes done accidentally in the past—wear, at once, two socks of different color and design and still be in style.

The things done with colors and materials and designs in belts, suspenders, pajamas, garters, and similar accessories will have you agog, dearie—I mean, buddy. The idea that these are things to be worn secretively is in the fashion ash can. More and more exposure is the word in braces. These are so sporty, so good-looking, and fit into your scheme so nicely, that you'll find yourself walking with your coat over your arm every chance you get. Suspenders displayed in public, in offices, will get arch looks from the gals where once they got warnings from the boss.

The color riot has spread to shoes, and to the popular tropical-weight suits. You can go to the office, white from scalp to soles this summer, even if you won't go home as pure. But it won't matter, for everything will be as washable as your face. You might even take a bath, scrub yourself all over, with your evening clothes on and the damage, if any, would not be to the clothes. For you may get a whole dinner outfit in the tropical stuff. The mess jacket is of white; an adaptation of the British Indian uniform. It has been seized upon by the Princeton lads for cruise and country-club wear. The manufacturers fixed up a nice vest to go with it, but the college boys said nix and wore the cummerbund instead. A cummerbund is a waist-sash of silk. Black cummerbunds are most commonly worn, but brighter colors are available for the giddy.

Leave Your Shirt at Home

But it is when you get to the beach, or the ole creek swimming hole, and take off your shirt that you will be adding your fist to the greatest modern blow for emancipation of the male from the gall and wormwood of unnecessary clothing. You will not be embarrassed by isolation. Millions of American men are going to swim right out in public unfettered by anything more than trunks this summer. No one who swims at a private club, or even a semi-public strand, wherever he lives, will be told to go home or policeman spank. On the public beaches along the whole Pacific Coast last summer the only men who felt out of place were the die-hard few who kept on their shirts. This summer it is expected that California babies will cry, as at a prehistoric bird, when they see a man with a swimming shirt. Along the Gulf, trunks alone are permitted; and through the Midwest, along the Great Lakes, even on the municipal beach of Chicago, your deportment will speak louder, or softer, than your shirt. Now, I am not one who pines to see Coney Island go shirtless overnight; that is one of the epic changes we have to grow used to by circumspect degrees. Yet shirtless swimming became inevitable with the education of the public in the health value of sunlight and sun-tan.

Overexposure to the sun has its dangers, too; so the trunk manufacturers will still make shirts for us to keep handy as we sit around. All except those men who have alligator hides will prefer to be cooked gradually. The newest trunks, especially designed for shirtless bathing, are far more decent in their honest exposure than the extremely cut shirts one has seen too often. One of the most appealing, as we fashion experts say, of the new trunks is high-waisted. It snuggles over the small of your back to protect your old kidneys from lumbago and other ailments borne on the deceitful summer breezes; and it has a built-in athletic supporter.

Shirtless bathing may be a step toward nudism; and it may represent the furthest nude the American man will go. I shall advise you more authoritatively about this ten years hence.

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Holding the Bag

Continued from page 22

a novice caddy I made up my mind to avoid her in the future. But she tipped me generously, so the next time she came out I went along. She began to ask the caddy master for "her caddy," meaning me. She always played alone.

Soon I got on to what she was trying to do, because gossip quickly gets around a club. A chap who caddied for her husband told me that while she and her husband lived together they never talked to each other; the husband, in fact, played golf occasionally with another lady belonging to the club whenever he could pry himself away from his favorite foursome.

A Duffer's Luck

I came to pity that poor woman, for I got a glimpse of the other woman out on the course and she was slim and attractive. My girl friend—as the other caddies called her—would perspire up and down the hilly course, determined to get somewhere at the game. And I helped her all I could, correcting the faults I noticed in her play and giving her the benefit of whatever little I knew about the game. This went on for several weeks; then she began to change. She didn't puff or perspire. She had been making her diet meet her new exercise on the links, and together they showed marked improvement in her figure.

"Do you think," she asked me one day when she had actually broken a hundred—playing from the back tees, not the women's tees—"that I can play as good a game as Mrs. So-and-so, now?"

"I'll bet money on it," I told her.

She smiled—a bit grimly, I thought. But she went after this Mrs. So-and-so, who was reluctant, but consented to play her. My girl friend won by three strokes, and when I told her that I'd bet five dollars on her—she overwhelmed me by giving me a present of fifty dollars.

The next time I went out with her was to caddy for her in a foursome that included her husband, and I soon pieced the story together. She had been a stay-at-home wife until her husband's growing golf romance had got her goat, and she set out to upset it by becoming a competent player herself. Love finds a way.

I've seen that often. There was a blond beauty in our club who generally played with her father, a crusty old gent who was one of the club's founders and so had the privilege of going around with a permanent grouch. She had too many admirers off the course, so the old man discouraged any of them on the course. This stirred up the bachelor golfers. In the first place, she had good looks in plenty without considering the fact that Father was rich enough to employ two chauffeurs. Secondly, she was a good player and a good sport—because when the slow old gent tied up a hole on Saturdays or Sundays she always insisted on letting the players behind them come through. You'd see the old man squatting beside the green, scowling over a cheroot—but she'd be pleasantly smiling.

Her father became ill one summer, and several times she played alone—until the boys started making bids for her company. Of course, she couldn't refuse to play when invited. I caddied for some of the lads among our best players that she consented to go around the course with. They might just as well have been playing on a glacier for all the progress they made. She politely applauded their best shots—and they made many fine ones under the inspiration of her presence—but her car always met her at the road beyond the home green.

There was a nice fellow who couldn't play worth a rap—about the best-tempered, best-looking dub at the club. But if he was a dub at golf that didn't hold in romance. As I caddied for him while he played a lone practice round one morning, he suddenly said:

"I want you to get a match with Miss Gailor." That was the beauteous blonde's name.

"I'm no match-maker," I told him.

He said no more. Three days later he called for me to caddy for him just about ten minutes after the blonde had gone out with another chap. Of course he moved fast, although he dubbed frightfully. I gave him thirty strokes on the first three holes, and that was being kind. At the fourth he stepped right up when the girl and her partner had driven.

"May I join you?" he asked.

The girl beamed—the guy looked as though the next time he swung a club it would be at the intruder's head. That was a merry round with the two gentlemen glaring at each other, both smiling for the girl and the girl smiling at both.

My man was a terrible dub. The other chap was a good player. The dub didn't care. When they came to the last hole they'd used up all the hate they had for each other in mental murder. The good player suggested they play the hole out for the drinks.

"Why not for real money?" said my man.

"How much?" he was asked. My man said one hundred dollars—and only took two strokes on a long 500-yarder. Of course he lost after chopping the fairway to pieces. He paid the bet right there.

"It was worth it," he said, "to play with Miss Gailor."

That sounded like hokum. It was. But I observed that the next time Miss Gailor went out, my man was her partner—and many times thereafter. His game never improved. His standing with Miss Gailor did. Before the season was out they were engaged, and I heard her tell something about that to a girl guest she played with—one I caddied for.

"He's an awful golfer," she said about her fiancé. "But Father's an expert and one good player in any family is all it can support."

Gambling on the Green

This lucky bridegroom's gamble was a smart loss. As a caddy sees golf, gambling isn't smart at all—unless it's for moderate stakes. It invariably results in bad feeling—in the long run. Caddies themselves are usually the most persistent gamblers on the course, especially colored caddies. There's a darky lad at our club, an eagle-eye for finding lost balls. But he never steps out with a bag that he doesn't bet his entire fee during the round. Even if he's carrying for an utter dub, he'll bet that the dub makes some shot—and he names his odds. I've seen him work a week for nothing because of these bets. He won't take his caddy fee and shoot craps at the caddy house.

"There's more fun betting on the players," he says. "And in the long run I win on the game because I always bet that a dub's seventh shot is going to be

(Continued on page 42)

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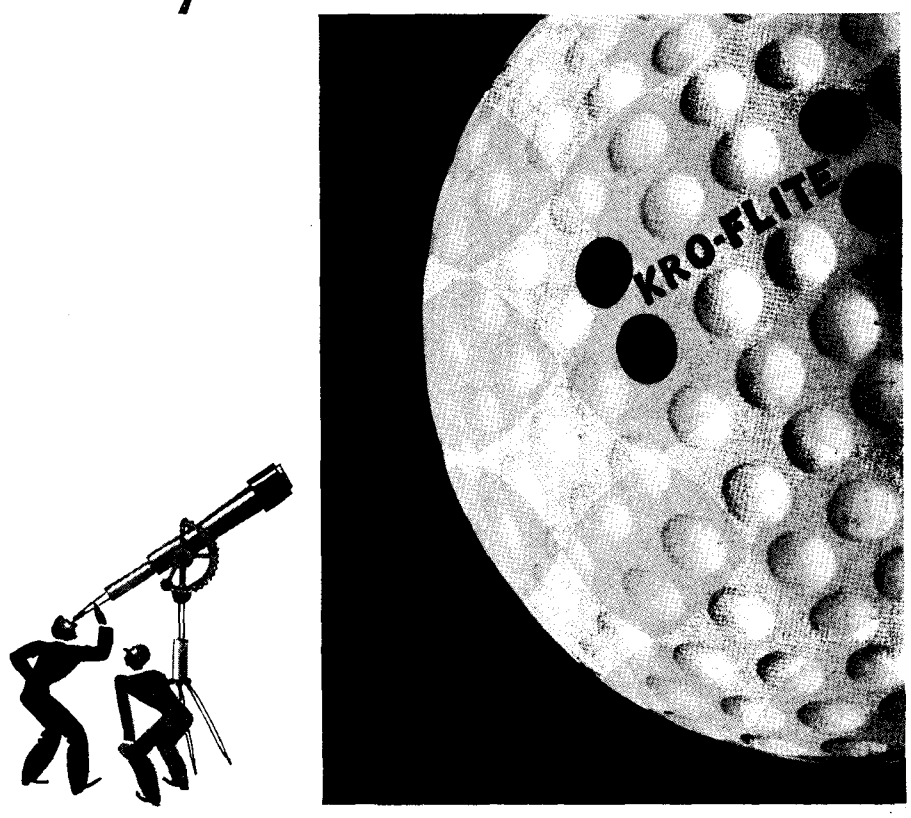

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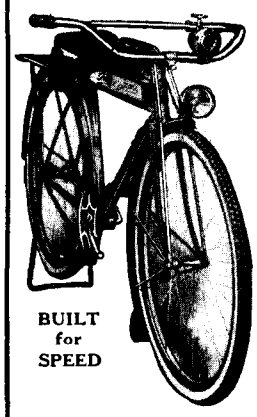

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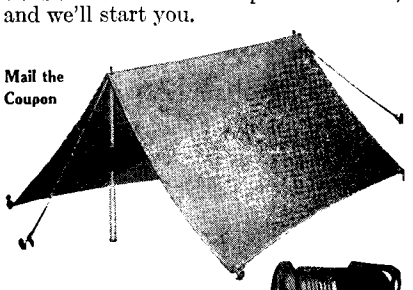

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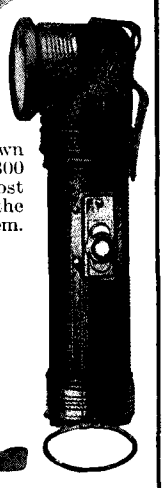

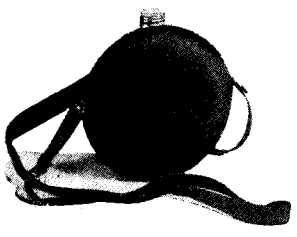

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(Continued from page 41)

a good one. Give him six bad ones in a row and bet he'll make the seventh. That's how I work it."

A superstition; but golf caddies develop superstitions because so many players are superstitious—especially women. With superstition and incivility when they're playing for money, women cause a caddy more earaches and heartaches than men.

I've known a women's foursome to quit instantly on the second fairway when a stray black cat crossed in a hunt for field mice. And when they bet, the ladies are hard-boiled. Their favorite bet is on the green, where women are, on the average, better golfers than men. Usually, it's a dime a stroke on the greens—that is, if Mrs. B. sinks her putt in two and Mrs. A. takes three, Mrs. A. owes Mrs. B. a dime.

I once had a Mrs. A. and a Mrs. B.—I carried both their bags, to save expenses for them. They wrangled so long on a green as to which had failed to count a putt—imagine that!—that the pro had to send word down to vacate that green for players behind.

Perhaps women prefer betting on the green because they don't believe one another's count on fairways and in the rough. They shouldn't, for I've caddied, year in and year out, for hundreds of women, and I've found only the competent players tell the truth about their score. Sometimes honest mistakes are made—but only sometimes. Good women players, like good men players, or men players who want to become competent, tell the truth about their scores because they know that if they lie they are only fooling themselves. That is, unless money is involved. And this I'll say, that I rarely have known any golf player, man or woman, to lie deliberately about a score when money actually depended on the count.

Forgotten Strokes

The most embarrassing experience I ever had on the course was from one such case. He was a guest, joining with another guest to make a foursome with two club veterans who always played for blood. They started out at a dollar a hole, but with kidding that increased stakes they had reached twenty-five dollars a hole on the turn in for the last nine. This man I had was a sound player; but tense and overly watchful of his opposing team's strokes—and that's a sure sign that a player isn't above putting one over himself if opportunity serves.

The pairs were tied at the seventeenth tee, so what do they do but jump the bet fifty dollars for that hole. Tied again, and they jumped it to one hundred for the last hole—and in the sway of competitive spirit hoisted that to $250.

On the long hole home my man "forgot" a stroke. But he was politely challenged when he sang out six—which won for his team.

"Six?" said the scorer, an opposing player.

"Why, yes," this chap flushed.

In the Money

The scorer, a veteran of our club, looked at me. I knew that he had counted our friend's strokes.

"Pardon me," I told my man. "It was seven, sir."

He turned white with rage.

"Are you trying to call me a liar?" he said.

"No," I said. "I counted seven—and didn't miss any."

That's the only time I was ever gypped out of a caddy fee by a player. I didn't go after him to the locker-room to collect it. I just didn't want his money.

Speaking, I hope, as a typical caddy, I'm a peace-loving young man. I've patched up even a domestic squabble on the course, for husbands and wives sometimes wrangle as much over golf as they fight over bridge. This couple I had—carrying double—came onto the first tee quarreling and kept it up for half a dozen holes until they gave me an earache. He was telling her how to make shots, which she resented, as everybody does. Then when he'd say nothing and she'd miss them, she'd bawl him out more violently.

Finally, I said: "Supposing you let me try to advise you both?"

That was agreeable, and I had both as steady customers until the lady had to miss a season to become the mother of a future golfer.

Although fantastic tips have dropped off since golf became more of a game and less of a ceremonial, it's a fine thing to follow as a caddy in summer, with plenty of exercise and fresh air, and a fair rate of pay. Carry twice a day on weekdays and you're two and a half dollars in; carry three or four times on Saturday, Sundays and holidays and you profit accordingly. And there's always the chance of a small windfall. One night I was leaving the caddy house after an unsatisfactory day when a big car filled with men in ordinary clothes rolled up. Twilight was over the course. One of the men said to me:

"Where's that big water-hole on this course?"

I didn't think of asking him if he was a member.

"Number fourteen," I said.

"Take us around there," he said.

It so happened that you could drive to the water-hole, or to within fifty yards of it. These boys climbed out of the car. They had a pair of drivers or brassies with them. They bet fifties and centuries on the proposition as to who could lift a ball over the water. I suppose three or four thousand dollars changed hands. The big winner gave me one hundred dollars—and they drove away. I learned afterward that they were racketeer lads who had hit upon this unique gambling game—obtaining some extra thrill by invading a private golf course for their demonstrations.

Why on earth anybody ever gives up caddying at a good course with the constant entertainment of seeing otherwise normal human beings toss clubs in the air, dance with rage, hurl balls in water, tear their hair and curse themselves and all things into perdition, just because they missed a stroke once or twice—why anybody gives up a front seat at human folly which he's paid to witness, I don't know. I never shall. Even if and when I get a good job, I'll spend my vacations caddying.

The Test of Good Manners

Seeing other people so easily lose their tempers has taught me to hold my own, and it's also taught me that the people who get the most out of the game are not those who play it best, but those who are at their best when they play it, that is, in good humor, knowing that it's just a game. When you lift your head at a crucial moment or make some other elemental mistake that costs you a stroke, you may make a fool of yourself, but the test of good manners—in golf or anything—is not to show it.

There's a classic caddy story of the smart-aleck caddy—and there are lots of them—who was caddying in Canada, for the Prince of Wales.

The Prince missed one and scooped a divot a foot long.

"Now," he said, "what'll I do with that?"

"Take it back to England to practice on," said the caddy.

The Prince laughed.

"And take you along to caddy on it," he said.

Once Upon a Time

Continued from page 15

and eager, altogether forgetting his pain.

'You're crazy," I said. "You've been reading too much." But I'll swear I was embarrassed and I left him quickly.

"He'll get over it," observed the mate when we talked the matter over later on. "I've been looking through the letters about him. Green, from some country town. Probably crammed himself full with a lot of romantic books."

"It's time he was grown up," I said irritably.

"Well," said the mate, and he lighted a cigarette and smoked sort of quickly, "you know, we all had a first voyage."

I looked at him quickly and he was sort of red but he went away before I had a chance to ask him what he meant.

What else can I say to make you understand Hayden? He was green, the greenest kid I ever sailed with. He was like a kid of six or seven. He said whatever he thought. Naïvely. He asked the queerest questions and seemed filled with all sorts of outlandish information about ships and salt water. I used to think at times it was a bit pathetic, and we all thought he was a little wrong in the head.

THE other apprentices made him the butt of the ship. The old stuff. They pulled on him every gag I'd ever heard of and a lot that had grown up since my time.

But Hayden never complained and never murmured. He seemed to live in a strange inward world of his own. Not even when the fo'c's'le made fun of him did he revolt, or even seem to know they were making fun. They would kid him along and make him talk about the sea and the strange, wonderful things that it contained. And when they would burst out roaring with laughter at the things he said he would only regard them with a sort of perplexed wonder. If there was a book on the sea he hadn't read I never heard of it. But the trouble was he believed them all.

As a sailor, he was hopeless. Willing enough, but awkward; one of those boys who seem to fall over every bucket left around and spill paint on every foot of newly holystoned deck. Still, you couldn't get angry with him, even if you did give him up. He was so eager to learn. But the very sight of him, after one or two incidents, was enough to drive the old man to a fury. We couldn't understand just why.

I remember one day on the bridge he found Hayden gazing over the rail and into a golden sunset. We were in the tropics, with the sea pea-green and glassy and the sky egg-shell blue toning into gold above the dying sun. Some

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whim of the old man's made him humorous, or at least what was humorous for him.

"What can you see, my boy?" he asked sarcastically. "Mermaids and sea serpents and the golden islands? And all the old ships sailing again?"

Hayden turned slowly and looked at him. He never seemed awed even by the old man, when this mood was upon him.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I can see them sometimes, I think. Have you ever seen them?"

The old man was quiet for a long moment. And then he swore.

"Get back to work, you fool!" I don't remember ever having seen him so angry. "That boy's out of his head!" he exploded to me a few moments later. "He needs a rope's end!"

YET Hayden must have got on his mind some way, for a week or so later when we were lying in port he had some guests on board for lunch. It was quite a lively affair, cocktails, whiskies, champagne and the like. And they were all sprawled out in deck chairs on the lower bridge afterwards, when it suddenly occurred to the old man to have Hayden up.

"I'll show you something good," he promised his guests. "We've got a young apprentice on board who thinks he's Drake or Ulysses. Crazy as a loon. . . . Here!" he called to me. "Send Hayden up."

I got hold of Hayden and brought him up, and, curious to see what happened, I hung around. The kid was quite a sight in his working clothes, dungarees all torn and stained, his face streaked with perspiration and dirt. But he seemed happy enough. I suppose he kept remembering he was a sailor. He was embarrassed at first but the old man made him drink a glass of champagne, and then another. And after that he led him on. What did he think the sea serpents were like? And the Flying Dutchman? And so on.

Maybe it was the champagne and maybe the kid just naturally felt the talk surge up inside him. It doesn't matter. He talked; his yellow hair flopping over his eyes at times and his voice soft, low and husky. When he faltered the old man egged him on. If there was a mad and crazy legend of the sea he didn't speak of I'll give a month's pay. He knew them all and it seemed he believed them all. And he'd never had a chance to talk at such length before. He even got excited, but maybe that was the champagne too. He was only fifteen.

The guests seemed a bit uncomfortable at first but presently they got interested, and some of them asked Hayden questions on their own. He held them, no question of that, and I'll swear there were times when I half believed the kid was right and all those queer things did go on at sea. I noticed the old man's face after a while. His slit of a mouth was open, his hard eyes small. There was a curious baffled expression about him and he seemed somehow angry deep down. He stopped the boy at last.

"So you came to sea to see all that?" he said sarcastically. "Well, that'll do." Hayden went away very slowly, staring wide-eyed and absently before him. One of the women blew her nose.

"I think I ought to cry," she said with a half-laugh. There was a little silence, and then the old man reached for the champagne bucket.

"Have another drink," he said. "The boy's crazy as a loon, like I told you." He noticed me then, standing around and listening. "Is that all you've got to do?" he blared. "Get off the bridge!"

It was several weeks later when the Prince Charlie caught fire. Something started burning in the forehold and it wasn't long before a definite trickle of smoke began to seep up through the hatch. We had a lot of perishable cargo in the shelter and 'tween decks, and the old man hated to start the hose over that. The stuff in the lower hold, where the fire seemed to be, was such as wouldn't be hurt by water and he thought perhaps we could get a hose down there without ripping out the upper cargo or dropping one haphazardly down a ventilator.

As a matter of fact, he was on the verge of giving orders to rip out the upper cargo anyway when the third mate said he'd try and get through a door we had set in the for'ard bulkhead, between the forepeak and Number One, and maybe he could get at the source of the trouble. It certainly didn't seem very much. A case of something or the other smoldering, we supposed.

Anyway, the third, who was a very thin and frail man, went ahead with his idea. In the Prince Charlie there were steel doors on each deck leading from the forepeak to the hold but they hadn't been opened for years. We had to use cold chisels and crowbars to pry the lower hold door loose, and the third mate, who had a remarkable memory, was right in his statement: there was a narrow passageway in the cargo right opposite the doorway. He recalled leaving it there when we loaded. It wasn't much of a passageway, just a space left between two tiers of cases held rigidly apart by short pieces of two-by-fours. But it was enough for the third.

He started in on his hands and knees, dragging a limp hose with him and holding a flashlamp in his free hand. We were due in port in two days and it seemed reasonable enough to suppose we could check the fire for that length of time and so save a lot of work, damage and confusion.

Anyway, the third mate went in and about five minutes later he yelled back he'd located the source of the trouble and to turn the hose on. He'd hardly got the words out of his mouth when there was a muffled explosion, and a lot of smoke shot back into the forepeak and made us all cough. And when that had passed away we heard the third mate groaning.

"He's hurt," said the old man. "Drag him out."

WE HAULED on the hose but it came out slack, and *there* was a problem. The third was in there, hurt, and there was not a soul on the ship that could get to him, because not a soul on the ship we could think of offhand was small enough to navigate that passageway between the cargo.

"We'll have to rip her out from above," said the old man decisively.

"But I can get in there, sir," said young Hayden then, very earnestly, and the old man looked at him. A crowd of us were standing on the steel deck there in the forepeak, a few hurricane lamps smoking about us to help out an electric cluster, and the noise of the sea washing outside the thin steel hull. We all looked at Hayden and we saw he was right. He could get through. He was thin enough and small enough.

"Nonsense, boy," said the old man. "It's a man's job."

"I could take a line in and tie it about him, sir," said Hayden eagerly. The old man hesitated.

"The third'll be likely dead if we wait to rip the upper deck cargo out," said the mate. I nodded. The old man bit his lip and then shrugged.

"Yes, you might as well earn your keep," he said grimly to Hayden. "Give him a heaving line."

Someone found a heaving line and Hayden took off his jacket. He was quivering all over and tremendously excited. It was his chance to do something no one else could do, and he certainly wasn't afraid. I don't know what he was thinking of in those tight moments, but I'll make a guess it was about Drake or Nelson or some other such stuff. Being what he was he couldn't be thinking of anything else. This was simply one of the books coming true for him. He got hold of the heaving line and started down the passageway and the old man said, "Put a bowline under his arms and steer him out."

And Hayden said, "Yes, sir!" with a sort of whimper of delight. And down that bitter black passageway he went while we watched him, standing in the stinking forepeak, hearing the bilge wash around below us, the sea wash around outside, the hurricane lamps shining on our tense faces and the old man standing there with his granite jaw thrust out, impassive as a tombstone.

HAYDEN found the third all right and made fast the line. And we started to haul the third out when there was another muffled explosion and another gust of foul smoke drove back on us. Whatever caused the explosions we never did find out, save that two of the cargo cases seemed to have been so filled with gas they just naturally burst. Anyway, we hauled on the heaving line and we got the third mate. He was badly hurt but not so badly as young Hayden, who was hanging on to the third's feet with both hands. The third was more suffocated than anything else but Hayden had got a piece of packing case through his side, under his heart, and the blood was pumping out.

Some of the men hoisted the third on deck but even I knew that that would be a waste of time for Hayden. The old man went down on one knee and took his head in the crook of his arm and wiped the blood from his mouth with his handkerchief. Hayden opened his big gray eyes and laughed a little. Yes, he laughed. And then he was very quiet, his head against the old man's shoulder.

"There isn't any use," he said suddenly. "I know." He reached up and touched the old man's cheek, a curious sort of gesture, and he was still for a long time and no one spoke. Then he whispered, all husky and with the blood frothing from his lips.

"I would like to see them . . . really . . . golden islands . . . and the albatross . . . and the old ships on midsummer's night . . . and everything. . . ." He stopped and coughed. And he seemed to think for a while. Then he stirred and looked up at the old man, all eager as if his strength had come back. "Have you ever seen them, sir? . . . Really seen . . . ?"

To Bat Trelawney, mind. "Have you ever seen them, sir?" I coughed and kicked at an old tarpaulin lying near by and the mate made a little funny noise. But the old man didn't notice us. He looked strange. His slit of a mouth was smiling and there was something in his eyes I can't explain.

"Yes," he said slowly. "I've seen them, boy. I've seen them all."

"I thought you must have," whispered Hayden, and he gave a sort of sigh as if some worrying half-doubt had been at last allayed.

And he died.

The old man said nothing for a very long time and not one of us in the forepeak spoke either. The old man knelt there with Hayden, sort of rocking back and forth, and queerly enough none of us thought it strange.

"I saw them all, too," said the old man at last, very gently. "I saw them all too . . . on my first voyage."

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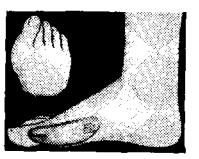

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Fu Manchu's Bride

Continued from page 19

all the same they have been sighted again! They are still on their original *course*."

"Who sends the report?" asked Nayland Smith.

"An American freighter."

"The airplanes are strangely silent."

"We must be patient. Only two planes have been dispatched; they are looking also for a submarine, and there are many miles of sea to search."

He took the glasses. Nayland Smith, hands thrust in his pockets, stared straight ahead.

The destroyer leaped and quivered under the lash of her merciless engines, a living, feverish thing. And this reflection crossed my mind: that the Chinese doctor, wherever he might be at that moment, was indeed a superman; for he is no ordinary criminal against whom warships are sent out. . . .

ANOTHER message was brought to the bridge; this one from a flying officer. The Lola was laid-to, less than five miles off and nearly dead on our course!

"What does this mean?" rapped Nayland Smith. "I don't like it a bit."

I was staring ahead, straining my eyes to pierce the distance. . . . And now, a speck on the skyline, I saw an airplane flying toward us.

"Coming back to pilot us," said the commander. "They know the game is up!"

A further message arrived. The Lola was putting a launch off at the time that the airman had headed back to find us. No submarine had been sighted.

"By heavens!" cried Nayland Smith, "I was right. His underwater craft *is* waiting for him in the event of just such an emergency as this! Instruct the plane to hurry back!"

The order was dispatched. . . .

I saw the pilot bank, go about and set off again on a course slightly westward of our own.

The commander spoke a few more orders rapidly and we crept into line behind the swiftly disappearing airman.

We must have been making thirty-five knots or more, for it was only a matter of minutes before I saw the yacht—dead ahead.

"The launch is putting back!" said Nayland Smith. "Look!"

The little craft was just swinging around the stern of the yacht! And now we were so near that I could see the lines of the Lola, a beautiful white and silver ship, with a low, graceful hull and one squat, yellow funnel, with a silver band.

"By heavens," I shouted, "we're in time!"

The naval air pilot was circling now above the yacht. That the submarine was somewhere in the neighborhood it seemed reasonable to suppose, unless it had been the purpose of the launch's crew to head back for shore: a possibility. But no indication of an underwater craft disturbed the blue mirror of the Mediterranean.

The commander of the destroyer rang to stop his engines.

WE WATCHED the launch return to the ladder of the yacht and saw her crew mount. The launch was already creeping up to her davits when the boat from the destroyer reached the ladder.

A lieutenant led with an armed party, Nayland Smith followed, then came the French police; and I brought up the rear.

A smart-looking officer—Portuguese, I thought—took the lieutenant's salute as he stepped on deck. Never, I think, in the experiences which had come to me since I had found myself within the zone of the Chinese doctor, had I been conscious of quite that sense of pent-up, overpowering emotion which claimed me at this moment.

Fleurette! Petrie! Were they here?

The sea looked like a vast panel which some Titan craftsman had covered with blue enamel, and the French warship might have been a gaunt gray insect trapped in the pigment.

"Sir Denis," I said suddenly, in a low voice, "if the submarine is really in our neighborhood—"

"I had thought of it," he replied. "It was impossible to identify the man in the stern of the launch. But unless it was Dr. Fu Manchu, in which event he's on board here, our safety is questionable!"

"Take us to the captain," said the lieutenant sharply.

The yacht's officer saluted, and led the way.

We followed him into the charthouse.

This was small, but perfectly equipped, and it had only one occupant: a tall man wearing an astrakhan cap and a fur-collared overcoat. His arms folded, he stood there facing us as we entered. . . .

Emotion almost choked me; triumph, with which even yet a dreadful doubt mingled. Nayland Smith's jaw squared as he stood beside me staring across the room.

No greetings were exchanged.

"Who commands this yacht?" the lieutenant demanded.

And in that cold, guttural voice, so rarely touched by any trace of human feeling:

"I do," Dr. Fu Manchu replied.

Nayland Smith stepped aside to make way for the senior police officer from Nice. As the man entered, Sir Denis merely pointed to that tall, dignified figure. The detective stepped forward.

"Is your name Dr. Fu Manchu?"

"It is."

"I hold a warrant for your arrest. You must consider yourself my prisoner."

"COME in," said a low voice.

Sir Denis stood stock-still for one age-long moment, his hand resting on the door knob. Then he pulled open the white cabin door.

In a bed under an open porthole, Petrie lay! His eyes, darkly shadowed, were fixed upon us. But his expression as Nayland Smith sprang forward was one I shall never forget.

"Petrie! Petrie, old man! . . . Thank God for this!"

Sir Denis' face I could not see—for he stood with his back to me, grasping Petrie's upstretched hand. But I could see Petrie's; and I knew that he was so overwhelmed by emotion as to be incapable of words. Sir Denis' silence told the same story.

But when at last that long, silent hand clasp was relaxed:

"Sterling"—said the invalid, smiling—"you have done more than merely to save my life. You brought back a happiness I thought I had lost forever. Smith, old man—" he looked up at Sir Denis—"get a radio off to Kara in Cairo at the earliest possible moment! But break the news gently. She will be mad with joy!"

He looked at me again.

"I understand, Sterling, that what you have found, you want to keep?"

At that Nayland Smith turned.

"I trust your financial resources are adequate to the task, Sterling?" he said, but with a smile on his tired face—and it was a smile of happiness.

"Does she know?" I asked, and my voice was far from steady.

Petrie nodded.

"Go and find her," he said. "She will be glad to see you."

I WENT out, leaving those lifelong friends together. I returned to the deck.

The attitude of the members of the crew of the Lola strongly suggested that the vessel was used for none but legitimate purposes. One by one they were being submitted to a close interrogation by the French detective and his assistant in a forward cabin.

I had heard the evidence of the chief navigating officer and of the second officer. The vessel belonged to Santos da Cunha, an Argentine millionaire, but he frequently placed it at the disposal of his friends, of whom Dr. Fu Manchu (known to them as the Marquis Chûan) was one. It was the marquis' custom *sometimes* to take charge, and he, according to these witnesses, was a qualified master mariner and a fine seaman.

His personal servants, of whom there were four, had come on board at Monaco; from this dehumanized quartet I anticipated that little would be

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learned. The ship's officers and crew denied all knowledge of a submarine.

Personally, I had no doubt that the underwater craft lay somewhere near, but that the Doctor had decided to sacrifice himself alone rather than to order the submarine to the surface when the coming of the French airman had warned him that his movements were covered.

Why?

Doubtless because he had recognized his own escape to be impossible. . . .

I reached the cabin in which I knew Fleurette to be, rapped, opened the door and went in.

She was standing just inside—and I knew that she had been waiting for me. . . .

I FORGET what happened immediately afterwards; I lived in another world. . . .

When, at last, and reluctantly, I came to earth again, the first idea which I properly grasped was that of Fleurette's almost insupportable happiness, because she had learned that she really possessed a father—and had met him!

Her eagerness to meet her mother resembled a physical hunger.

It was not easy to see these strange events through her eyes. But, listening to her, watching her fascinatedly, tears on her dark lashes as she sometimes clutched me, nervously, excitedly, it dawned upon me that there is probably a great void in the life of one who has never known father or mother.

Her happiness was clouded by the knowledge that she had gained it at the price of the downfall of Dr. Fu Manchu. I tried to divert the tide of her thoughts; but it was useless.

She, and she alone, was responsible. . . .

It was clear to me that Petrie—sensing that exalted estimate which Fleurette had made of the character of the incalculable Chinaman—had done nothing to disturb her ideals.

How long we were there alone, I don't know; but at last:

"Really, darling," said Fleurette, "you must go back. I am not going to move. I dare not face—"

I tore myself away; I returned to Petrie's cabin.

Nayland Smith was there. The two were deep in conversation: they ceased speaking as I entered.

"I have solved a mystery for you," Sir Denis began, looking up at me. "You recall, when Petrie lay in the grip of the purple plague and Fah Lo Suee was there, the voice which warned you to beware of her?"

"Yes."

"*I* was the speaker, Sterling!" said Petrie.

Save for that queer blanching of his hair, he seemed to me now to be restored to something almost resembling his former self. Happiness is the medicine of the gods. He had met a beautiful girl, in whom, as in a mirror, he had seen his wife; had known that this was the daughter snatched from them in babyhood. Then, within a few hours, he had been rescued from a living death to find Nayland Smith at his bedside.

"I suspected it; but at the time I found it hard to believe."

"Naturally!" Sir Denis was the speaker. "But I have just learned a remarkable, and at the same time a ghastly thing, Sterling. Victims of the catalepsy induced by Dr. Fu Manchu remain *conscious*."

"What!"

"It is difficult to make you understand," Petrie broke in, "what I passed through. Evidently my preparation '654' is fairly efficacious. If you had known what to do next, I should have survived all right. I was insensible, but the injection of Fu Manchu's virus to induce catalepsy restored me to consciousness!

"How long after it had been administered, I don't know. Incidentally, that hell-cat made the injection in my thigh, under the sheet, while she sat beside the bed. Oh, you're not to blame, Sterling!"

"She inherits her father's genius," Sir Denis murmured.

"As I saw her last," I said savagely, "she was suffering for it."

"What? I don't know about this."

"He flogged her. . . ."

Sir Denis and Petrie exchanged glances.

"Details can wait," said the former. "Inhuman though the sentiment may be, I cannot find it in my heart to be sorry."

"Can you imagine, Sterling," Petrie went on, "that from the time I recovered consciousness and found Fah Lo Suee in the room, I was aware of everything that happened?"

"You don't mean—"

Sir Denis nodded shortly.

"Yes . . . even that," Petrie assured me. "Somehow, when I saw that she-cat coiling herself about you, I forced speech—I tried to warn you. It was the last evidence of which I was capable, to show that I still lived!

"I heard myself pronounced dead; I saw Cartier's tears. I was hurried away—a plague case. I was put into a coffin."

"My God!" I groaned, and wondered at the man's fortitude.

"Do you know what I thought, Sterling, as I lay there in the mortuary?—I prayed that nothing would interfere with the plans of Dr. Fu Manchu! For the purpose of it all was clear to me. And I knew—try to picture my frame of mind—that if my friends should upset his plans, I should be—"

"Buried alive!"

Nayland Smith's voice sounded like a groan.

"Exactly, old man. You have noticed my hair? That was when it happened. When I heard the screws being removed, and saw two evil-looking Burmans bending over me—or rather, I saw them at rare intervals, for it was impossible to move my eyes—I sent up a prayer of thankfulness!

"They lifted me out—my body, of course, was quite rigid; placed me in a hammock and hurried me out to a car in the lane beyond. Of the substitution of which you have told me, I saw nothing.

"I was taken by road to Ste. Claire, carried to the room in which you found me, Sterling, and placed in the care of a Japanese doctor who informed me that his name was Yamamata.

"He gave me an injection which relaxed the rigidity, and then a draught of that preparation which looks like brandy but tastes like death."

"Is Dr. Yamamata on board?" I asked.

"No. I was carried in a sort of litter down to that water cave which Smith tells me you have visited, across it in a collapsible boat which I assume is part of the equipment of the submarine; and from there up to a rock tunnel and down to the beach. A launch belonging to this yacht was waiting, in which I was brought on board, Dr. Fu Manchu in person superintending. Fleurette was with us. We joined the yacht in sight of Monaco. I resigned myself to becoming a subject of the new Chinese Emperor of the World."

I HAD rarely, if ever, seen a display of Gallic emotion to equal that of Dr. Cartier when he entered Petrie's room in the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo.

He beheld before him a man whom he had certified to be dead; whom he had seen buried. Perhaps his behavior was excusable. Brisson, who was with him, controlled himself better.

"Because I am the cause of this," said Petrie, "I naturally feel most embarrassed. But you may take it, Cartier, that weakness now is the only trouble. It's a question of getting me on my feet again."

"I will arrange for a nurse."

The door opened, and Fleurette came in.

As her accepted lover, the incense of worship which the Frenchmen silently offered should perhaps have been flattering. Oddly enough, I resented it.

"This is my daughter, gentlemen," said Petrie—with so much pride and such happiness in his voice that all else was forgotten.

She crossed and seated herself at his side, clasping his outstretched hand.

"This, dear, is Dr. Cartier . . . Dr. Brisson, my friends and allies."

Fleurette smiled at the French doctors. That intoxicating dimple appeared for a moment in her chin, and I knew that they were her slaves.

"I shall require no other nurse," Petrie added.

It was hard to go; but a nod from Fleurette gave me my dismissal.

Sir Denis was waiting for me in the lobby.

"I hate to drag you away, Sterling," he said. "But if any sort of progress has been made at Ste. Claire, you can probably help."

WE JOINED a car which was waiting. I could not fail to recall in the early stages of the journey that night when, learning at Quinto's that Petrie was dead, I had launched what was meant to be a vendetta.

I had set out to seek the life of any servant of Dr. Fu Manchu who might cross my path!

And even now, when the fact had become plain to me that the unscrupulous methods of the great Chinaman, his indifference to human life, were not dictated by any prospect of personal gain but belonged to an ideal utterly beyond my Western comprehension, I did not regret the death of that Burmese strangler with whom I had fought to a finish on the Corniche road.

"The big villa at Ste. Claire," said Nayland Smith, "has obviously been a European base of the group for many years past. It's impossible to close one's eyes to the fact, Sterling, that this Si-Fan movement, whatever it may embody, has gained momentum since the days when I first realized the existence of Dr. Fu Manchu. You have told me that he claims to be responsible for that financial chaos which at the moment involves the whole world. That he has defeated age, I know. And I gather that he professes to have solved the mystery of the philosophers' stone."

We were clear of Monaco now, and mounting higher and higher.

"In all this, there is one thing which we must bear in mind: it has taken me many years to learn as little as I know of the mandarin Fu Manchu. But at last I have discovered his term of official office and, with many blanks, have built up something of his pedigree."

"Tell me," I said, eagerly.

"He administered the province of Ho Nan, under the Empress. Judging by the evidence which I have accumulated, he appeared to be of the same age in those days as he appears now!"

"Whatever age *is* the man?"

"Heaven only knows, Sterling! This I doubt if we shall ever find out. He is affiliated to those who once ruled China. His place in the scheme of things, I take it, may be compared to that once held by the Pretender, in England. But he has a legitimate claim to the title of Prince."

"Sir Denis, this is amazing!"

"Dr. Fu Manchu is the most amazing figure living in the world today. He holds degrees of four universities. He

(Continued on page 46)

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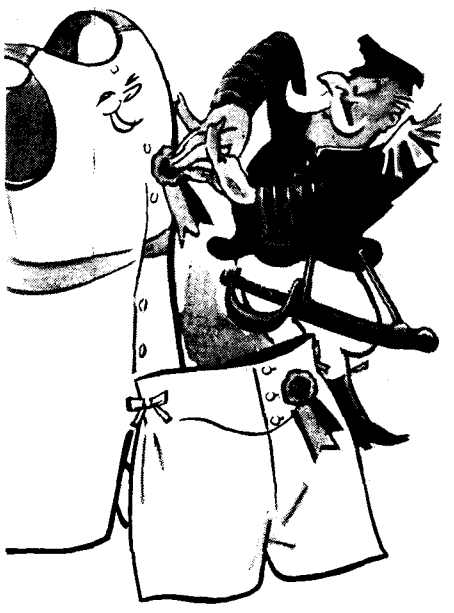

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(Continued from page 45)

is a Doctor of Philosophy as well as a Doctor of Medicine. I have reason to believe that he speaks every civilized language with facility; and I know that he represents a movement which already has pushed Europe and America very near to the brink."

"You have prevented that, Sir Denis. An army is helpless without its leader."

"How do we know that he *is* the leader?" he snapped. "Think of the living-dead whom we chance to have identified. How many more belong to the Si-Fan whose identities we don't even suspect? His 'submersible yacht,' the existence of which, even if I had doubted Dr. Fu Manchu's word (and this I have never doubted), is established by the disappearance of every member of his household! The French authorities have never had so much as a suspicion that such a vessel was on their coast!

"That pool may have been known to the monks in the old days; but you will search for it in vain in Baedeker. Do you grasp what I mean, Sterling? We in the West follow our well-trodden paths; no one of us sees more than the others see. But, under the street along which we are walking, at the back of a house which we have passed a hundred times, beyond some beach on which we sun ourselves, lies something else—something unsuspected.

"These are the things that Dr. Fu Manchu has discovered—or rediscovered. This is the secret of his influence. He is behind us, under us, and over us."

"At the moment," I said savagely, "he is in a French prison!"

"Why?" murmured Nayland Smith. "What do you mean?"

"His submersible yacht, for a sight of which I would give much, is almost certainly armed—probably with torpedoes, improved by Ericsson or some other specialist possessing a first-class brain stolen from the tomb to work for Dr. Fu Manchu. Therefore, why did he submit to arrest?"

"I don't follow."

"I agree that the circumstances were peculiar, and possibly I am pessimistic. But I am not satisfied. I have been in touch with the Foreign Office. The naval resources of Europe already will be combing the Mediterranean for the mysterious submarine. But—" he turned, and I met the glance of the steel-gray eyes—"do you think they will find it?"

"Why not?"

HE SNAPPED his teeth together and pulled out from his pocket a very large and dilapidated rubber pouch, and at the same time a much charred brier. I recognized the pouch, remembering when and where I had last seen it.

"I thought I had lost that for you, Sir Denis!" I said.

"So did I," he said, "but I found it on my way down. It's an old friend which I should have hated to lose. Hello! Here we are."

As he began to charge his pipe, the driver of the car had turned into that steeply sloping lane which led up to the iron gates of the Villa Ste. Claire.

"I don't expect to learn anything here, Sterling," said Sir Denis, "which is worth while. But there's no other line of investigation open at the moment. Dr. Fu Manchu's arrest is a very delicate matter. He has already applied to his consul, and demanded that the Chinese Legation in Paris shall be notified of the state of affairs! To put the thing in a nutshell: unless there is some evidence here—and I don't expect to find it—to connect him with the recent outrages in the neighborhood or to establish his association with the epidemic, which is frankly hopeless, it means extradition."

"Have you arranged for it?"

"Yes. But even if we get him back to England—and I know his dossier at Scotland Yard from A to Z—"

"What?"

"The law of England has many loopholes."

The absence of reporters from Ste. Claire, the gate of which was guarded by police, amazed me.

"There are some things which are too important for publicity," said Sir Denis. "And in France as well as in England, we have this advantage over America: we can silence the newspapers. The only witnesses of any use in a court of law whom we have captured so far are the four Chinese body servants of the Doctor's, who were on board the yacht. Some of these you can identify, I believe?"

"Three of them I have seen before."

SIR DENIS opened the door of the car. We had reached the end of that sanded drive which swept around the side of the villa and terminated near the southerly wing of the terrace.

Many of the section doors had been forced, but more than half the party remained imprisoned. Under instructions from Sir Denis, I gathered, a party had been landed in that tiny bay which was the sea-bound terminus of the exit from the water cave. Suitably prepared, they had landed there, and were operating upon the first of the section doors in order to liberate members of the raiding party trapped in that long, glass-lined corridor. The local chief of police was still among the missing.

"I think," said Sir Denis, "we can afford to overlook infection from the hybrid flies, and even from other insects which you have described to me. Those used experimentally by Dr. Fu Manchu—for instance the fly in Petrie's laboratory—seem to have survived the evening chill. But you may have noticed that there has been a drop in the temperature during the past two days. I think it was these eccentricities of climate which baffled the Doctor. His flying army couldn't compete with them."

We spent an hour at Ste. Claire; but it was an hour wasted.

When presently we left for Nice, where Dr. Fu Manchu was temporarily confined, I reflected that if Ste. Claire was a minor base of the Si-Fan, as Fleurette had given me to understand, then the organization must be at least as vast as Sir Denis Nayland Smith believed.

Ste. Claire was a scientific fortress; its destruction in one way and another represented a loss to human knowledge which could not be estimated. His section doors had checked pursuit of the Doctor so effectively that, failing my adventurous swim across the pool and discovery of that other exit, the fugitive could conveniently have landed from the motor yacht Lola at any one of many ports before radio had got busy with his description.

I wondered if the measures taken to insure secrecy would prove to be effective.

The very air was charged with rumors: the Nice police had caught the infection. Such suppressed excitement prevailed that the atmosphere vibrated with it.

Dr. Fu Manchu had declined to be transported to Paris until he had had an opportunity of consulting with his legal adviser. In this he was acting within his rights, as he had pointed out; and the departmental authorities, at a loss, welcomed the arrival of Sir Denis.

M. Chamrousse awaited us, his magisterial dignity definitely disturbed. . . .

"Not bad—not bad at all" *Henry Anton*

There was a guard before the doubly locked door; but in due course it was opened. The préfet conducted Sir Denis and myself into the apartment occupied by Dr. Fu Manchu.

This officially was a cell; actually, a plainly furnished bed-sitting room.

AT THE moment of my entrance I thought that the scene was unreal—wholly chimerical. During my acquaintance with the Chinese doctor I had formed the opinion, reinforced later by what I had heard from Sir Denis of the monstrous tentacles of the organization called Si-Fan, that ordinary, frail, human laws did not apply to this man who transcended the normal.

And, as I saw him seated in a meanly furnished room, this feeling of fantasy, of unreality, claimed me.

It was just as fantastic, I thought, as the mango-apple; the tsetse fly crossed with the plague flea; the date palms growing huge figs; the black spider which could reason. . . .

He had discarded his astrakhan cap and fur coat, and I saw that he wore a yellow robe of a kind with which I was familiar. Chinese slippers were upon his feet. Something strikingly unusual in his appearance at first defeated me; then I realized what it was. He did not wear the little cap which hitherto he had worn.

For the first time I appreciated the amazing frontal development of his skull. I had never seen such a head. I had thought of him as resembling Seti the First; but that great king had the skull of a babe in comparison with that of Dr. Fu Manchu.

"I shall be glad to see you, Sir Denis," came the guttural, imperturbable voice, "and Mr. Sterling may also remain. Pray be seated."

"It may be better if you leave us for a few moments, M. Chamrousse," Smith whispered. . . .

When we were alone:

"Alan Sterling," said Dr. Fu Manchu.

And prisoner though he was, he was not so truly a prisoner as I; for he had caught and held my glance as no other man in the world had ever had power to do. I knew that my will was helpless. A dreadful sense of weakness possessed me, which I cannot hope to make clear to anyone lacking experience of that singular regard.

"I speak as one," the guttural voice continued, "who may be at the end of his career. You lack brilliance, but you have qualities which I respect. You may look upon Dr. Petrie's daughter as your woman, since she has chosen you. Take her and hold her—if you can."

He turned his eyes away. And it was as though a dazzling light had been moved so that I could see the world again in true perspective; then:

"Sir Denis," he continued—

I TWISTED aside and looked at Nayland Smith. His jaws were clenched. It was plain that every reserve of his enormous vitality, his mental energy, his will, was being called upon as he stared into the face of the uncanny being whom he had captured, who was his prisoner.

"In order that we may understand one another more completely," the imperious voice continued, "I desire to make plain to you, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, that the laws of France, the laws of England, the laws of Europe, are cobwebs which I blow aside. It is your wish that I shall be carried to Paris, and thence to London. You believe that your English courts can end my labors. . . .

"I have this to say to you: the work of a world reformer is a work in which there is no sleep—no rest. That which he achieves is always in the past as he moves forward upon his endless path. Himself, he is alone—always looking into the future. You have fought me; but because you are as untiring as myself, you have stimulated. You have checked me. But you cannot hold back the cloudburst nor stifle the volcano. I may fall—thanks to you. But what I have made stands granite fast.

"Ask me no questions: I shall answer none."

I stared again at Sir Denis. His profile was as grimly mask-like as that of the Chinaman. He made no reply.

"Maître Foli," Dr. Fu Manchu continued, "my French legal adviser, has been detained unavoidably, but will be here at any moment."

WHEN presently we left the apartment of Dr. Fu Manchu, Nayland Smith's face was very stern.

"He was rather obscure," I said.

"Obscure?"

"I thought so."

Whereupon Sir Denis smiled.

"Dr. Fu Manchu is never obscure," he said. "He spoke the plain truth, Sterling. And truth is sometimes a bitter pill."

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"But—Maître Foli! He is one of the greatest advocates in France!"

"Certainly. What did you expect? Surely you know that Dr. Fu Manchu never looks below excellence—living or dead! I warned you that Fu Manchu arrested and Fu Manchu convicted were totally different matters—"

We returned to the office of the préfet, and:

"Hello!" Sir Denis exclaimed. "He's here!"

A stooped but imposing figure was seated in the leather armchair before the table of the préfet. M. Chamrousse, not yet entirely himself following his encounter with the formidable Chinaman, was listening with every mark of deference to his distinguished visitor. The latter ceased speaking and the préfet stood up as we entered.

"Sir Denis," said Chamrousse, "this is Maître Foli—Dr. Fu Manchu's legal adviser."

MAÎTRE FOLI stood up and bowed. I had recognized him immediately from his photographs published during the progress of a Paris *cause célèbre* in which he had secured the vindication of his client—a distinguished officer accused of espionage. I judged his age to be close on seventy; his yellow face was a map of wrinkles rendered more conspicuous by a small, snow-white mustache and a tiny tuft of beard under his lower lip.

He was buttoned up in a black, caped overcoat from the lapels of which bulged a flowing tie; and a wide-brimmed hat lay on the carpet beside a bulky portfolio. A close-fitting silk skullcap lent him a medieval appearance, which was lost when he adjusted large, slightly tinted spectacles in order more closely to survey us.

It was a memorable situation.

"Your reputation is well known to me, Maître Foli," said Sir Denis.

"Indeed, yes," M. Chamrousse murmured, bowing to the famous lawyer.

"But the identity of your present client surprises me."

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith," Maître Foli replied in a harsh, strident voice, "I have acted for Dr. Fu Manchu over a period of almost forty years."

"Is that so?" Sir Denis muttered.

"You and I do not see eye to eye in the matters which we know about. You have behaved, and behaved honorably, in accordance with your principles, Sir Denis. Dr. Fu Manchu has followed another star. His codes are those of a civilization different from ours—and older. A day will come, must come, when you will recognize your outlook—as I have recognized mine—to be limited. His manner of warfare appalls you—yet I can only regret, Sir Denis, that a man of your great capacity should have been called upon to oppose the inevitable over a period of so many years."

He stood up.

"Thank you," said Sir Denis.

"Will you be good enough"—Maître Foli bowed to the préfet and to Nayland Smith—"to grant me an interview with my client? I desire that this interview should not be interrupted—a desire which I am entitled to express."

The French official glanced at Sir Denis, who nodded. Maître Foli took up his bulky portfolio and went out, walking very slowly and much stooped. M. Chamrousse followed him.

I stared at Nayland Smith, who had begun to pace up and down the carpet, restlessly.

"This man Foli is going to oppose extradition!" he rapped. "If he succeeds—and he rarely fails—Fu Manchu will slip through our fingers!"

Presently M. Chamrousse returned, shrugging apologetically.

"Such is the law," he said, "and the eminence of Maître Foli offers me no alternative. This Dr. Fu Manchu is a political prisoner. . . ."

A messenger entered to announce the arrival of the Chinese consul.

"Do you mind, M. Chamrousse," said Sir Denis, "if I see this gentleman privately for a few minutes?"

"But not at all."

Sir Denis nodded to the speaker and walked rapidly out of the room. Five to ten minutes elapsed during which there was little conversation between M. Chamrousse and myself, and then:

"The appearance of the great Foli in this case gives me a heavy sense of responsibility," M. Chamrousse declared.

"I fully understand."

A further interval of silence; and then, heralded by the sound of a bell and the unlocking of doors, Maître Foli rejoined us, portfolio under his arm.

M. Chamrousse sprang to his feet.

"Gentlemen," said the famous lawyer, groping for that wide-brimmed hat which he had left upon the floor beside his chair, "I am returning at once in order to get in touch with the Chinese Legation in Paris."

"The Chinese consul is here, Maître Foli—"

That stooped but dignified figure turned slowly.

"I thank you, M. Chamrousse; but this affair is outside the sphere of minor officialdom—"

M. Chamrousse rang a bell; a clerk appeared, who showed Maître Foli out of the office. At the door he turned.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I know that you look upon me as your enemy; but your enemy is my client. I am merely acting for him."

He bowed, and went out. The door closed.

Perhaps half a minute had elapsed when it was flung open again and Nayland Smith hurried in.

"Was that Maître Foli who left a moment ago?" he rapped.

"Yes," M. Chamrousse replied. "He is anxious to get into immediate touch with the Chinese Legation in Paris."

Sir Denis stood stock-still, then:

"Great heavens," he said in a low voice—and looked at me almost wildly—"it's not impossible! It's not impossible—"

"What do you mean, Sir Denis?"

"The Blessing of the Celestial vision!"

His words were a verbal thunderbolt; his meaning was all too clear—

"Sterling! Good God! Follow me."

HE RUSHED from the room, along the passage to the cell occupied by Dr. Fu Manchu. A guard was on duty at the door. He opened it in response to Sir Denis' order. We entered. M. Chamrousse was close behind.

A man was seated where Dr. Fu Manchu had sat; one in figure not unlike whom we had come to seek. But . . .

"Great heavens!" cried Nayland Smith. "He wasn't relying on loopholes of the law! He was relying on his genius as an illusionist!"

The man in the yellow robe stood up and bowed.

It was Maître Foli!

"Sir Denis," he said, in his harsh, strident voice, "I have served my purpose—the purpose for which I have been retained by Dr. Fu Manchu for a period of more than thirty years. I am honored; I am happy. I crown a successful career with a glorious deed. . . ."

The light in his eyes—their wild fanaticism—told me the truth. Maître Foli was a Companion; a victim of those arts which I had so narrowly escaped!

"I shall be committed to a French jail—my sentence may be a long one. I am too old for Devil's Island; but in any event what does it matter? The Prince is free! The work goes on. . . ."

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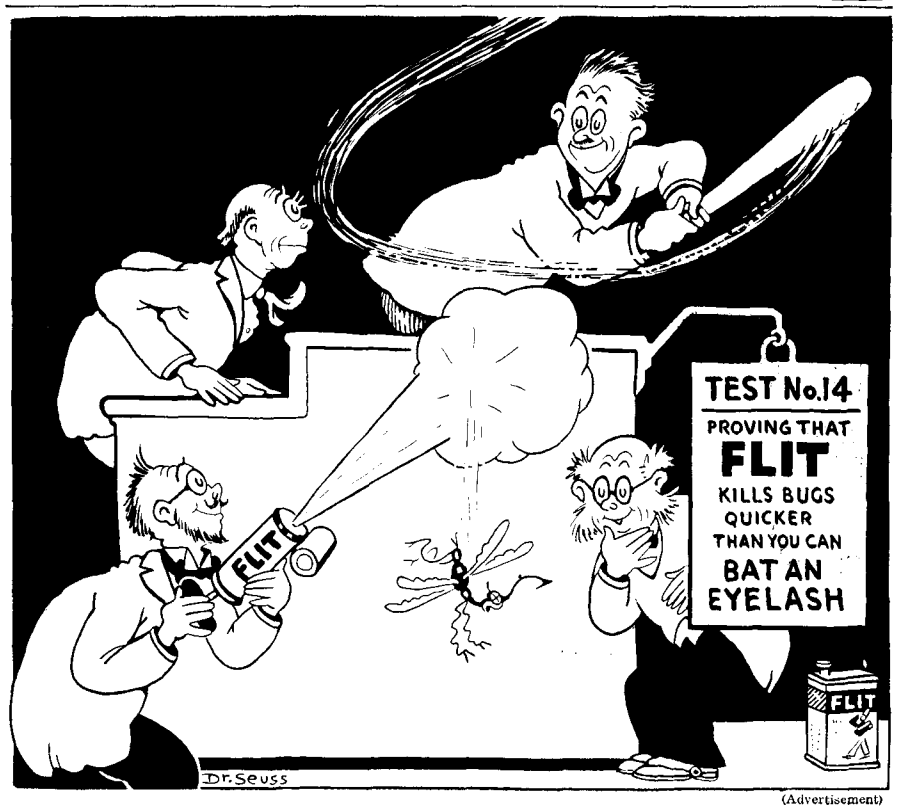

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that I won't mention now. It's noon, isn't it? I'm hungry."

"Wait a minute," said Hugh.

She turned back to him and sat on the table's edge, one leg swinging; sobered again and watching his face.

"Why?" asked Hugh.

"My manner of making apologies for shooting at you," said she.

"Trouble for you."

"If I like to do it, why complain?"

He shook his head. And it was entirely natural for him to say: "Lynn, don't let yourself in for anything."

The features of this girl were adaptable, quick-changing. She studied him, clouded thoughtfulness across her eyes again; and in them a half-startled expression appeared. Sliding off the table, she swung toward the stove, answering over her slim shoulders, "Whatever I do, I don't regret. Perhaps I have lived a little rough-and-tumble, Hugh. I can take care of myself. You saw me do it once, didn't you? Anyhow, we're going to have bacon and biscuits."

He turned and strolled outside, feeling some queer shift in himself. Whoever she was, wherever she came from, she colored her surroundings unmistakably; the challenge of her personality was direct, disturbing. Puzzled why this should be so, he heard her calling him back and when he reached the kitchen he found she had in that short space of time produced a dinner of bacon and eggs, biscuits and coffee. The eggs brought him to a full halt.

"More mystery," said Lynn. "The less you ask about those eggs the better you'll like 'em."

THERE was no talk for a time. They were both hungry and not ashamed to show it. But when the edge was off his appetite he leaned back. "Resuming from where we left off," said he, very slowly, "I'll have to say you are doing yourself no good being seen with me. From now on nobody in this country can afford to be a friend of mine."

"I know that."

He looked curiously at her. "I doubt if you do."

She leaned forward, putting her elbows on the table and cupping her chin between her palms. "But I do. I could tell you something this minute, Hugh, that would make you flaming angry."

"Know about my temper, do you?"

"In the Antelope hotel I saw the door you flung Bart Neal through."

"The worst of a man lives longest. All right. Then you know. Why risk coming here?"

"I gave you one reason—to make my apologies. Never press a woman for the literal truth."

They were finished and she got up, clearing the table. Slack in the chair, heavy fists lying loose before him, he watched her move about the room with a quick and graceful efficiency. Thoughtfully absorbed, he curled a cigarette.

"Lynn, I'd like sometime to see you dressed as a woman."

She turned completely about, hands wet from dish water, and he thought it strange to find somberness deepening the light of her glance. "Must you think of me that way?"

"Of course," said Hugh Tracy, almost rough with the words. "No other way. And you'd be the last to want it any other way."

She dried her hands across her shirt front; her small square shoulders lifted in a slight shrug. "Maybe not." She moved by him, out to the porch. Following, he found her watching Mogul's rim with a troubled brow. "I was afraid of that, Hugh. I debated it before coming—and took the chance. But we'll swear off right here."

"What are you afraid of?"

Starlight Rider

Continued from page 17

"Not of you. I'd never be afraid of you. It's something else. Will you get my horse?"

He walked to the barn, led back a small paint pony; and when he turned it in front of her he was broadly grinning. "So you picked a horse that didn't have a Powder country brand on it?"

She reached the saddle and smiled down at him. "I told you once I didn't want you to know where I live. So long, Hugh. It was nice here—but I won't be coming back. They say you never avoid a fight—that you are too lucky to be killed. For the next few weeks I hope with all my heart the first thing is wrong and the second right."

"So long till next time."

Gathering the reins, she murmured, "There must not be a next time," and spurred toward the trees. Leaning against the porch, he watched her straight, fine torso sway to the rhythm of the horse and at last vanish behind the pines. He dropped his cigarette in the dust and, climbing to his own saddle, turned up the slope to the northwest, bound for the Testervis ranch to ask the same question he had asked of Tade Shadrow.

LYNN ISHERWOOD surmounted Mogul's plateau and wheeled to catch a last glance of Hugh Tracy. But the yard was empty and, slightly disappointed, she resumed her course. Pitching into a gulley she rose and instantly halted, right hand reaching for the rifle butt swung upward from the saddle horn. In front of her, no more than thirty feet away, a man spurred from an adjoining gully to bar her path.

Quick anger fired her face, pointed it more sharply. "I told you to keep out of my way," said the girl.

He was tall, with a loose and easy handsomeness of features. Bold eyes laughed at her. "I risk my neck every time I come over this far," he drawled, "and this is all I get for it."

She swung the rifle around. "Yes, I know you'd shoot that damned thing. But don't try it. You tried last night—and I wasn't there, was I?"

She sat still, frowning at him. The man laughed again. "I saw the whole business. You thought I was down there and I wasn't. It was Tracy. You and him had quite a spell of conversation up here in the rimrock."

"I thought I knew your kind pretty well," retorted the girl, "but spying on people—"

"You seem to get on fine with Hugh. That's goin' some for a stubborn fool like him."

"I notice," said she, "that you didn't go meet him."

"Why should I?" growled the man. "I don't want anything of Tracy."

"Go on, ride away."

"You're not going to turn me off that easy," said the man.

"You've tried your luck and it's no good," parried Lynn. "Now run along."

HE SAT still, grinning at her. "I'm usually lucky in love, honey. What's the matter with my style? It ain't that you're modest about bein' alone with a man—not after makin' up Tracy's house for him."

She drew the gun muzzle on him, turned the safety. "You've gone a little too far, Bat Testervis. I will listen to no more of that talk!"

He folded his arms on the saddle and said slowly: "How would you like your uncle to know you came over to Tracy's ranch?"

"You wouldn't risk facing him."

"I can write, can't I?"

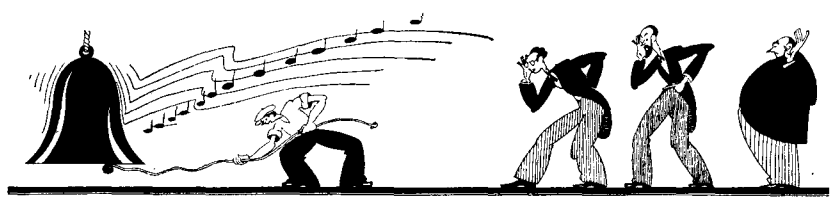
"Anonymous!" said the girl scornfully. "Is there nothing you won't try?"

A red tide went across his loose blond features. "You've got a knack," he grumbled, "of getting me on the worst side. I'm not so bad. Put down that confounded gun and let me ride a little with you."

"Not a yard. Mosey along. I'm tired of going over this again."

His mouth snapped shut. Angry clear through, he jerked the horse around. "All right, you win another trick. But you can't get rid of me so easy. I'll keep ridin' across your trail till you give me a fair hearing."

She held the gun on him till he was two hundred yards away. Then wearily she went on. There was neither peace nor security in this land. Powder desert offered her no shelter, even in her own home. She could trust nobody. Nobody—and an odd current of mixed



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A perfectly tuned bell, when properly struck, gives off not one tone but a chord of five distinct notes. In some bells, trained ears can recognize as many as 13 tones.

European airplane smugglers have a new method of "running" dope and jewels into sea-bound countries. They fly to prearranged spots near the shore and drop watertight parcels weighted with rock salt. After several hours the salt melts, the package floats to the surface and a confederate picks it up.

At one time or another 30 different methods of execution—from boiling to electrocution—have been used officially throughout the world.—*By H. D. Smith, Lexington, Nebraska.*

The rarefied air of high altitudes has a strange effect on the minds of mountain climbers. They not only experience extreme difficulty in remembering what they are doing, but sometimes have hallucinations which cause them to descend the mountain while believing that they are still going upward.

"Liquid light" now is produced by the reaction of two chemicals at a low temperature. It is not a phosphorescent glow, but a strong radiant light that is bright enough to illuminate a dark-room for photographing and to be quite visible in daylight.

In all ages and nearly all countries, inanimate things such as weapons and falling objects that accidentally caused a person's death have been arrested, tried in court and destroyed when found guilty. Even recently "gun trials" have been held in the Spanish Army.

The record for making deletions in a movie is thought to be held by the New York State Board of Censors for recently cutting 103 sections out of one motion picture.

The rarest physical disorder that afflicts mankind, it is believed, is the loss of the sense of thirst. Medical history records only three or four such cases.—*By N. O. Long, Buffalo, New York.*

The Chioin Temple in Kyoto, Japan, still possesses one of the cleverest "burglar alarms" ever devised. Reverberations caused by an intruder walking across the wooden floor sound like the twittering of birds and do not arouse his suspicion. The device was installed in 1697 when the temple was used as a military headquarters.

Romanticism reached such heights during the Middle Ages that often laws and formal documents such as deeds and contracts were written in poetical form.—*By Adelaide Connolly, New York City.*

The Italian Army now uses a new revolutionary motor truck, in place of the pack mule, to transport equipment and supplies over the mountainous roads. This "autocaretta," although only three feet wide, is able to carry a one-ton load with speed and agility over the roughest and narrowest mountain trails.

Sometimes the sound of an explosion may be heard at a great distance but not in a near-by "zone of silence," owing to peculiar meteorological conditions. The explosion of a large ammunition station in Holland was heard at a distance of 530 miles but between 65 and 115 miles no sound was audible.

Liquor served in England about 140 years ago was so potent that, after a few drinks, gentlemen often ended the evening's festivities by biting their glasses in pieces.

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hope and despair ran through her as she thought of him—but Hugh Tracy, a man she had met only twice in her life.

ON MOGUL'S plateau, north of his house, Hugh Tracy crossed a deep arroyo at the edge of which stood a rock cairn marking the division of Shadrow's outfit and the Testervis Double 'Ought on a Rail. The flat sweep of the rim began to break into low, rolling ridges, isolated box buttes and stands of pine. Incomparably the better cattle country, better grassed and better sheltered, it took a gently descending pitch, at last falling into that great flat bay of the prairie of which Powder was but an indented finger. Accepting a road running from one contour to another, Tracy settled to a steady lope, skirted the chrome face of a butte and entered timber. A mile of this let him into the open again, between small bare ridges.

Certain things surprised him, made him more watchful. There was no stock grazing here where usually the Testervis boys ran heavy herds—that was one thing. And he was being watched. His first warning of this came in the shape of pony tracks cutting freshly into the dusty strip of road, preceding him a distance, and cutting out again. Closely attentive to the left-hand ridge, he thought he saw the peak of a hat slide behind a boulder. Without stopping, he reached to his rifle and laid it over the saddle. That act was immediately spotted. The man rose from behind the rock and crossed both arms above his head, waving Hugh Tracy onward.

Tracy waved back. The two ridges joined ahead of him and he pressed over this small summit, at once entering a country more broken and wooded. "Testervis scout," he reflected. If the game had come to this pass open war could not be far off. He met no more interruption in the succeeding five miles; but when the descending road left the trees and let him out upon a green, creek-sundered meadow in which the Testervis quarters pleasantly sat, two punchers appeared simultaneously from different angles and walked toward him. He crossed a flat plank bridge and faced these men, smiling slightly.

"Tracy," grunted one, deeply astonished. "Damn me, Hugh, I never thought y' would cut the mustard."

"Only way to kill me, Happy, is by throwin' me bodily over the rim. Where's brothers Morgan and Bat?"

Happy motioned to the porch and Hugh rode forward. A middle-sized man dressed in neat black came through the door. Sober and quiet-speaking, he conveyed a sense of pleasure at seeing Hugh.

"I heard yesterday you'd come back. Light and rest. By Joe, I'm pleased."

HUGH slid from the saddle and went forward to seize the outstretched hand Morgan Testervis offered him. "You're the first one that's said so."

"Powder's changed," said Testervis. "Sit down."

He was a thoughtful man, this Morgan Testervis; around forty and repressed in manner and speech. He had a chubby face, slightly freckled; his eyes were brown and readily kind. The only dominating feature about him was a mouth that made one strong line across the face.

"I'd observed some difference," agreed Hugh.

"You're here," said Morgan Testervis, "to find out who wrecked your place."

Hugh maintained silence and after a while Testervis went quietly on: "I never lied to any man in my life. That miserable job is not of my doing."

"Your word is good with me, Morgan," said Hugh, looking at a rack of rifles which stood on the porch.

"Yes," murmured Testervis, seeing Tracy's glance. "It's come to that. We're in a state of siege—or will be. Maybe you've noticed already, but there's mighty few riders to be seen in Antelope or on the desert."

Tracy nodded. Testervis went on: "One of three things has happened to 'em. They've pulled clear of the country, like wise men should. They've joined Shadrow, or they've enlisted with me."

"Morgan," asked Hugh, "where's Bill Vivian?"

Testervis shook his head. "Ain't seen him a long time. Not since you got hit."

"He wouldn't run," said Hugh, shaking his head. "He never knew how. I don't get this sudden blow-up. Things are no different now than three months ago. What ticked off the grief?"

Testervis swung in his chair. "Take it for what it's worth. You're not listenin' to an impartial judge."

"Go ahead."

"All right. The ball opened when you pretty near got killed. Two nights later your wire was cut and a batch of cattle, not wearin' my brand, went into your water. Charley Sullivan, couple days after that, came to me and said he wanted a job. I gave it to him. He was sore about something. He rode line toward the boundary a week later—and that's where we found him. Dead. Not a hundred yards from your house."

"Tryin' to protect my place," said Hugh. "Very well. That's the surface story. But it don't explain anything."

"DO YOU stop to realize that to either side of that rock boundary mark there's a good ten thousand acres not worth a nickel for grazin'—because it's got no water? Half is Shadrow's, half mine. That is, we claim it for range when it really belongs to the government. Now think a minute. Where is the closest water?"

"Mine."

"Sure. And whoever gets your water has control of all that dry range. Figure it out for yourself—*I* didn't order you shot. I don't like range wars."

"If Shadrow wanted my water, why didn't he offer to buy, long ago?"

"Did you ever know of Shadrow payin' money for anything he could steal?" grunted Testervis.

Hugh shook his head.

"The reason he's let you alone till now is he's been busy consolidating himself south of Antelope. Well, that job is done. Shadrow owns three quarters of the desert—up to your spur. He's marched to that point. Now he's ready to march farther.

"He wants your water for a foothold. He'll bring his cattle right down against me. He'll use your ridge as a convenient pass out of Mogul to the desert. He'll crowd my free range with stock until I'm starved out. At the first show of trouble on my part, he'll open up a fight, drive me clean off Mogul. And then he's got it all."

"He's not got it yet."

"You see me forted up, don't you?" commented Testervis, and raised his eyes across the creek to the high ground rolling down from the pines. A rider galloped full tilt into sight—and Morgan Testervis muttered some dissatisfied phrase under his breath.

Hugh grinned. "Bat always travels like a shot out of a gun."

"No more sense," muttered Morgan.

Bat Testervis cantered across the yard, curiosity written across his loose, lackadaisical features. Identifying Hugh, he wheeled, dismounted, squatted on the earth.

"See you're back, Tracy."

(To be continued next week)

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Collier's

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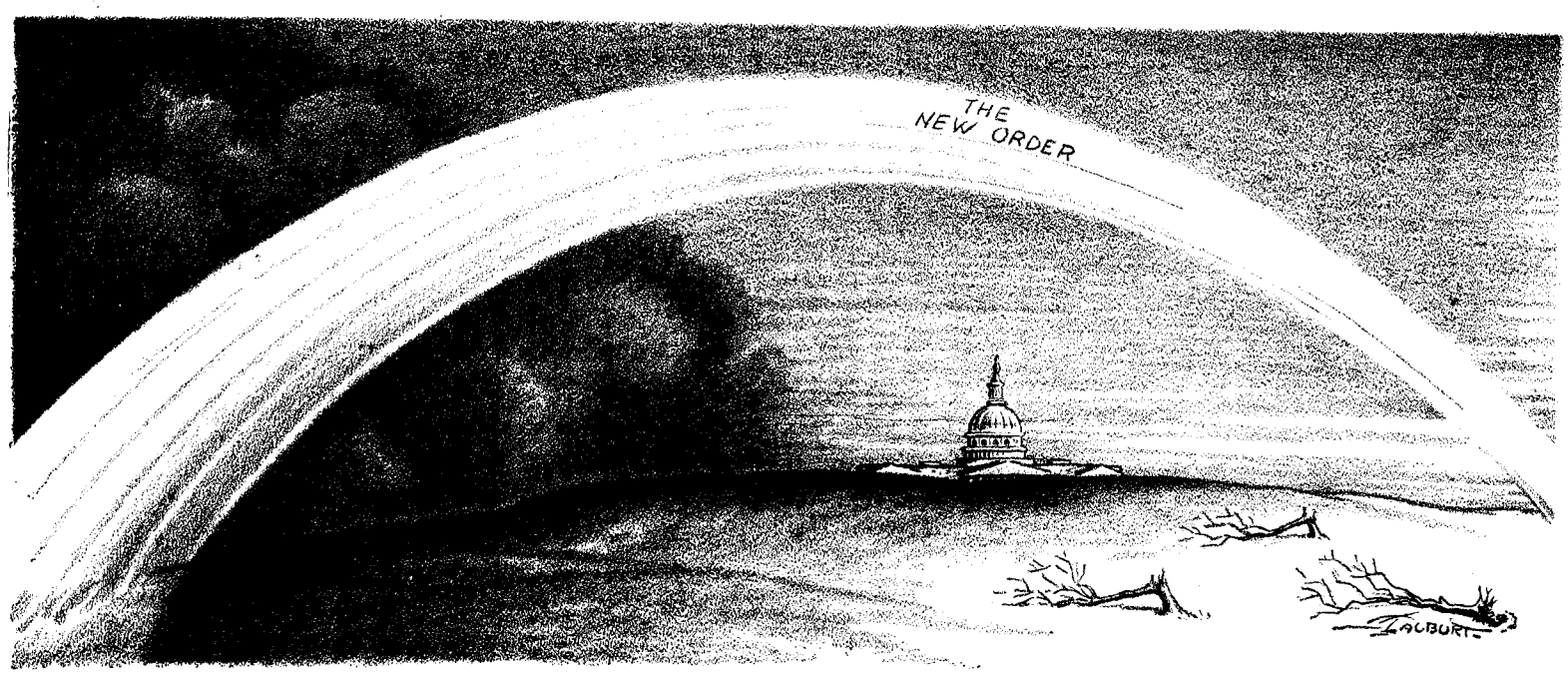

No More Corners!

CONFIDENCE and hope are abroad in the land. Not within four years have the American people looked ahead with more courage or greater assurance. The struggle is not over; much remains to be done, but from every section of the country comes cheerful news of reviving industry and of vigorous activity.

Everyone knew, if he knew anything, that at some time we should emerge from the slough of despond. All history, even that of the most remote times, taught us this. What we could not know was the time when the change would come. Happily it has come.

The Administration and Congress, including members of both parties, deserve appreciation for the remarkable governmental accomplishments of the past four months. Within this comparatively brief time far-reaching achievements have been recorded. At no other period in our history have more fundamental changes been made. The laws passed and the actions taken account largely for the restoration of confidence and the renewal of work.

Thomas Jefferson liked to refer to his first election as the Revolution of 1800. With the advent of Jefferson the people in office changed. The old aristocrats went out and the new democrats took their places.

Much more than a change in personnel has taken place since March 4th of this year. Principles embodied in laws and in business have been altered. New policies have been accepted. Business leaders, labor unionists, farmers and government officials have coöperated in working out a new code.

Many of the changes made were long overdue. If we were a less conservative people we would have adopted years since some of the policies we finally accepted under the stress of emergency.

We knew, for example, that farmers were receiving too little for their labor. We knew that agriculture as an industry was less profitable than many other occupations. We knew that the diminished buying power of farmers threatened the employment as well as the prosperity of other classes. We knew that intelligent selfishness as well as justice demanded that farm conditions be improved. But we did little or nothing about it until this spring.

Now the national government has accepted the responsibility for lifting the level of farm prices, and farm prices have risen. Little Denmark faced this issue fifty years ago. We hoped to evade it. At last we confronted the facts.

Beyond all doubt American farmers will be better off for a long time to come because of the laws enacted at the extraordinary session of Congress. Farmers will have more and spend more. The improvement in agriculture is a permanent contribution to the well-being of the American people. It is one of the sound causes of the new hope and courage everywhere apparent.

Other business will be conducted on a firmer basis by reason of what has happened in recent months. The biggest single change is the virtual abandonment of the anti-trust laws. Under the Sherman Act business was forbidden to do precisely those things which it was necessary to do if jobs were to be provided.

Business men can now coöperate to provide jobs, to hold prices at decent levels and to do other things in the public interest. The man or the corporation who tries to profiteer or to do anything else contrary to the public interest can be quickly brought to book by the government.

The new banking laws and the act regulating the sale of securities have also done much to assure business stability in this country. Our banking practice has been shockingly backward in comparison with that of Canada or Great Britain. Our earlier laws were written in prejudice. We so feared the growth of banks that we forbade the very type of organization which would assure the safety of our deposits.

At the same time we allowed banks the widest latitude in establishing investment companies for the purpose of making speculative profits. So we suffered as no other civilized country has suffered in the last half century. This, too, has been changed. For the future, banking will be carried on more prudently. Securities will be sold by more responsible houses. There will be less speculation. This, too, is gain.

Throughout the entire field the government and the American people have been willing to consider the facts and to take whatever action the situation required regardless of precedents. This is the spirit which has brought us through.

Not more than a year ago many believed that the evils of prohibition were incurable, since, as they thought, the Eighteenth Amendment could not be repealed. Nobody is stupid enough now to be of that mind.

The mere fact that it has been possible within a brief time to make so much progress in cleaning up the prohibition mess is vastly inspiring. If we could extricate ourselves from that chaos, nothing is impossible.

So, too, on the international front we have changed. Our agents at London are seeking to make fresh arrangements which will expand the foreign markets for American goods and improve the prices of our commodities in our own domestic market.

Nearly every branch of industry reports the tangible fruits of this new confidence. Sales are increasing. Prices are improving. Jobs are more numerous. Between March 1st and June 1st the aggregate market value of all listed shares on the New York Stock Exchange increased nearly thirteen billions, or 64.8 per cent, reflecting the new confidence felt everywhere. Of course there are problems still to be solved but we have the will to do what is required. The outlook is more promising than anything we have seen in years.

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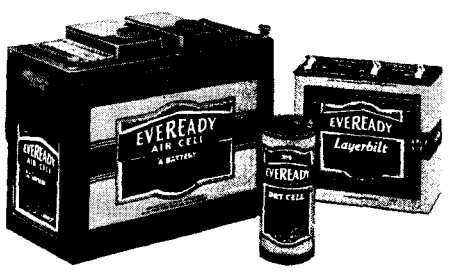

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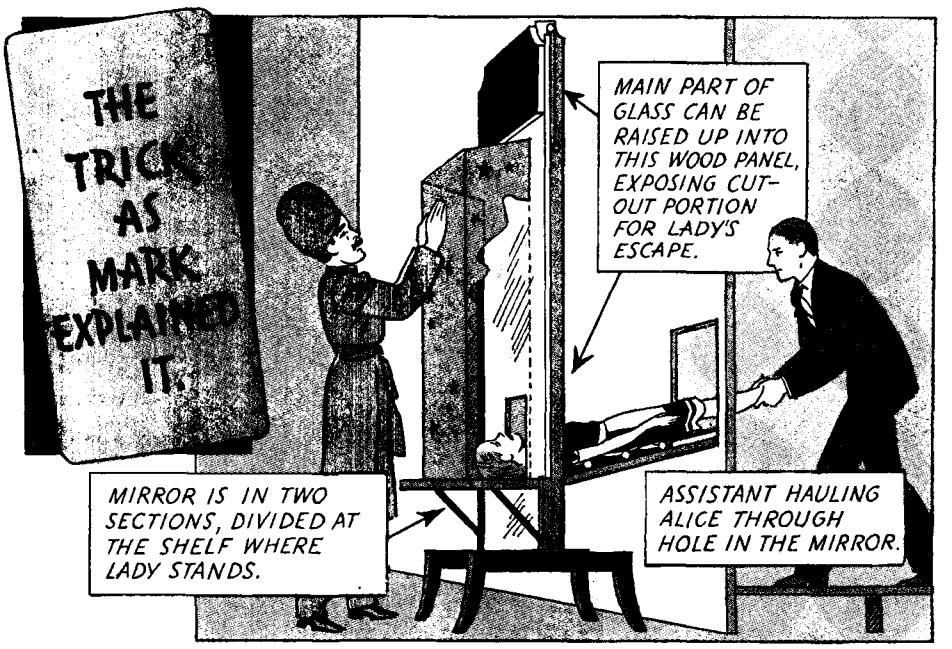
IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

At THE MAGIC THEATRE This Week Mark and Dot see "ALICE AND THE LOOKING GLASS"

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company


THE TRICK AS MARK EXPLAINED IT:
MAIN PART OF GLASS CAN BE RAISED UP INTO THIS WOOD PANEL, EXPOSING CUT-OUT PORTION FOR LADY'S ESCAPE.
MIRROR IS IN TWO SECTIONS, DIVIDED AT THE SHELF WHERE LADY STANDS.
ASSISTANT HAULING ALICE THROUGH HOLE IN THE MIRROR.

MARK HAS LEARNED HOW TO WATCH FOR ILLUSIONS IN MAGIC AND ILLUSIONS IN CIGARETTES. HE LIKED CAMELS BETTER, ONCE HE TRIED THEM. YOU WILL ENJOY THEM, TOO!

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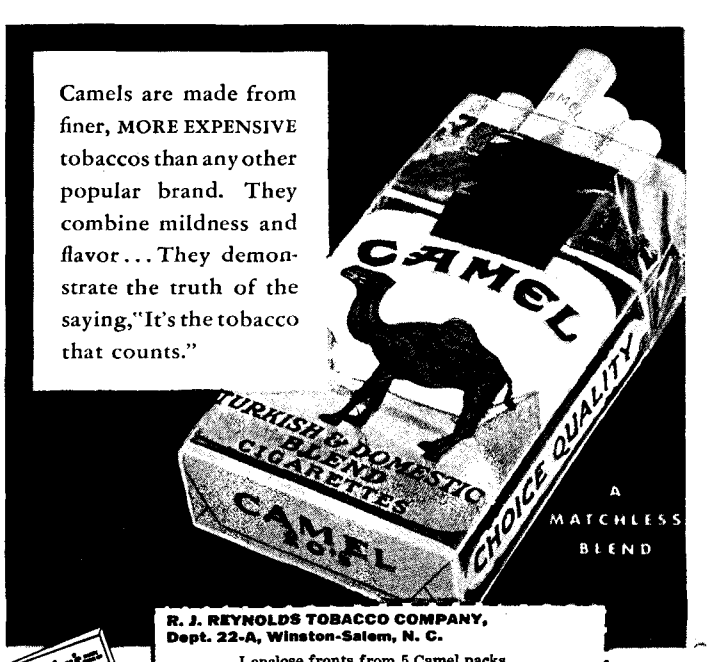

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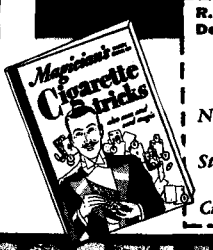

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